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EDWARD I. SEARS, A. B.

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
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- ART. I.—1. *Histoire des Gaulois depuis les temps les plus reculés, jusqu'à l'entière Soumission de la Gaule à la Domination Romaine.* Par M. AMÉDÉE THIERRY. 3 vols. 12mo. Paris.
2. *The Eastern Origin of Celtic Nations proved by a comparison of their Dialects with the Sanscrit, Greek, Latin and Teutonic Languages.* By JAMES COWLES PRICHARD, M. D., F. R. S. Edited by R. G. LATHAM, M. A., M. D., F. R. S. London.
3. *Kelten und Germanen, eine historische untersuchung.* Von ADOLF HOLZMANN. Stuttgart.
4. *The History of the Celtic Language; wherein it is shown to be based upon natural principles, and elementarily considered.* By L. G. MACLEAN, F. O. S., author of "Historical Account of Iona," &c. London.
5. *Die Wanderungen der Kelten.* Historisch-Kritisch dargelegt. Von LEOPOLD CONTZEN. London.
6. *Celtic Researches, on the Origin, Traditions and Language of the Ancient Britons, with some Introductory Sketches on Primitive Society.* By EDWARD DAVIES, Curate of Olveston, Gloucestershire. London.
7. *Prospectus of a Dictionary of the Language of the Aire Coti, or Ancient Irish, compared with the Language of the Cuti, or Ancient Persians, with the Hindostanee, the Arabic, and Chaldean Languages.* By Lieutenant-General CHARLES VALANCEY, author of "The Vindication of the Ancient History of Ireland." With a preface containing an epitome of the Ancient History of Ireland, corroborated by late discoveries in the Puranas of the Brahmins, and by our learned countrymen in the East. Dublin.

8. *Das ethnographische Verhältniss der Kelten und Germanen, nach den Ansichten der Alten und den sprachlichen Ueberresten dargelegt.* Von Dr. H. B. C. Brandes. Leipzig.
9. *A Vindication of the Celts, from Ancient Authorities; with Observations on Mr. Pinkerton's Hypothesis, concerning the Origin of the European Nations, in his Modern Geography and Dissertation on the Scythians and Goths.* London.

THERE are few evils so great but that good may be evolved from them. Most political economists and moralists regard foreign conquest as an evil. The wisest statesmen of England, as well as of all other enlightened countries, have been opposed to the subjugation of India, vast—almost inexhaustible—a source of material wealth as it has proved; yet it may well be doubted whether the treasures of knowledge found in the conquered country are not sufficient to indemnify the world—even the Hindoos themselves—for all the harm that has been done by the conquerors. It is not too much to say, that those, who first pointed out the intimate connection between the Sanscrit and the principal languages of Europe, discovered another New World. So far as any authentic records inform us, comparative philology had no existence anterior to their time—and what other science has been productive of more good? Certainly, no science, art, or political system has produced a more salutary effect on civilization. In this respect, its influence has proved second only to that of Christianity itself, of which it is a worthy auxiliary. Christianity teaches us to regard all mankind as our brethren; and comparative philology teaches us that many races, hitherto regarded as radically different from each other, are in reality but different branches of one and the same race.

Thus it is we have learned that, however much the Hindoos differ from ourselves in their complexion, manners, customs, and religion, they, as well as we, belong to the noble Caucasian family. The importance of this is much greater than it might seem at first sight; for there are no worse prejudices than those founded on diversity of races; no prejudices are so deeply rooted, or so likely to produce internecine strife. The history of the world affords too many proofs of this, to render it necessary that we should cite any particular instances here. Indeed, all history consists of little more than conflicts of races; it is such conflicts that have brought to ruin all the great empires of the world.



Only a few brief years have elapsed since our own country was threatened with a similar conflict. Fortunately, comparative philology had already accomplished sufficient to avert it; for, bad as the war is in which we are now engaged, and much as it is to be deplored as a calamity, it is mild and humane in its characteristics, and harmless in its results, when compared with a war of races, in which the nearest neighbors devote their best, or, rather, their worst, energies to the extermination of each other. The tendency of a political and geographical war is, to reconcile to each other different races, fighting for a common cause, by showing them that what is the interest of one is the interest of the other; and it has a similar effect in restraining religious prejudices. A political war is the best logic for these purposes, since it shows the most thoughtless how absurd it is to hate those ready to fight shoulder to shoulder with them in defence of their common country and common rights, merely because they think it right to worship God in a different manner from themselves, or because they belong, or are supposed to belong, to a different race.

This is sufficiently obvious at the present moment. The Anglo-Saxon no longer reproaches the Celt with being of an inferior race; nor does the Protestant reproach the Catholic with believing in a false religion, or *vice versa*. Both understand that the great question is, not whether they are Anglo-Saxons or Celts, Protestants or Catholics, but whether they are willing to defend their country, and maintain its institutions against all foes. As there is perfect unanimity in this sentiment at the present moment, we will try to show that neither in peace nor in war is there any real foundation for the assumption that the Celts are an inferior race. Nor do we undertake the task in any partisan spirit. We do not put ourselves forward as the champion of the Celts, or the opponent of the Saxons. We are neither one nor the other. We respect both races; we hold that one, as well as the other, has acted a noble part on the world's stage, and furnished its full quota of intellectual greatness. Our object is, not to glorify either race, but to vindicate the Celts from aspersions too often cast upon them. This we conceive to be for the interest of both, and it is with this view we undertake it, in the hope that, when we have arranged our present difficulties, all races and creeds doing their part in the good work, there will be no recurrence of the unnatural jealousies, accusations

and recriminations of a few years since, but that all will regard each other as forming one nationality, with the fullest right of worshipping God as they think proper, or of tracing their descent to Celt, Goth, or Hun, as may best please their fancy.

In attempting to do justice to the Celtic race in the interest of truth and civilization, we will not confine ourselves to what others have said on the same subject with a similar intention. Nor shall we content ourselves with drawing conclusions from the works whose titles stand at the head of our article, further than they seem to be sustained by facts; for we are aware that the vindicators, as well as the opponents of the Celtic race, have often permitted their zeal to get the better of their judgment. In other words, both have gone to ridiculous extremes, and neither had any sources of information which are not equally open to us. No writer of the present day need pretend to know anything more of the ancient Celts than they can learn from the historians and philosophers of Greece and Rome. In general, it is sufficient to consult translations for this purpose, though all who are acquainted with the original will of course prefer it. On disputed points, however, the translations must not be depended on, since the most important passages are those most likely to be garbled and interpolated, so as to change the whole sense, by partisan writers, as we may take occasion to show in the course of our remarks.

No one work, ancient or modern, gives so true an insight into the character of the ancient Celtic race as the *Commentaries* (*De Bello Gallico*) of Cæsar; indeed, it describes them better than all other works put together. Not that other great ancient writers took no notice of the Celts. Scarcely any of them, from Herodotus to Tacitus, have failed to do so. They are spoken of as a great and powerful people by Strabo, Aristotle, Diodorus Siculus, Valerius Flaccus, Xenophon, Plutarch, &c., &c. But, before we attempt to examine the *dicta* of any of these, we will glance at a passage or two of M. Thierry's *Histoire des Gaulois*, which is incomparably the best modern authority on the subject, and then have a word to say on two or three more recent works.

M. Thierry is no enthusiast; he wishes, not to eulogize, but to state facts—the results of careful study and investigation. And far from disdaining to acknowledge the ancient Gauls as the ancestors of his countrymen, he is proud to

claim them as such. "The author," he says, "has chosen the Gallic people as the most important and the most curious of all those whom the Greeks and Romans designated by the name of barbarians, and because that its history, little known not to say unknown, left an immense void in the first annals of the West. Yet another sentiment—a sentiment of justice and almost of piety—has determined and sustained him in that long task; a Frenchman, he wished to know, and cause to be known, a race from which have descended nineteen twentieths of us, Frenchmen (*les dix-neuf vingtièmes d'entre nous, Français*). It is with a religious care that he has collected these old, scattered relics among the annals of twenty different peoples—the titles of a family which is our own."\*

Did the researches of M. Thierry not satisfy him that the Celts were a great race, he need not have commenced in his first page to prove the identity of the French of the present day, as a race, with the Gauls of thousands of years ago. But further on, in the same Introduction, he gives good reason for doing so. "No race," he observes, "of our Occident has accomplished a more agitated and brilliant career. Their course embraced Europe, Asia and Africa; their name is inscribed with terror in the annals of almost every nation. They burned Rome; they wrested Macedonia from the veteran legions of Alexander; they forced Thermopylæ and pillaged Delphi; they then proceeded to pitch their tents on the plains of the Troad, in the public places of Miletus, on the borders of the Sangarius and those of the Nile; they besieged Carthage, menaced Memphis, and numbered among their tributaries the most powerful monarchs of the East. They founded in upper Italy a powerful empire, and in the bosom of Phrygia they reared another empire, that of Galata, which, for a long time, exercised its sway over the whole of Lower Asia. During the second period, that of their sedentary state, we see the gradual development of social, religious and political institutions, conformable to their peculiar character as a people; institutions original in their nature; a civilization full of movement and of life, of which Transalpine Gaul offers the purest and most complete model. One might say, in following the animated scenes of this picture, that the theocracy of India, the feudal system of the middle ages, and the Athenian democracy had met on the same soil, for the

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\* Introduction, pp. 1, 2.

purpose of contending with each other and reigning by turns. Soon this civilization undergoes a change; foreign elements are introduced, brought in by commerce, by the relations of neighborhood, by reaction from subjugated nations. Hence arose multiplied, and often whimsical, combinations. In Italy, it is the Roman influence that exerts itself on the manners and institutions of the Gauls; in the south of Gaul it is that of the Massileots; while in Phrygia we have a most singular compound of Gallic, Grecian and Phrygian civilization.”\*

The most learned cannot pretend to indicate the period at which the Celts came originally into Europe, though almost all agree that they were among the first to arrive from the East. This general admission has encouraged certain enthusiasts to attempt tracing their emigration back to the Deluge; nay, some have gone even beyond this, undertaking to prove that they were a great nation in antediluvian times, and that they assisted at the building of the Tower of Babel! Not content with this, Mr. Maclean insists that the Celtic dialect must have been the language of our first parents. In his opinion, it was in no other language Adam spoke when he gave names to the various kinds of animals, as they were brought to him, one by one, by the Creator. As

\* Aucune des races de notre occident n'a accompli une carrière plus agitée et plus brillante. Les courses de celles embrassent l'Europe, l'Asie et l'Afrique; son nom est inscrit avec terreur dans les annales de presque tous les peuples. Elle brûle Rome; elle enlève la Macédoine aux vieilles phalanges d'Alexandre, force les Thermopyles et pille Delphes; puis elle va planter ses tentes sur les ruines de l'ancienne Troie, dans les places publiques de Milet, aux bords du Sangarius et à ceux du Nil; elle assiège Carthage, menace Memphis, compte parmi ses tributaires les plus puissans monarques de l'Orient; à deux reprises elle fonde dans la haute Italie un grand empire, et elle élève au sein de la Phrygie cet autre empire des Galates qui domina long-temps toute l'Asie mineure.

Dans la seconde période, celle de l'état sédentaire, on voit se développer, partout où cette race s'est fixée à demeure, des institutions sociales, religieuses et politiques, conformes à son caractère particulier; institutions originales, civilisation pleine de mouvement et de vie, dont la Gaule transalpine offre le modèle le plus pur et le plus complet. On dirait, à suivre les scènes animées de ce tableau, que la théocratie de l'Inde, la féodalité de notre moyen-âge et la démocratie athénienne se sont donné rendez-vous sur le même sol pour s'y combattre et y régner tour à tour. Bientôt cette civilisation se mélange et s'altère; des éléments étrangers s'y introduisent, importés par le commerce, par les relations de voisinage, par la réaction des populations subjuguées. De là des combinaisons multiples et souvent bizarres; en Italie, c'est l'influence romaine qui se fait sentir dans les mœurs des Cisalpins; dans le midi de la Transalpine, c'est d'abord l'influence des Grecs de Messalie (l'ancienne Marseille), puis celle des colonies italiennes, et il se forme en Galatie le composé le plus singulier de civilisation gauloise, phrygienne et grecque.—*Hist. des Gaulois*, tome i., pp. vi., vii.

for the Hebrew, that he is sure is quite modern in comparison with the Celtic, "receiving," he says, "its very name from *Heber*, the great grandson of Shem, who flourished somewhere about two thousand years after the creation of Adam, and consequently about two thousand years after language had been ripened and flourishing. Those who plead for it as the primitive language, under that name, give the lie, innocently perhaps, to their own belief of the account of the confusion of the primitive tongue at Babel." He is positive that it is quite absurd to call the primitive language Hebrew. "The original," he says, "is *oinbr* or *ainbr*. Now, *oin* or *ain* means, in Celtic, a river; and *bar* or *bhar*, beyond. The name, therefore, is equivalent to our *river*; hence *Inverich*, *Iberich*, or Iberians, and *Ebirich* or *Ebrideans*, all expressive of isolation, or beyond water." He denies that the primitive tongue was "confused." That, he is certain, was saved in its purity by Noah, who, attending "to his vineyard, which he planted far east of Shinar, did not head his faithless crew." The latter, it seems, mutinied against his authority. "Therefore," remarks Mr. Maclean, "take either view of it, the first speech still remains unconfounded—the stream of language may be still traced, without a break, up to the fountain of Paradise."\* And this language is no other than the Gaelic, as it is now spoken in the Highlands of Scotland! The Irish, or Erse, he admits to be substantially the same, the only difference being, that the latter has become somewhat corrupted in the bogs of Ireland. These minor points being settled, Mr. Maclean proceeds to describe the manner in which the different animals must have been named. "Of the order," he says, "in which the Great Shepherd brought the animals to Adam, we are not informed; nor is it essential. Let us suppose the first to have been the domestic cow; the name of this animal in Celtic is *bua*, *buo* or *bo*; an echo or imitation of its common note."† But this is not all: the cow has a variety of other notes, expressive of different feelings, and all are to be found in their purity in the Celtic language, and nowhere else. The notes of various other animals are described in a manner equally graphic, and their equivalents pointed out in the Gaelic. It seems, for example, that the original note of the lion was that expressed by *tho*, but that it was entirely changed by the eating of the forbidden fruit,

\* *Hist. of the Celtic Language*, p. 75.

† *Ibid.*, p. 78.

which, from being a mild, harmless animal, converted him into the frightful beast of prey we now find him. He did not roar then, but now he does, as everybody knows. "The term roar," says Mr. Maclean, "is by no means a true echo to it; no term can express it *but the Celtic—béuc*. 'Bhéuc an leomhan,' says Amos, 'the note of ocean when scourged to madness, is not a bad imitation,'" &c.\*

Mr. Maclean gives us a good deal more of the same sort, in proof of the high antiquity of the Celtic race and their language; but the Rev. Mr. Davies enters still more minutely into particulars in his *Celtic Researches*. In the first part of his work, we are presented with graphic "sketches of the state and attainments of *primitive society*." But this, we are informed, is a very different "state" from what it is commonly supposed to have been. It is highly probable, in the opinion of Mr. Davies, that Adam was a philosopher. If he was not, certain it is that many of his immediate antediluvian descendants must have been deeply versed in the arts and sciences—perhaps as well versed as Descartes, Leibnitz, or even Bacon or Newton. At any rate, the inductive philosophy was well understood before the Flood (p. 89). As for Noah, it is quite clear to Mr. Davies that he was an eminent geographer as well as navigator. "The very idea," he says, "of Noah's dividing the land among his descendants, necessarily presupposes his knowledge of the land that was to be so divided. He must have described the several states, their extent and boundaries, by certain names by which the same regions, rivers, and mountains had been already known to him, and, consequently, which they had borne before the flood. Thus may we account for the identity of the names of several streams and mountains in ancient geography, from India to Britain, and from the Northern Ocean to the middle of Africa" (p. 33). This, however, is not so remarkable a discovery as that "the consecration of tithes did not originate in the Levitical law" (p. 17), but had an antiquity as high as the time of Cain, who, in all probability, was guilty of defrauding the parson of his rightful tithes. Be this as it may, Mr. Davies is nearly as minute and matter-of-fact, in describing the formation of language, as Mr. Maclean; though he borrows nothing from that gentleman, or, indeed, as far as we can judge, from any other author, ancient or modern.

His views are altogether peculiar. "Let us put the case," he says, "that Adam, the first man, would inform his new-created bride of the *elephant*. The character which he had already described in this animal, in the act of naming him, was, probably, his enormous bulk. This description he is now to repeat. Being an inexpert orator, he would not trust entirely and exclusively to the powers of his voice; his arms would be elevated and spread abroad, in order to intimate the comprehension of gigantic space. This natural description of a huge bulk would produce the sound B—M; and that sound, rendered articulate by the intervention of a vowel, would describe bulkiness, and might be appropriated *most happily* to the elephant, or great beast." (pp. 382–3.)

These passages sufficiently explain why it is that, in the minds of many, the very term Celtic has become almost synonymous with fabulous and ludicrous, so that the Celts may well exclaim, in many instances, "Save us from our friends." It is the Irish who have generally the name of these exaggerations; but the charge is as unfounded as many others which are daily made against the same people. Neither Mr. Maclean nor Mr. Davies is Irish; the former is a Scotchman, the latter a Welshman. We do not mean but Irishmen have said absurd things on the same subject; but certainly not oftener, or to a greater extent, than others. What we mean by this is, simply to show to those who need proof, that the fanciful, extravagant, or utopian, is not confined to any people. In order, however, that our Scotch and Welsh friends may have no reason to charge us with unfairness or partiality, we will note some statements of General Valancey, in his *Prospectus of an Irish Dictionary*, which are not unlike those of Maclean and Davies.\* Before doing so, however, we cheerfully admit that in each of these three works there is a great deal that is curious and interesting. None but a scholar could have been the author of any of them. The difficulty is, that although learning is essential for an ethnologist to begin with—a qualification without which he cannot hope to make any progress—there are other qualifications which are almost equally necessary. Most prominent amongst

\* Mr. Davies gives it as his opinion, at page 143 of his *Celtic Researches*, not only that Virgil was a Celt, but that in his youth he wrote in the Celtic language; and it must be admitted that he has some ground for his assertion, since the poet himself says, in his first Eclogue,

Galatæa reliquit.

Namque fateror enim dum me Galatæa tenebat.  
Nec spes libertatis erat, nec cura peculii.

these are, liberality of thought, entire freedom from prejudice—national, religious, and political—and a clear, logical mind—the faculty of distinguishing the probable and true from the fabulous. If skepticism is of use in any investigation, it is in one of this kind, provided it is not carried to extremes. But it is not the less necessary to be open to conviction—willing to believe whatever is supported by sufficient evidence; for in ethnology, perhaps more than in any other field of investigation, truth is often stranger than fiction. In other words, we should not be too ready to reject a theory, merely because it conflicts with our own preconceived notions. The really thoughtful never do so; and it is also well to bear in mind that the best writer may be fanciful and credulous in the treatment of one branch of his subject, and be strictly logical and even critical in his treatment of all the rest.

This is particularly true of General Valancey, who has devoted more than a quarter of a century to the subject on which he writes. But, at present, we have to do only with the antiquarian branch of his labors. In this, it must be admitted, he goes pretty far back, though not quite as far as Mr. Maclean or Mr. Davies. At all events, he begins his introduction with several extracts, relative to Ireland, from the Hindoo Puranas. It is proper to say that these have not been discovered or translated by himself, but by Mr. Wilford, an English gentleman, well known as an eminent Sanscrit scholar. Mr. Wilford had, it seems, been led to the investigation, by the hypothesis of Sir William Jones, who conceived that vestiges of an ancient people might be traced in Iran, or Persia—a people more ancient than the Assyrians. This having been verified, in the opinion of General Valancey, by the extracts referred to, and certain other evidence, not necessary to be detailed here, he proceeds to show that the ancient empire in question must have commenced at the time of the alliance of the four kings, mentioned in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis. These, it will be remembered, are the four potentates defeated by Abraham, without any more formidable army than his household servants; but whom some historians regard as mere Bedouin Sheiks, or brigands of the desert.

At any rate, the mighty empire which they founded, according to General Valancey, commenced its career pretty soon after the confusion of tongues. The General agrees



with Mr. Maclean and Mr. Davies in the opinion that the primitive language was not destroyed; it was only divided into several dialects, which were distributed among those sent to colonize Egypt, Phœnicia, China, India, and Persia. It was a people called the Fir Bologues who colonized the last mentioned country, better known in ancient history as Irân, or Indo-Scythia. They were a fierce and warlike race of Japethians; but, though they took up a beautiful position at the mouth of the Indus, they soon became discontented, and resolved to emigrate to the southward. They remained long enough, however, to secure the friendship of kindred tribes, called the Omanites and Ordanites, who lived on opposite sides of the Persian Gulf.

The three, united under one leader, bade farewell to their kinsmen, the Hindoos, and proceeded to Egypt, where they were warmly welcomed by the reigning Pharaoh, who saw at once that they could be of great service in navigating his fleets, for their fame as navigators had gone before them to the banks of the Nile. The king soon found, however, that their ideas of loyalty were rather loose, for, instead of yielding that cheerful, implicit obedience to his sovereign will, to which he thought he was entitled, they took the liberty of tampering with his slaves, the Israelites, whom they offered to transport across the Red Sea, in spite of all the land and marine forces of Egypt. The Jews, never very remarkable for their courage or bravery, got frightened at the very idea, feeling certain that no earthly power could bring them safe out of Egypt. As might have been expected, Pharaoh was very indignant at this interference on the part of the Fir Bologues, Aire Cuti, or Gael, for the new comers were now known by a good many names. It would seem that he upbraided their leader Nial with his treachery, though in as polite and delicate a manner as the circumstances would permit. He soon had reason to repent of this, however. Nial announced his intention of seizing on the whole Egyptian fleet, and doing several other disagreeable things, not necessary to mention here. The king had learned by this time that the Fir Bologues had a greater regard for the ladies than any other tribes of that age; that, in short, their gallantry was such that they would do almost anything to compliment the fair. The gallantry of Nial was particularly conspicuous, and it is alleged that he was still amorous, though he must have been "well stricken in years" when the difficulty

occurred. Be this as it may, we are informed that he got Scota, the king's daughter, in marriage. The proof of this consists mainly in the sentence, *Nial sachuta niginge Pharaoh*, which by some translators is rendered, not "Nial married the daughter of Pharaoh," but "Nial sailed the fleets of Pharaoh." At all events, it was not long after until the Fir Bologues sought other quarters. They first sailed to Tyre, in Phœnicia, where they left a colony; thence they proceeded to Sicily, Malta, and Spain, each of which they colonized. The intervals, if any, which elapsed, between these different events are not very definitely stated. This, however, is not essential. It is sufficient, for our present purpose, to know that the boldest and most adventurous of all steered their course to Ireland, under the name of the Milesians, bringing with them the best dialect of their native language, their religion (Druidism), together with various arts and sciences, including the art of manufacturing the fine linen of Egypt, which they had learned during their brief sojourn on the banks of the Nile, and which, to this day, is the art carried to most perfection by the Irish.

Fortunately, it is by no means essential to the antiquity or greatness of the Celtic race that this narrative should be strictly accurate. If it were, we fear that we should have to give up the case. It is sufficient that the groundwork is true; and, in proof of this, we have more or less testimony from the learned of all nations of antiquity, who have bequeathed us anything worthy the name of a literature. There is, however, not the same unanimity among the learned as to the identity of the Irish language with the Coptic, the Arabic, the Chaldee, the Zend, the Pehlvi, and the Hindostanee; although General Valancey is quite positive on this point, and has recourse to various ingenious arguments in support of his theory. As a specimen of his proofs, we extract an anecdote, which, if it possesses no other value, has at least the recommendation of being a curiosity. "Mr. Lebedoff," says the General, "a Russian, who lived ten years in Bengal, and is master of the Bengalese language, was walking one day, very lately, in Oxford street, and overheard two Irish milk-women conversing in their native tongue—he was able to understand everything said, from its resemblance to the Bengalese."—(S. W. O.)\*

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\* Pref., p. xxix.

We now proceed to show that no exaggeration—no torturing of ancient or modern fables—is necessary to support the claims of the Celt to the first rank among the principal branches of the Caucasian race. Indeed, nothing of the kind was necessary for General Valancey, either to render his *Prospectus* interesting, or to vindicate the people of whom he may be regarded as one of the ablest champions.

The work under consideration consists of three parts: an Introduction, Preface, and Specimen of a Comparative Irish Dictionary. The two former embrace a large variety of etymological and historical facts, which mutually illustrate each other; and the latter, which extends over seventy-seven pages, is exclusively etymological. We have already alluded to the historical part, but only to that portion of it which is more fanciful and curious than authentic. Whether it be true or not that the Hindoo Brahmins were so well acquainted with Irish topography thousands of years ago as to be able to describe Croagh-Patrick, the Cave of Purgatory, in Donegal, and several other places distinguished in Irish history, it cannot be denied that the extracts from the Puranas are of a character which it will not do to laugh at, especially when considered in connection with the General's comments upon them. But what is much more interesting, however, is his description of the Indo-Scythian monuments of Ireland. He introduces the reader in turn to the temple of Vishnu, at Killshandra; the bitter waters of Lough Derg; the Iranian empire; the Palli, or shepherd kings of Ireland. On a small island on the coast of Ireland there is a rude building, of peculiar construction, which has been visited by antiquaries from all parts of the world. Some think it was built by the fire worshippers; others, by the Druids; others, by early wandering Christians; but General Valancey is sure that it is a temple of Priapus; and he informs us that it is exactly similar to that in the island of Elephanta, called Gentoos Mahoody. Nor is he content with making the assertion; he presents us with an engraving of the two temples. If we are to regard this as a faithful representation, it must be admitted that the resemblance is very striking.

As for the similarity of the principal dialects of the Celtic language to several Oriental languages, that is no longer a matter of dispute; it has been abundantly proved, by men who had no interest to subserve but that of science, and who, if they were capable of being influenced by any prejudice, it

might have been expected to be against, rather than in favor of, the Celtic race. It has never been alleged, for example, that the learned Dr. Prichard was a Celt; but he was one of the first to demonstrate the close affinities between the Celtic and Oriental languages. His work, entitled *Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations*, is devoted exclusively to that purpose, and when first published was undoubtedly the best that had yet appeared. Still less can it be alleged that Bopp, Picket, Adelung, Vater, or Klaproth, have been actuated by prejudice in their investigations, except an earnest desire to discover truth can be called a prejudice.

It is not necessary for us to pay any particular attention, on the present occasion, to this branch of the subject; were it otherwise, we could merely glance at it, since to do it adequate justice would require a long series of articles by itself. We may remark, however, in passing, that those who would consult the researches of Prichard must not seek the edition which is edited and annotated by Dr. Latham, who, with a very slight knowledge of the Celtic, and scarcely any knowledge of either the Sanscrit or the Zend, has done all in his power against what is called the Celtic theory. But even Dr. Latham has been forced to alter his views. No two editions of the same work are more unlike each other, than the two now before us, of the treatise entitled *The English Language*, by Dr. Latham. In the first edition he is decidedly anti-Celtic, and has no patience with those of a different opinion. This will be sufficiently understood by any intelligent person, who will take the trouble to compare page 29 of the first edition with page 53 of the second edition. It will be seen that he suppressed, in 1848, the strong terms in which in 1843 he had sought to depreciate the Celtic elements of the present English language. This, indeed, he could not have avoided, without ignoring the researches of the great philologists of Germany, who have devoted their lives to the investigation, and who understand the Sanscrit, Zend, and Celtic, nearly as well as their native German. This, however, does not prevent Dr. Latham from seeking to cast doubt on the reliableness of the most valuable researches of his learned fellow countryman.

It were less injurious to the cause of science and truth, were he to attack Prichard openly. Then he could effect little, because he does not possess the necessary qualifications. It is one thing to write a popular history of the Eng-

lish language, and another quite different to prove the similarity or dissimilarity between languages which one admits himself he does not understand—such as the Sanscrit, the Zend, the Hebrew, the Arabic, and the Celtic; all of which Dr. Prichard had carefully studied. Nothing is more easy than to assert that the English language, if not purely Anglo-Saxon, has at least little, if any, of the Celtic in its composition, and it requires no ordinary amount of learning and labor to prove the contrary. The same remark will apply to statements made in editing and annotating a work like Dr. Prichard's, and hence it is that Dr. Latham adopts the safe and convenient plan of using insinuations rather than assertions.\*

As a specimen of his efforts in this way, we may refer to his remarks on the Eastern origin of the Celts, which are cavilling rather than argumentative. "In one sense," he says, "and with one school of ethnologists, the statement that the Kelts are of Eastern origin is little more than a truism. Out of the vast proportion of investigators who assign to the whole human race one common origin, there are very few who place the area of that common origin either in Europe, or America, still less in Australia or Polynesia. Add to this that very few, indeed, have ever put a claim for Africa being the birth-place of mankind. Such being the case, it is clear that, in the minds of many, all nations what-

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\* This is not the only instance in which Dr. Latham takes occasion to differ with the most eminent ethnologists and philologists, as may be seen by a recent work of his, entitled, "On the Varieties of Man." In this he appropriates the researches of others in comparative philology, without adding a single new fact of his own, and then proceeds to divide all the languages of the world into four classes, which he calls the *Anaplotic*, *Aptotic*, *Agglutinate*, and *Amalgamate*, informing us, at the same time, that there are only three methods of grammar: the Classical, English, and Chinese. All languages, ancient and modern, dead and living, are to be referred to one of these classes. As for the Sanscrit, he does not recognize it at all. It may, he admits, be a genuine language; but it is more likely to be a forgery. Even this allegation is not new, however, with Dr. Latham. Others before him did not like the trouble of learning it; then, because they could not comprehend it, the only conclusion they could arrive at was, that it is "hypothetical," and the Doctor adopts the same course. No wonder that the German critics laugh, in spite of their characteristic gravity, at such "blind leaders of the blind;" the truly learned and cosmopolitan Schlegel declaring the theory "as happy as that which would account for the Egyptian pyramids as natural crystallizations." We must take leave abruptly of Dr. Latham, with the remark that ethnologists and critics like him do much mischief; and we are sorry that the same remark applies to his American imitator, the Hon. George P. Marsh, whose *Lectures on the English Language* are little better, in a philological point of view, than a transposition of the errors of Dr. Latham, and what that gentleman has appropriated from others, but entirely misapplied.

ever are of Eastern origin—the Tasmanians, Polynesians and Laplanders, as well as the Kelts; the Kelts as well as the Laplanders, Polynesians, or Tasmanians.”\*

It is needless to pursue the remarks of Dr. Latham, they prove nothing against the facts in the text of Dr. Prichard, or, indeed, in the text of any other ethnologist worthy of the name. But Dr. Latham is by no means peculiar in his opposition to Celtic influence in the formation of the English language. The Rev. Mr. Harrison, in his *Rise, Progress, and Present Structure of the English Language*, represents our language as almost exclusively Anglo-Saxon. Even the Messrs. Chambers, than whom no writers are more liberal, or cosmopolitan, tell us in their *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, that the Celtic, which had been the language of the aboriginal people of Great Britain, shrank from the Anglo-Saxon into Wales, Cornwall, and other remote parts of the Island, as the Indian *tongues* are now retiring before the advance of the British settlers in North America. “From its first introduction, the Anglo-Saxon tongue experienced little change for five centuries, the chief accessions which it received being Latin terms introduced by Christian missionaries.” In a note at the bottom of the same page, the Messrs. Chambers admit, that “it is now believed that the British language was not so entirely extinguished by the Saxons as was generally stated by our historians down to the last age.”† Need we say that the note flatly contradicts the text? Even during the brief interval that elapsed between the writing of the two assertions, the cause of truth and science advanced. In the mean time, the critic had consulted some work on comparative philology, and, finding his mistake, had the candor and honesty to correct it in a note.

Those who inform us that the English is pure Anglo-Saxon, are after all much more absurd and thoughtless than those who would trace the Celtic language to antediluvian times. Had Cæsar found Britain a wilderness, without any inhabitants, instead of finding it thickly inhabited by Celts, it would still have been very illogical, on the part of some of our self-styled modern ethnologists, to assert that our present dialect has but few Latin and Celtic words. To prove this, it would only be necessary to examine some Roman antiquities. Nor should we ask, for this purpose, any other than

\* *Eastern Origin of Celtic Nations*, Latham's Edition, pp. 72-3.

† Chambers's *Cyclopædia of English Literature*.

English authorities, for we hold that none are fairer, or freer from prejudice, than Englishmen, who are really learned. Of this character are Charles Roach Smith, F. S. A., author of *The Antiquities of Richborough, Reculver, and Lympne, in Kent*, and Prof. Buckman, author of *Illustrations of the Remains of Roman Art in Cirencester, the Site of Ancient Corinium*. There are several others which we could mention in connection with this branch of our subject; but enough for the present.

In the first place, it is well to remember that the connection of the Romans with Britain lasted five hundred years—from 55 A. C., to 436 A. D. The Wall of Hadrian alone, with its numerous inscriptions, would prove that the Romans must have done much in Britain. All historians agree that it was a part of the Roman policy to establish the troops, who had effected the conquest, in possession of the vanquished territory, and this is fully borne out by the remains found in England. There is not one of the legions that conquered Britain that did not get a portion of the island, which was large or small in proportion to the valor it displayed, and the service it rendered. The inscriptions referred to prove beyond all doubt that *Camulodunum* (Colchester) was the first town in Britain that obtained the privileges and honor of a Roman *Colonia*, and it is believed to have been founded by the Ninth Legion. No historical fact of the period is better attested than that Cirencester was founded by Indians and Thracians; cavalry troops belonging to the Roman army. Of twenty-three Roman towns whose remains are still to be seen in England, scarcely two belonged to people of the same nation. Side by side we find towns built by Dacians, Moors, Gauls, Asturians, and Iberians. This will not seem strange, when it is recollected that the Romans, like the Carthaginians, had legions from every country that owned their sway. The *Notitia*, containing a list of the military stations, on Hadrian's Wall, shows that not fewer than twenty different nationalities were represented in the conquest of Britain, from the landing of Cæsar to the final abandonment of the island by Valentinian; scarcely two of these speaking the same dialect. We transcribe a few of these inscriptions, copied from the monuments, and translated into English by Mr. Petrie and Mr. Bruce: "The prefect of the first ala (wing) of the Asteres at *Condercum*" (Bennell). "The prefect of the Savinian ala at *Hunnum*" (Holton-Chester). "The tribune of the fourth cohort of the



Gauls at *Vindolana*" (Chester-holm). "The tribune of the third cohort of the Nervii at Alionis" (Ambleside). "The tribune of the sixth cohort of the Servii at Virosidum" (Elenborough). "The tribune of the first cohort of the Spaniards at *Accelodunum*" (Brough). "The tribune of the second cohort of the Dalmatians at *Magna* in *Northumbria*" (Carvoran). "The tribune of the cohort of the Cornovii at *Pons-kelii*" (Newcastle).

Nor were all these different people merely sojourners in the island. Whatever land each got they retained, and their posterity after them, from generation to generation. This is proved by their temples, altars, and deities. If there were no inscriptions to point out the different nationalities, these religious vestiges would be sufficient to do so by themselves, since they correspond in almost every instance with the accounts we read in history of the religion of the people near whose towns they are found. Thus, those found near the towns said to have been built by Gallic cohorts, are Celtic; those found near the towns said to have been built by Gothic cohorts, are Gothic, &c. An inscription at York informs us, that a legate of the Sixth Legion built in Eburicum a temple dedicated to Serapis. The Phœnician deity Betatucadrus is found in Cumberland—also at Westmoreland.

Neither are inscriptions, temples, altars, and sepulchral monuments the only evidences we have of these different nationalities. Specimens of manufacture, styles of architecture, and agricultural and mining implements are found, which combine to establish the same facts. Not more than three years ago, Mr. Ecroyd Smith found beautiful tessellated pavements in Yorkshire, inscribed with the names of several of the officers of the Sixth Legion. What would seem still more improbable to the skeptical, or to those who think that Britain had been little better than a wilderness before the arrival of the Saxons, Mr. Roach Smith, to whose valuable researches we have already referred, has found traces of the Roman woollen manufacture in London. As for Phœnician bricks, they are to be found in all parts of the island. Mr. Bruce tells us, in his account of the Roman wall, that "in the station of Corchester, portions of lead pipe have been found. It is an inch and a half in diameter, and has been formed by bending round a flat strip of the metal, and soldering the joint." We have it on the same authority, that iron has been produced at the same period in large quantities. That coal was



extensively used in England, during the Roman period, is now beyond question. "In several places," says Mr. Bruce, "the source from which the mineral was procured can be pointed out; but the most extensive workings that I have heard of are in the neighborhood of Gridon Lough, near Seavingshields. Not long ago, a shaft was sunk, with the view of procuring the coal, which was supposed to be below the surface; the projector soon found that, though coal had been there, it was all removed. The ancient workings stretched beneath the bed of the lake."

All this may seem irrelevant to our subject; but it is not. We desire to make it clear, to the most thoughtless, that were it even true that the ancient Britons were treated by the Romans as they are said to have been treated by the Saxons—that is, driven into the recesses of the forest—of which there is no evidence, it would still be impossible that their language could have been entirely lost. In other words, we find that the most enlightened people of their time carried on all the processes of industry then known for nearly five hundred years, among a Celtic population acknowledged to be numerous, frequently introducing from the continent large additions of Gauls, Iberians and Celtiberians, together with people belonging to various other nationalities, as we have already seen. Is it consistent with common sense to believe, that the effect of all this on the language and people of Britain could be so completely neutralized by the conquest of the island by the Saxons and Angles, as that the present English people and their language could be as purely Anglo-Saxon as those assert who pretend to pass judgment on scores of dialects of whose very alphabets they are ignorant?\*

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\* The absurdity of the theory of Latham, Harrison, Marsh, and other would-be ethnologists like them, will be still more apparent, if it be borne in mind, that no language is more tenacious of its original forms than the Celtic. "In this state of the question," says Prichard, "it is fortunate that there is one idiom in which the personal pronouns, as well as the verbal suffixes, have been preserved in a form apparently much less altered from their original one, than in any of the more celebrated and classical dialects, in which philologists have in general sought the means of elucidating the structure of language. I allude to the Celtic dialects, and particularly to that still spoken by the Welsh people, but which is found in a much more perfect state in the productions of British writers coeval with, or even of greater antiquity than, the oldest compositions of the Anglo-Saxons. The preservation of the pronouns in the Welsh language, during so long a period of time, has, perhaps, resulted from the circumstance, that in that idiom they are undeclinable words, whereas in most of the European dialects they are susceptible, as we have seen, of copious inflection and variety of endings. The terminations of words in general are but little capable of change in the Celtic idioms, as indeed are those idioms themselves,

But the writer who has labored most to bring contempt and odium on the Celtic race is Mr. Pinkerton. In his *Dissertation on the Scythians and Goths*, he pretends to prove that these two nations were identical; and that they drove and confined the conquered and half-exterminated Celts to the western extremity of Gaul. There, he tells us, and in the mountains of Wales and Scotland, and in certain remote districts of Ireland, the small, miserable remains of their posterity are still to be found. He is not quite sure as to the period when this conquest and expulsion took place, but he thinks it was about the time of Pythagoras, 500 A. C. In order to support his theory, he makes alterations and interpolations in ancient authors, and, in not a few instances, forges whole passages, although he tells us, in his preface, that "No literary crime is equal to false quotation; for public faith attends an author, and public infamy ought always to attend the abuse of it" (Pref., p. 14). We could point out examples of this at almost every page of the "Dissertation," but one or two will suffice. For instance, he quotes Herodotus to prove that the Scythians and Sarmatæ were altogether different races, whereas the words of the Greek historian are: "The Sarmatæ are the offspring of the Scythians."\*

In a similar spirit he has added the word "farthest" to Strabo's account of the most ancient division of the globe, thus: "The earth is divided into four parts; to the *farthest* east, the Indians; to the *farthest* south, the Ethiops; to the *farthest* west, the Celts; and, to the *farthest* north, the Scythians."† By similar logic he endeavors to prove that the Getæ and Gothi were names applied to the same people. Thus, he quotes the fifth book of Valerius Flaccus for that purpose; but not one word in the whole book gives the least sanction to his pretensions. When Mr. Pinkerton has proved to his own satisfaction, by means like these, that the dominant races of Europe were the Scythians

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of which the people appear ever to have been remarkably tenacious. It would, perhaps, not be going too far to say, that no language in Europe has undergone so little change, in an equal space of time, as the Welsh sustained during the centuries which intervened between Aneurin and Lhywarch, and the period when the Sacred Scriptures were translated into it. To whatever circumstances the fact is to be attributed, it seems to be certain, as I hope to make it sufficiently apparent, that the Celtic idioms preserve, in a more perfect state than any other languages of Europe or Asia, the original pronouns, of which abbreviated forms enter as suffixes into the inflections of verbs through the numbers and persons."

—Prichard's *Celtic Nations*, p. 265.

\* Herod., *Melpomene*, p. 294.

† *Dissertation*, p. 128.

and Goths, before whom the Celts had to fly, he proceeds to collect evidence to show that the latter were never a respectable or sensible, much less a powerful, people.

Statements like these may seem harmless at first sight; but, because those of a man undoubtedly learned, they have been the means of doing immense mischief. It is they that have caused most of those disputes between Anglo-Saxon and Celt, which have often led to riots and bloodshed, both in Europe and America, and which, as already observed, threatened, a few years since, to produce a civil war of the most horrible and destructive kind. That the lower order of a dominant race, who read little and think less, should have readily embraced a theory like that of Mr. Pinkerton's, seeming, as it did, to flatter themselves, was, perhaps, no more than might have been expected. But how many of the public journals of England and America have exaggerated the worst charges of Pinkerton and others of his school. At least nine out of every ten have done so. This large proportion of the organs, as they call themselves, of public opinion, instead of seeking to reconcile all fellow-citizens to each other, have devoted their influence to exciting animosity and strife between Anglo-Saxons and Celts. This, however, was not intentional. In other words, our public journalists supported such theories—not to cause bloodshed—not that they hated the Celt more than the Saxon—but partly because the anti-Celtic theory flattered themselves, and partly because it was popular, and, consequently, in a certain sense, profitable. Now, however, it is to be hoped that the mania is over, and that it will never be resuscitated.

It matters little what respectable author, who has paid due attention to the subject, we turn to, he is sure to exhibit a state of facts the very reverse of that represented by Mr. Pinkerton. Nor is it necessary to quote any Celtic writer for that purpose. For example, Niebuhr tells us, in his *Researches into the History of the Scythians, Getae and Sarmatians*, that "The conquerors to whom they (the Scythians) yielded their ancient settlements were the Gauls." From a comparison of the Roman and Grecian chronology, it was the twelfth year after the sacking of Rome, when the Triballi appeared before Abdera; and in the reign of Philip Seylax mentions Celts in the farthest recess of the Adriatic Gulf, who had been left behind by the invaders in their march, i. e., in their march along the Danube, where afterwards the Scordisci dwelt, in

Lower Hungary, and in the territory of the Servians, *the descendants of the victorious Gauls. They and their kindred race in Noricum were the Celts who sent ambassadors to Alexander after his victory over the Triballi and Getae.*"\*

Throughout the works of Plutarch, especially in his *Life of Camillus*, we find evidence of the vast extent of territory occupied by the Celts. "Some say," he observes, "the country of the Celtæ is of such immense extent, that it stretches from the Western Ocean and the most northern climes to the Lake Mæotis eastward, and to that part of Scythia which borders upon Pontus; that there the two nations mingle, and issue, not all at once, nor at all seasons, but in the spring of the year, that, by means of these annual supplies, they had gradually opened themselves a way over the chief part of the European continent; and that, though they are distinguished by different names, according to their tribes, yet their whole body is comprehended under the general appellation of Celto-Scythæ." The value of Plutarch's testimony is recognized by all. Indeed, none, capable of appreciating it, could venture to deny its general truthfulness, because there is scarcely a single statement to be found in any of his "Lives" which has not been made on the best authorities extant in his time. Coming down to our own time, the same remark will apply to Gibbon, who, except when referring to Christianity alone, is one of the most liberal and most reliable historians of modern times. Whenever he touches on the subject of the Celtic race, his views fully sustain those of Prichard. According to Mr. Pinkerton, ancient Gaul comprehended little more than one of the provinces of modern France. But who will compare him, as an authority, to the author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, whose noble work will live as long as the language in which it is written? "Ancient Gaul," says Gibbon, "as it contained the whole country between the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Rhine, and the Ocean, was of greater extent than modern France. To the dominions of that powerful monarchy, with its recent acquisitions of Alsace and Lorraine, we must add the duchy of Savoy, the cantons of Switzerland, the four electorates of the Rhine, and the territories of Liege, Luxembourg, Hainault, Flanders, and Brabant. When Augustus gave laws to the conquests of his father, he introduced a division of Gaul, equally adapted to the progress of

the legions, to the course of the rivers, and to the principal national distinctions, which had comprehended above a hundred independent States. The sea coast of the Mediterranean, Languedoc, Provence, and Dauphiné, received their provincial appellation from the colony of Narbonne. The government of Aquitaine was extended from the Pyrenees to the Loire."\* Pages could be added to this from several authors, any of whom is much better authority than Mr. Pinkerton.

But it would have been quite enough to show from the beginning what the Celts have *done*, not only in all parts of Europe, but also in Asia, as recorded by the historians of different nations. The information we have from Plutarch alone, on this point, would go far to settle the question. In his Life of Camillus, he explains how it was that the Gauls were induced to first enter Italy. They were invited, he says, by an outraged husband, whose wife had been taken from him forcibly by a wealthy man, who openly lived with her. "In their first expedition, they soon possessed themselves of that country which stretches out from the Alps from both seas. That this of old belonged to the Tuscans, the names themselves are a proof; for the sea that lies to the north is called the Adriatic, from a Tuscan city called Adria, and that on the other side, to the south, is called the Tuscan sea. \* \* \* The Gauls expelled the Tuscans, and made themselves masters of these cities. The Gauls were now besieging Clusium, a city of Tuscany. The Clusians applied to the Romans, entreating them to send ambassadors and letters to the barbarians. Accordingly, they sent three illustrious persons, of the Fabian family, who had borne the highest employments in the State. The Gauls received them courteously, on account of the name of Rome, and, putting a stop to their operations against the town, came to a conference. But when they were asked what injury they had received from the Clusians, that they came against their city, Brennus, king of the Gauls, smiled and said: 'The injury the Clusians do us is, their keeping to themselves a large tract of ground, when they can only cultivate a small one, and refusing to give up a part of it to us, who are strangers, numerous and poor. In the same manner, you Romans were injured formerly by the Albans, the Fidenates, and the Ardenates, and lately by the people of Veii and Capenæ, and the greatest part of the Falisci and

\* *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. i., pp. 22, 23.

the Volsci. Upon these you make war; if they refuse to share with you their goods, you enslave their persons, lay waste their country, and demolish their cities. Nor are your proceedings dishonorable or unjust; for you follow the most ancient of laws, which directs the weak to obey the strong, from the Creator even to the irrational creation, that are taught by nature to make use of the advantage their strength affords them against the feeble. Cease, then, to express your compassion for the Clusians, *lest you teach the Gauls, in their turn, to commiserate those that have been oppressed by the Romans.*"\*

It will be admitted that he was a pretty logical barbarian who made this speech. The Romans, themselves, could hardly pretend to understand the law of nations better. Of all the historians of Rome, Livy is the proudest and most patriotic, the most unwilling to admit the possibility of defeating his countrymen; but he is everywhere obliged to acknowledge the fierce and terrible prowess of the Gauls. Not only does he give this speech nearly word for word, but he also details the results of the improper interference of the ambassadors.

It was the opinion of Livy that none of the Etruscans had any business to engage in a general war with such a people as the Gauls on their northern frontier; nor have we any evidence that they entertained a different opinion themselves. But they could not avoid war in this case. According to Diodorus Siculus, the army under Brennus consisted of thirty thousand warriors.† This formidable host made a civil application to the Clusians for a portion of their lands, as intimated by Plutarch, if, indeed, any application of the kind could be regarded in that light. At all events, the only reply of the citizens was, the immediate closing of their gates. It is admitted by Livy that the haughty and violent character of the Roman ambassadors rendered them ill-qualified for so delicate a mission.‡ Nothing could be more candid than the explanation given by Brennus of his object and intentions. They came, he said, to secure land; and would not return, or make peace, until they did so.§ "The Romans," he says, "are but little known to us; but we believe them

\* Plutarch's *Life of Cæmillus*, p. 102.

† *Περὶ ῥωμαίωνων*. Lib. I. xiv.

‡ Liv., lib. v., c. 36.

§ *Novos accolæ Gallos esse cum quibus nec pax satis fida, nec bellum pro certo sit.* Liv., lib. v., c. 17.

to be a brave people, since the Etruscans are under their protection. Remain here, then, spectators of our quarrel; we will decide it in your presence, so that you can tell your people, when you reach home, how much the Gauls surpass all other mortals in valor."\* The ambassadors, both astonished and indignant at his boldness, asked the question the answer to which we have taken from Plutarch; and which is the same in substance as that recorded by Livy. They tried to disguise their resentment, however, and demanded the privilege of entering the city as mediators. They found the Clusians deliberating on terms of peace—intending to cede some of their lands to the Gauls. This provoked them still more, and they did their best to prevent it. Forgetting the peaceful character of their mission, they offered to lead a sortie themselves against the Gallic camp. The Gauls, relying on the faith of the ambassadors, amused themselves about the plains like private citizens; and, while thus engaged, they were attacked by the besieged, commanded by the three Fabii. The cry of "the Roman ambassador" was soon heard from mouth to mouth (*Per totam aciem romanum legatum esse*), throughout the Gallic ranks, and Brennus immediately ordered the combat to cease, and called a meeting of his chiefs. The unanimous verdict of the latter was, "That against all the laws and usages of mankind, which were esteemed the most sacred and inviolable, Ambustus (one of the Fabii) came as an ambassador, but acted as an enemy." Brennus wished to be diplomatic, however; although he had little expectation that his demand would be complied with, he sent a deputation to Rome, requiring that the offender should be delivered up. Affecting to delay only for a reply, he sent back to his own country for reinforcements. The Roman priests did their best to cause the Fabii to be delivered up, as having committed not only a political crime of the highest gravity, but also violated the national religion. But it was of no use. The Fabii were men of great wealth and influence; and it was feared that if they were delivered up, an immediate evil, still worse than that threatened by the Gauls, would be the result. Instead of delivering them up, therefore, they were made military tribunes, and the Gallic deputies retired from the city more irritated than ever. Brennus, however, was rather pleased with the prospect be-

\* *Coram Romanis demicatueros ut nunciare domum possent quantum Galli virtute ceteros mortales præstarent.* Tit. Liv., lib. v., c. 36.



fore him; for he was now fully prepared. "Their prodigious numbers," says Plutarch, "their glittering arms, their fury and impetuosity, struck terror wherever they came; the people gave up their lands for lost, not doubting but the cities would soon follow; however, what was beyond all expectation, *they injured no man's property*; they neither pillaged the fields, nor insulted the cities; and, as they passed by, they cried out, 'They were going to Rome—they were at war with the Romans only, and considered all others as their friends.'"<sup>\*</sup>

"While the barbarians were going forward in this impetuous manner, the tribunes led out their forces to battle, in *number not inferior* (for they consisted of forty thousand foot). \* \* Another thing, which occasioned no small confusion, was the *number of persons joined in the command*; whereas, before, they had appointed, for the wars of less consideration, a single leader, whom they called *dictator*, sensible of how great consequence it is to good order and success, at a dangerous crisis, to be actuated as it were with one soul, and to have the absolute command vested in one person. Their ungrateful treatment of Camillus, too, was not the least unhappy circumstance, as it now appeared dangerous for the generals to use their authority without some flattering indulgence to the people. In this condition they marched out of the city, and encamped about eleven miles from it, on the banks of the river Allia, not far from its confluence with the Tiber. There the barbarians came upon them; and, as the Romans engaged in a disorderly manner, they were shamefully beaten, and put to flight. Their left wing was soon pushed into the river, and there destroyed. The right wing, which quitted the field to avoid the charge, and gained the hills, did not suffer so much; many of them escaping to Rome. The rest, that survived the carnage, when the enemy

<sup>\*</sup> This is very different from the character given by Caesar of the Suevii, with whom our anti-Celtic friends are so anxious to claim kindred. "It is," he says, "the greatest praise to the States to have very wide deserts about them, their frontiers being laid waste. They consider this a peculiar evidence of their valor, that their neighbors, expelled from their lands, abandon them, and that none dare to settle near them. \* \* They hold robberies as no infamy which are committed beyond the boundaries of any State. Civitatibus maxima laus est quàm latissimas circum servatis finibus solitudines habere. Hoc proprium virtutis existimant expulsos agris finitimos cedere neque quamquam propè andere consistere. \* \* Latrocinia nullam habent infamiam quæ extra fines ejusque civitatis fiunt.—*De B. G.*, l. vi., c. 13.



were satiated with blood, stole by night to Veii, concluding that Rome was lost and its inhabitants put to the sword."\*

But, as we observed at the outset of our article, the *Commentaries* of Caesar would be sufficient to show, by themselves, that the Celts were the bravest and most vigorous people of their time, as well as the most ancient in Europe. From the same work we also learn, that of all the barbarians they were the most intelligent—those who knew most about the arts and sciences, and derived most benefit from them. In other words, they were the most civilized people then known, next to the Greeks and Romans. In the *Notia* of Gaul, one hundred and fifteen cities are mentioned, many of them of considerable size and well fortified. No people were more attached to their cities than the Gauls, yet they did not hesitate to set fire to them when assured by their General, Vercingetorix, that the cause of patriotism required they should do so. Of this we have an interesting example in the seventh book of the *Commentaries*—the most ancient authenticated example on record—of a people having destroyed their own cities to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy. Caesar informs us that, after Vercingetorix had suffered many injuries from the Romans, he called a council of his followers, to which he declared that, "in future, the war must be carried on in a manner quite different from what it had hitherto been; every means must be adopted to prohibit the Romans from *foraging and procuring provisions*. This, he thought, was easy, because they abounded in cavalry, and because they were assisted by the season of the year. Forage could not be cut; therefore the enemy dispersed must necessarily seek it from the houses, all of which could be destroyed by the horse. Moreover, *for the cause of public safety, the advantage of private affairs must be disregarded*. It was, in short, necessary to burn the villages and houses—that is, in a space extending from Boia, in every direction where the Romans might seem able to go for the purpose of foraging. Of these things there was at hand an abundance for themselves, because those, in whose territories war may be waged, would be assisted by their means. The Romans would either not bear the privation, or they would proceed to a greater distance from the camp, with greater danger; nor was it any difference if they killed them, or stripped them of their baggage, *having lost which, war cannot be waged*. More-

\* Plutarch, *Life of Camillus*, p. 103.

over, it was necessary for the towns to be burned, which were not safe from all danger by their fortifications, and by the nature of the place; that neither may they be as receptacles for refusing military service for our people, or exposed to view to the Romans to take away an abundance of provisions and plunder. If these things seemed severe or cruel, they ought to consider that it would be much more severe than this, that their children and wives should be dragged into slavery, and themselves slain, which would be certain to befall the conquered.”\*

The man, capable of delivering an address like this, was certainly not a barbarian in the modern sense of the term—in no sense, except his not being a Greek or Roman. Had he first proposed to burn the large towns and cities, his followers might have revolted against him; but he proceeds cautiously, step by step; first pointing out the importance of depriving the enemy of provisions; then proposing to burn villages and houses, leaving the cities for the last. He admits that great privations would result from the new plan; but they had to choose between these and evils still greater—slavery, dishonor, and death. Indeed, it may well be doubted whether the famous oration of Mark Antony over the dead body of Caesar is more ingenious, or more eloquent and persuasive than that of the Gallic general, as reported by his enemy. There was no hesitation on the part of the people, for the next day more than twenty towns of the *Beturgii* were burned; and in all the other States threatened by the enemy a similar course was pursued. The only town, against whose destruction any question was raised, was *Avaricum*. It was determined in a general council whether this should be burnt or defended. The citizens threw themselves on their knees to the rest of the assembled Gauls, begging “that they might not be compelled to set on fire with their own hands the most beautiful city in all Gaul, which was at once a protection and an ornament to the State.” On this occasion also *Vercingetorix* acted the part of a statesman as well as a general. He saw that the citizens would defend

\* *Præterea salutis causâ rei familiaris commoda negligenda; vires atque ædificia incendi oportere hoc spatîo, a Bôâ quoquoersus, quo pabulandi causâ adire posse videantur.* ° ° ° *Præterea oppida incendi oportere quæ non munitione et loci naturâ ab omni sint periculo tuta.* ° ° ° *Hæc gravia aut acerba videantur, multo illa gravius astimare debere liberos conjuges in servitutem abstrahi ipsos interfici; quæ sit necesse accidere victis.—De Bello Gallic., lib. vii., c. 14.*

their city to the last, and knowing that, as they said themselves, it was well fortified, he complied with their wishes, and sent reinforcements to assist them in the defence.

This mode of warfare harrasses the Romans so much—reducing them almost to a state of famine—that Caesar deems it prudent, according to his own admission, to decline an engagement offered soon after by Vercingetorix. The latter meets with reverses afterwards, however, and is accused of treason. The charges against him are that he had moved his camp nearer to the Romans; that he had withdrawn with all the cavalry; that he had left such great forces without command; that, on his departure, the Romans had come so opportunely and with such celerity; that all this could not have happened accidentally or without design; and that he would rather have the sovereignty of Gaul by the grant of Caesar than to hold it by their favor. This shows not only that the people too could reason pretty logically, but that they understood and claimed the rights of freemen. They were willing that Vercingetorix should hold the sovereignty directly from themselves; but, much as they esteemed him as a general, they would put him to death without hesitation, could they prove that he was engaged in any collusion with the invader. The defence of the General is very remarkable. He answers each charge in turn, and effectually refutes it. In defending himself from the charge of having withdrawn, leaving so large an army without command, he says that, “on purpose, when departing, he conferred the chief command on no one, *lest he might be driven to fight by the urgency of the multitude; to which thing all are inclined, on account of their weakness of mind, because they could not longer endure suspense.*”\*

We need hardly observe, in passing, how applicable this explanation is to our own time. Vercingetorix understood human nature sufficiently well, to know that it required no ordinary firmness on the part of a general to avoid risking a battle at an unseasonable time, in compliance with the clamors of the multitude. What is more, he makes the latter understand the fact; and the result is that they have more confidence in him than ever. “All the multitude shout,” says the Roman

\* Summam imperii se consultò nulli descendente tradidisse, ne is multitudinis studio ad dimicandum impelleretur; cui rei propter animi nollitiem studere omnes videret quòd diutius laborem ferre non possent.—*De Bd. Gal.*, lib. vii., c. 20.

historian, "and make a noise with their arms, which they are accustomed to do for those whose speech they approved." Even now he had not all the power in his own hands, for we are told that the people determine, after the trial was over and the general fully acquitted, to send reinforcements of ten thousand men to aid in the defence of Avaricum. Caesar admits that this defence was maintained with skill as well as bravery. One would almost think that he is speaking of the French of the present day.\* "The Gauls," he says, "opposed the uncommon bravery of our soldiers with plans of every kind, as they are a nation of the greatest ingenuity, and very apt at making those things which are imparted to them by any one. For they turned aside the hooks, which, when they had attached, they drew in by engines, and they took away the earth of the mound by mines, *the more skilfully because among them there are great iron mines, and all kinds of mines are known and practised by them.* Moreover, they had fortified the entire wall on all sides with towers, and had covered these with hides; also in their frequent daily and nocturnal sallies they either set fire to the mound, or attacked our soldiers occupied in the work; and they equalled the height of our towers as much as the mound daily increased raised these towers. And this they did, having spliced the upright posts of their towers; and they retarded our opened mines from being carried on, by burnt and very sharp wooden stakes, and by boiling pitch, and by stones of very great weight, thus preventing our men from approaching the walls."†

In the next chapter we have a full description of the Gallic walls, whose strength was such as to render them almost impregnable. In another part of the same work we have a description of the Gallic war ships. The keels were somewhat flatter than those of our ships, says the historian, in order that they might be able to sustain the banks and the departure of the tide more easily; the prows were very

\* En traçant les récits de ce long ouvrage plus d'une fois j'ai me suis arrêté d'émotion; plus d'une fois j'ai cru voir passer devant mes yeux l'image d'hommes sortis d'entre nous; et j'en ai conclu que nos bonnes et nos mauvaises dispositions, ne sont point nées d'hier sur cette terre où nous les laisserons.—*Hist. des Gaulois*, tome iii., pp. 506-7.

† Singulari militum nostrorum virtuti consilia cujusque modi Gallorum occurrebant, ut est summæ genus solertia atque ad omnia imitanda atque efficienda quæ ab quoque tradantur aptissimum. \* Tum crebris diurnis nocturnisque eruptionibus aut aggeri ignem inferebant aut milites occupatos in opere adoriebantur et nostrarum turrium altitudinem quantum has quotidianus agger exprobat commissis suarum turrium malis adæquabant.—*De B. G.*, lib. vii., c. 22.

upright, and the poops also fitted to the violence of the waves and the tempests. The whole ships were made of oak, in order that they might bear any force and injury which might be necessary. The benches were made out of foot-beams, a foot broad, fastened with iron rails of the thickness of the thumb finger; the anchors were fastened to iron chains instead of ropes; hides and thin leather, tenderly made up, were used instead of sails, &c.\*

It would not be necessary to proceed any further, in order to prove that the Gauls must have attained a high degree of civilization in the time of Cæsar. A people who had more than a hundred large towns, most of them fortified; who, to a considerable extent, cultivated the arts and sciences, and who had such ships as those described by Cæsar, could not be considered as barbarians. But we have further testimony than this. We are expressly told that the Druids gave instruction not only in Greek and Latin, but also in astronomy, geography, &c. The students had so much to learn, says the Roman historian, that many remain twenty years under instruction; nor do they consider it lawful to commit those things to writing, although they use *the Greek letters in nearly all other affairs in public and in private transactions*. This seems to me to have been established for two reasons: because they neither wish their discipline to be divulged to the common people, nor that those who learn, relying on writing, *should cultivate their memory less*, which ordinarily happens to most men; depending on the aid of writing, they *relax their diligence in thoroughly learning and cultivating the memory*. \* \* \* Moreover, they discuss and impart to the youth many things *about the stars and their motion, about the magnitude of the world and the earth, about the nature of things, about the power and majesty of the immortal gods*.†

Now, if we turn to any of the Punic wars, we shall find that in these too the Gauls played an important and brilliant part. If any people of the time may be said to have held the balance of power between the rival republics of Rome and Carthage, it was the Gauls. Their alliance was solicited in turn by the Romans and Carthaginians, and whichever side succeeded in securing it was sure to be victorious, as long as they

\* De Ed. Gal., lib. iii., c. 13.

† Necque fas esse existimant ea literis mandare quum in reliquis ferè rebus publicis privatisque rationibus Græcis literis utantur. \* \* \* Multa præterea ac sideribus atque eorum motu de mundi ac terrarum magnitudine de rerum naturâ de deorum immortalium vi ac potestate disputant et juventuti tradunt.—De B. G., lib. vi., c. 14.

could hold it. This we see amply illustrated in the series of brilliant victories gained by Hannibal, on his first invasion of Italy; and in the final destruction of Carthage. In the former instance, the Gauls had been induced to join the invaders of Italy, partly because they had been badly treated by the Romans, and partly because Hannibal presented them splendid inducements in money and lands. But, towards the close of the second Punic war, they began to see that the promises of Hannibal were much better than his performances. In the mean time the Romans were doing their best to conciliate them—making them more magnificent offers than ever. Both Polybius and Livy tell us that the Gauls were the first to offer any resistance, worthy of the name, to the triumphant march of Hannibal over the Alps. They had been favorable to his cause until they learned that he had attacked and routed troops of Iberians who offered to dispute his march. This led them to apprehend that he was coming, not to strike a blow at the Roman power, but to subjugate themselves; and accordingly they resolved to oppose him. When he arrived on the northern side of the Pyrenees, he found the Gauls assembled at Ruscinon, ready to give him battle. Hannibal did all in his power to reassure them. He requested an interview with their chiefs, protesting that he had come as a guest, not as an enemy, and that, except he was forced by the Gauls themselves, he would never draw his sword against them. In addition to these assurances, he offered to wait upon them at Ruscinon, where they were assembled, if they had any objection to visit him in his camp. They agreed to meet him, a conference was held, at which he removed all their scruples, and a treaty of alliance was the result.

This is the first treaty on record in which honor is done to the female sex. In one of the articles it was stipulated that if the Carthaginian soldiers gave any cause of complaint to the Gauls, it should be preferred before Hannibal, or before his lieutenants in Spain; but that the complaints of the Gauls against the Carthaginians should be judged, without appeal, by the wives of the former.\* Nor was this deference to women anything new on the part of the Gauls. “Cette coutume,” says Thierry, “de soumettre à l’arbitrage des femmes les plus importantes décisions politiques, particulièrement aux Aquitains et aux Ligures, du moins parmi les habi-

\* Plutarch, *De Virtut. Mulier*, p. 246.

tans de la Gaule, prenait sa source dans le respect et la condescendance dont la civilisation ibérienne entourait ce sexe ; les hommes, si l'on en croit le témoignage des historiens n'avaient pas à se repentir d'une si pacifique institution."\*

It is admitted by Livy, that when the Roman senate sent ambassadors to the Gauls to solicit their aid against the Carthaginians, they were assailed with hisses and derisive laughter, when they boasted of the glory and greatness of Rome ; so that the magistrates and chiefs found considerable difficulty in restoring order. After the excitement had sufficiently subsided, the ambassadors were told "that having no reason to complain of the Carthaginians more than they had to praise the Romans, they declined to take up arms against the former in favor of the latter ; that on the contrary, they knew that the Romans dispossessed, of their lands in Italy, those Gauls who had established themselves there ; and that they imposed heavy taxes upon them," &c. This stern reply enraged the Romans, who overloaded with reproaches the people who refused to be at once their soldiers and their slaves. First it was admitted on all hands, that it was of the greatest importance to secure an alliance with the Gauls ; now, because this has failed, the latter are declared to be "ferocious, inconstant, and insatiable for money ;"† in short, of such a character that neither Hannibal, nor anybody else, could rely for any time on their fidelity.

They remained faithful long enough, however, to enable Hannibal to vanquish Sempronius, the Roman Consul, at Trebia ; to force Flaminius to make a precipitate retreat from Thrasymene ; and, soon after, to defeat Terentius Varro and Paulus Æmilius, killing forty thousand infantry and two thousand seven hundred cavalry. Most historians are of opinion that, had Hannibal followed up the successes thus accomplished by the bravery and impetuosity of the Gauls, he might have taken Rome almost without resistance. But he was aware of what might be called the ruling passion of his allies, who were still as fond of wine as when, according to Plutarch, they first set out in search of it ; "they so much admired the liquor, and were so enchanted with the new

\* *Hist. de Gaulois*, tome i., p. 267.

† Sed ne illi quidem ipsi satis mitem gentem fore (adeo ferocia atque indomita ingenio esset), ni subito auro cujas avulsam i gens est principum animi conciliatur.—*Tit. Liv.*, l. xii., c. 20.



pleasure, that they snatched up their arms, and taking their parents with them, marched to the Alps to seek that country which produced such excellent fruit, and in comparison with which they considered all others barren and ungenial.\* It was precisely because Hannibal was acquainted with their failings in this way that he led them to Capua, after they had gained the several victories alluded to. His object was to afford them temporary gratification, so that they might be encouraged to still greater exertions. But a more fatal blunder he could hardly have committed; for so besotted did they become at the emporium of the rich wines of Italy, that they cast off all restraint, and never again yielded that ready obedience which is essential to the success of all military operations, especially those carried on in an enemy's country. Polybius, the enemy of all imposture, and the most resolute vindicator of the truth of history, informs us in his third book (p. 227), that when Hannibal came to count the number of his slain, at the battle of Trebia, he found that almost all, certainly nine tenths, belonged to the ranks of his brave allies. According to the same authority, the whole force of Hannibal amounted to ninety thousand men, at least seventy thousand of whom were Gauls, when he fought his most glorious battles. "With such a disproportion," says Thierry, "between the nucleus of the Punic army and its auxiliaries, Hannibal was no more in reality than a Gallic chief."†

As soon as the Gauls became demoralized, so that he had to depend on his own men—the Carthaginians and Numidians—his star began to wane, and he was forced to fly from Africamus, who, before attempting to take the field, had used all the influence he possessed to conciliate the Gauls. First, he was successful, as a politician and statesman, in convincing the most formidable enemies of his country that, after all, it was not their interest, but rather their misfortune, to fight against the Romans in favor of the Carthaginian oligarchy. He found it necessary, however, to adduce stronger arguments in proof of this than mere words. Hannibal, no longer receiving his usual supplies from home, was unable to pay his auxiliaries. Scipio, upon the other hand, had the

\* Plutarch, *Life of Camillus*, p. 102.

† Avec une telle disproportion entre le noyau de l'armée punique et ses auxiliaires Annibal n'était plus en réalité qu'un chef des Gaulois.—*Hist. des Gaulois*, t. i., p. 292.



Roman treasury at his command; and he freely availed himself of it, as a means of convincing the Gauls.\* What the result was, it is needless to say. Carthage fell soon after, never more to rise.

If we follow the Gauls into Asia, there we shall find their exploits, if possible, still more brilliant than those to which we have thus rapidly alluded. In a short time, they became masters of the whole shore of the Ægean sea; they placed Nicomedes on the throne of Bythnia; in short, they forced all the principal states of Asia to pay them tribute. The terror which they inspired among the Asiatics would seem incredible, were it not fully authenticated. "Devant la horde tictosage," says Thierry, "la population phrygienne fuyait comme un troupeau de moutons, et courait se réfugier dans les cavernes du mont Taurus; en Ionie les femmes se tuaient à la seule nouvelle de l'approche des Gaulois; trois jeunes filles de Milet prévinrent ainsi par une mort volontaire les traitemens horrible qu'elles redoublaient."†

They became a necessary militia, as we are told by the same author, for all the states of the East, whether warlike or peaceful, monarchical or republican. This may seem exaggeration; but Justinian is still more emphatic. Such, he says, was the terror of their name and the constant success of their arms, that no king on his throne believed himself safe, and that no deposed king hoped to be restored if they had not the strong arms of the Gauls in their favor.‡

Now, if we return to Britain for a few minutes, before closing our article, we shall see how true it is that, if the ancient Britons could speak, they might well reproach the modern Britons for their impious ingratitude in denying their kinship, as if they had been an imbecile, cowardly race; whereas, in point of fact, no race could have fought more bravely, or with nobler motives, in defence of their liberties.

\* Nothing pleased the Romans better than to see the Gauls withdraw in whole regiments from the Carthaginians, and they welcomed them eagerly into their own ranks. Les Romains les accueillèrent avec empressement et les incorporèrent à leur troupe; ce furent dit-on, les premiers étrangers admis dans les armées romaines en qualité de stipendiés. Once they had become dissatisfied with the Carthaginians, nothing could retain them in their service. Appian informs us that, after threats and bribes had alike failed, they crucified three thousand Gauls.

† *Hist. des Gaulois*, tome i., p. 192.

‡ Reges Orientis sine mercenario Gallorum exercitu nulla bella gesserunt. Tantus terror gallici nominis, et armorum invicta felicitas, ut aliter neque majestatem suam tutam, neque amissam recuperare se posse, sine gallica virtute arbitrentur.—*Justin.*, lib. xxv., c. 2.

To prove this, it is almost sufficient to glance at the history of Caractacus and Boadicea, as written by their enemies. The former formed a powerful league against the Romans. In determining to give battle to the common enemy, with a force vastly inferior in discipline, if not in numbers, to the Roman legions, he ran from rank to rank proclaiming that day as one that would give liberty to the Britons, or chain them into eternal servitude. He recalled the names of the old Britons who had chased the dictator, Cæsar, and protected the honor of their wives and daughters. It was, however, an unequal contest: the Britons, although they fought bravely, were defeated and put to flight. The wife and daughters of Caractacus were captured, and his brothers surrendered at discretion; he had escaped himself, but was betrayed to his enemies. All were brought to Rome to grace the triumph of the conqueror. While his companions in misfortune implored pardon, the undaunted British chieftain approached the tribunal of the Emperor, and addressed him as follows, without, as Tacitus tells us, lowering his eyes, or saying a single word calculated to inspire pity (*Aut vultu demisso, aut verbis misericordiam requirens*): "If with my birth and my success I had observed moderation in my prosperity, I might have come here the friend of the Romans, not their captive; and you might not have disdained the alliance of a chief who is the issue of illustrious ancestors, and the commander of several nations. Now fate has humbled me as much as it has elevated you. I had horses, arms, soldiers, riches; is it strange that I wished to preserve these goods? If, Romans, your ambition wishes to give chains to all, is this a reason that all should accept them? Besides, my prompt submission had not rendered illustrious either my name, or your victory. If you condemn me to death, I shall soon be forgotten; if you spare my life, my name will eternally recall your clemency." There is, if possible, still stronger evidence of a noble soul in his exclamation, on seeing the magnificent palaces of the Mistress of the World: "What!" said he, to the Romans who accompanied him, "you possess all this splendor, and you covet our poor cabins in Britain?"

More heroic still, if possible, was Boadicea. Contrary to her wishes, her husband, Prasutag, king of the Icenæ, who possessed immense treasures, declared the Emperor Nero his heir, conjointly with his two daughters, hoping that

this friendly mark of submission would secure his kingdom and his family from insult. But all in vain. The centurions sacked his kingdom, the Roman slaves his palace. The latter being taken with all the violence of an assault, the soldiery commence their excesses by violating his two daughters, and scourging his wife, Boadicea, with rods. The queen did all that a woman could to arouse the whole island. Mounting her war chariot in preparing for battle, with her two outraged daughters by her side, she addressed the different tribes: "It was," she said, "no novelty for the Britons to march to battle under the command of their queens; but now, waiving all the rights of her ancestors, she came not to reclaim her kingdom and her power; she came as one of the least of her fellow-countrywomen, to avenge her outraged liberty—her body lacerated with scourges, her daughters dishonored. Roman insolence had reached that point that it respected neither virtue, infancy, nor old age. In fine, the gods, seconding a just vengeance, had destroyed the legion which had dared to fight. The others who had remained hidden in their camp, or who only thought of how they might escape, could not bear even the words and the cries, still less the shock and the blows of so many thousands of combatants; with such cause and army they must only conquer or perish; though a woman, such was her irrevocable resolution; as to the men, if they prefer it, they can accept life and slavery."\*

The Roman general calls on his legions to despise the menaces of a barbarous horde, that consisted more of women than of soldiers; telling them that there could be but one result of the battle about to be fought—that is, the complete overthrow of the Britons. Boadicea herself appears to have foreseen this, knowing that her undisciplined troops, which were much more a mob than an army, could have but little chance of success against the veteran legions of Rome. But the slightest hope in so noble a cause was sufficient to make a heroine of her, and she tried to infuse her own spirit into all her followers. Seeing her army cut down to the number of eighty thousand; the conqueror not sparing even the blood of the women; and scorning to grace the triumph of her enemy, she took a dose of poison which she had prepared for the occasion; so that she fell into the hands of Suetonius a lifeless corpse. The power of Rome was now

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\* Tacitus, *Annal.*, lib. xiv., c. 35.

consolidated; but, sorely disheartened as they were, the Britons still continued to resist.

Because the Druids instructed the people and encouraged them not to submit to the domination of Rome, they were slaughtered like wild beasts; and, in order to justify the atrocities thus committed, the foulest calumnies were invented against the victims. Though the Druids seldom or never fought, themselves, they were the most formidable enemies that even Cæsar had encountered, for the simple reason that they were the thinkers of their time in all Celtic countries. Nor can we doubt that Cæsar had this in mind when he sketched their character. If the picture which he draws of them is not so dark as that given by Livy and Tacitus, we should remember that the latter had their chief materials from the lieutenants of Nero—from the very men who had exterminated the obnoxious priesthood. That the Druids, who were slaughtered by Suetonius, with thousands of women and children, to the great satisfaction of Nero, the most ruthless of tyrants, should have been represented as habitually guilty of the most revolting crimes, is, perhaps, no more than might be expected; but, that the same charges should be reproduced by modern historians, is a fact of a different character. But for this, too, there is a motive. We are not aware of a single instance in which the tyrant's character of the Druids has been adopted, but the writer who has adopted it is anti-Celtic. Sometimes darker tints are given to this picture than those that satisfied Nero; and then it is asked triumphantly what could be expected from a people, the ministers of whose religion were so ferocious and blood-thirsty. But even those who are most incensed against the Druids admit that they possessed some noble qualities—qualities which are certainly inconsistent with cruelty and vice. It is now almost universally acknowledged that a leading object of the Pythagorean religion, or the Metempsychosis, was, to protect the lower animals from ill-treatment. Pythagoras knew well that the most brutal mule-driver might be restrained from cruel treatment of the animal under his charge, if he was led to believe that it is perhaps the soul of one of his own ancestors that animates his body. Cæsar tells us that the Druids inculcated the same doctrine. "In particular," he says, "they desire to inculcate this: that the souls do not die, but after death pass from one body to another; and they think that

by this men are greatly excited to courage, the fear of death being destroyed."\* Maximus Tyrius informs us that the Druidical symbol of Jupiter was a tall oak (*Dissert.*, p. 38). Indeed, there is nothing more remarkable in the religion of the Druids than their veneration for trees, especially for the oak. They not only offered their sacrifices upon them, but worshipped them. All antiquaries agree that a grove was essential to the performance of the Druidical rites; but it by no means follows from this that temples, such as we find in Celtic countries, were not erected in the groves—structures like those to be found everywhere in Ireland and Wales, and in many parts of England, Scotland, France, Spain, and Portugal. Most writers on Celtic antiquities are of opinion that Stonehenge in England is undoubtedly a Druidical temple; and, although it is now situated in a plain, where there is no grove and few trees, we are not to suppose that the situation has always been equally bare and exposed; though its present state is put forward by Mr. Pinkerton and others as an argument against its Druidical character. A similar veneration for trees prevailed among the ancient Hindoos, who were also believers in the metempsychosis. "Man," says the Veda, "is like a high tree, the hair is his leaves, the skin the blood, the hard knots the bones," &c. But we have much more than this, nearer home, to show that a religious veneration for trees was not peculiar to the Druids. Perhaps all our readers are not aware that, according to the Scandinavian Edda, the whole human race are sprung from trees. "Then," says the prose Edda, "the sons of Bor (Odin, Vilè and Ve) went down to the sea shore, found two trees, took them, and formed thereof men. The first gave them breath and life; the second understanding and motion; the third gave them a fair visage (beauty of form), speech, hearing, and sight. The man they called Ash, and the woman Erla; from them descended the human race, who were assigned their abode in Midgard." Professor Adelung and several other German critics are of opinion that this idea of the creation was suggested to the Scandinavians either by the Brahmins or the Druids. Be this as it may, the latter were loved and honored by the Celts. "They" (the Druids) "are occupied," says Cæsar, "with sacred things; they have charge of public and private sacrifices, and interpret religion. \* \* \*

\* In primis hoc volunt persuadere non interire animas, sed ab aliis post mortem transire ad alios, &c.—*De Bel. Gal.*, lib. vi., c. 14.

They determine almost all controversies; and if any crime has been perpetrated, if any murder has been committed, if there is a dispute about inheritance, if about boundaries, they decide it, and determine the recompense and punishment. If any, either in a public or private capacity, should not submit to their decree, they forbid the sacrifices. This is a very great punishment among them. Those who are thus interdicted are held in the number of the impious and wicked; *all avoid them and flee from their approach and conversation, lest they might receive some evil from their contagion, neither is justice administered to them on their petitions*, nor is any honor of the State conferred on them.”\*

Need we remark that this too affords proof of that Eastern origin which the thoughtless and silly are so ready to laugh at. The testimony of Cæsar is conclusive as to the fact that the caste system existed among the Celts pretty much the same as it did among the Hindoos. It is not alone those of the former who were convicted of heinous crimes, or who set the authority of the Druids at defiance, that were regarded and treated as Pariahs. The lower class often preferred downright slavery—to render themselves liable to be bought and sold—to their general condition as a despised and oppressed caste. “They dare to do nothing by themselves,” says the Roman historian, “and are admitted to no councils. Many of them \* \* declare themselves in servitude to the nobles.”†

In time of war, however, this servitude ceased; the slaves declared themselves free; and the nobles agreed, with as good a grace as they could, to what they could not prevent. Thus, in all circumstances, the Celts have ever evinced a strong instinct of liberty. If the poorer class could do no better, they would, as we have seen, become slaves; but woe to the master that attempted to apply the lash to them! Indeed, even in servitude they were free as far as the will was concerned. A Celt, in this position, in the time of Cæsar, Livy, or Tacitus, was no more a real slave than the Irish peasant of the present day is a real Protestant because he accepts

\* Nam fere de omnibus controversiis publicis privatisque constituunt; et si quod est admissum facinus, si cædes facta, si de hereditate, si de finibus controversia est iidem decernunt; si qui aut privatus aut publicus eorum decreto non stetit sacrificiis interdicitur. Hæc poena apud eos est gravissima. Quibus ita est interdictum ii numero impiorum ac scelerum habentur, &c.—*De Bel. Gal.*, lib. vi., c. 13.

† Plerique se in servitutem dicant nobilibus.—*De Bel. Gal.*, lib. vi., c. 13.

a Bible, and goes to church, when he is hungry and naked, in order to get food and clothes, and then returns to the priest, and laughs at the parson, as soon as the times grow better. Were the Celtic race a people who would tamely submit to oppression, they could not have elicited from their enemies, in all parts of the world, those noble tributes to their valor and courage which none others can boast; for even the Romans admitted their superiority in these respects—the proudest of their historians recording the fact, while boasting of their triumphs over all other nations, that “the Gauls were before the Romans in the glory of war, as the Greeks were in eloquence.”\*

We were not so sanguine, in commencing this article, as to hope that we could do justice to the Celtic race; but what we did contemplate, we trust we have accomplished—namely, to show those who are so fond of sneering at that people, and representing them as inferior to that to which they suppose they belong themselves; and that, although their attempts have already done mischief, and may do more among a certain class, their disparaging statements have no other effect on any intelligent mind than to prove, either that they are actuated by a foolish malice, or, otherwise, have never taken the trouble to read any respectable history of the people on whose characteristics they pass such flippant judgment. The would-be critic of the fine arts who ventures to find fault with one of the *chefs d'œuvre* of Angelo, Titian, or Correggio, declaring the production of a fourth-rate modern artist superior to it, does not render himself more an object of ridicule and contempt than the person who, with a supercilious sneer, pretends to condemn as “inferior” a race on whose eminently *manly* qualities every great historian, let his nationality be what it may, bestows the highest praise.

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\* Sciebam sæpenumero parvâ manu cum magnis legionibus hostium contendisse; cognoveram parvis copiis bella gesta cum opulentis regibus; ad hoc, sæpe fortune violentiam tolerassa; facundia Græcos, gloria belli Gallos, ante Romanos fuisse.—*Bellum Catilinarum.*



ART. II.—*The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D. D., late Head Master of Rugby School, etc.* By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, M. A. 2 vols., 12mo. Boston : 1860.

TO MOULD to a new and higher type the institutions of a people, to give increased earnestness and truth to their speculative life, or a worthier and more fertile direction to their active powers—these have been esteemed as achievements marking their agent, in whatever time or country he may have lived, as a man in whom the faculties of our common nature have appeared in unusual measure. Once such achievements are felt and recognized, the broad human verdict is sure. With at least an apparent perverseness, stolidity, and obstinacy, the popular habit and heart—it may be the popular clamor and cruelty—may withstand and hinder the great-souled worker, while yet he is obscured by the dust of the conflict, and seen mainly through the distorting lights of alarmed self-interests. But when the tumult is hushed, whether because triumph has silenced the adverse party, or death has removed the centre and source of the new and agitating truths—when the new order and beauty have arisen and stood forth in realization—when larger benefits, rightly measured from the higher ground of comparison achieved, have accrued to men, it is then that one conviction only finds place in the universal conscience, and that, by those who speak for the race, one judgment only is pronounced. Not only is this a fact touching the feeling and judgment of the men who now live, and who, in their various lines of thought, are called on to pronounce upon the master spirits of the ages, but it has been equally true of men through the whole reach of the historic period, and in all nations that have risen to any high degree of intellectual and institutional life. Thus, the award of a belief in grander inherent powers, where influence has been deep, broad, and lasting, depends on a law of the very thought and intelligence of man.

For a universal fact like this, a ground of like universality must exist. Yet, to isolate this question, and attempt to say *why* mankind accredit an extraordinary measure of original force of intellect, of character, or of both, as the indispensable antecedent to an extraordinary projection of influence upon and into the fabrics of institutions and society—



this might be exceedingly difficult. Neither does our direct experience, nor as yet do the analyses and generalizations of science establish the fact of such a connection—not even, first of all, the hypothesis that one human spirit or personality *can* possess or consist of a larger quantity or intensity of active and effective potency than another. Yet, to raise the question, is to become aware that the common explanation is the only possible one. Clearly, in this explanation, we are aided by the analogy of observed physical actions. In these, the analogy-seeing intuition of the mind finds warrant for its assurance that the popular judgment is, not merely the only supposable, but also the true one. In physical nature, the greater mass falls with the more crushing effect. The more intense pressure the more completely modifies and marks whatever is subjected to it. So, the Leyden jar snaps off its little charge; and presently the feebly disturbed equilibrium of a small surrounding space is as feebly restored.

Now, we unavoidably feel that phenomena like these, transpiring in material nature, and indicating, each for its magnitude, a force of corresponding energy, are but the counterparts and interpretations of the phenomena wrought in the realm of the human spirit and intelligence, and which are indicative, in like manner, of a variable endowment of the purely spiritual energies. If Shakspeare has expressed to our hearts and heads, alike, more than other poets, and has spoken, at the same time, to a larger audience than it has fallen to any other modern poet to address, this is because, first of all, Shakspeare *was* more than the other poets—vastly more than the generality of men and women. It is all very well for Rusticus to see to it that, over his small domain of acres and interests, the “ends shall meet” as often as the years; and for Urbanus to spare no pains in versing himself in mysteries of etiquette and of the “per cents;” but no more surely was an Alexander or a Napoleon born to fashion empires, than was an Aristotle, a Bacon, and a Pestalozzi to infuse and incorporate each his own larger personality, his broader thought and deeper purpose, into the very fibre and framework of the manhood of all after generations.

It is not our intention to claim for Dr. Arnold a place with the Aristotles, the Bacons, and the Pestalozzis—creative and organizing minds of the very largest order, of whom the world has possessed so few. But it appears certain that

Arnold accomplished, in the way of elevating the aims and tone of public education in England, of giving to it a right direction, and of advancing it towards the desired completeness as a working system, more than, at least up to the time when he left the stage of action, it has fallen to the lot of any other individual educator to accomplish. And the impression which he has thus left on the system in England must, in time, though doubtless in a diminished degree, be felt in all countries in which the spirit of English institutions and the use of the English tongue prevail. For this fine essence of thought and influence is of no nationality; it cannot be arrested by political convulsions, nor kept out by bayonets or blockades.

It is true that Bacon, Locke, and Milton, all acted powerfully, and in the right direction, upon the English teacher and school; but their influence, exerted in the outset through purely theoretical teachings, and coming at first only to the philosophic and cultured minds of the nation, has been slow and long in filtering down toward the masses of parents, legislators, and schoolmasters, and has not yet fairly leavened any one of these bodies. What Sir J. K. Shuttleworth, and the normal schools and society originated and directed by him, may in the end accomplish for education, it would doubtless be premature to endeavor now to ascertain. More, we are inclined to hope, at the last, for intellectual development, and the elevation of the humbler classes; but less toward that complete training of the children of the classes blest with leisure, in which the teacher's part towards a right moral and social discipline is of necessity, and by Arnold was in fact, more largely fulfilled. In respect to Bell and Lancaster, it has become evident that the permanent results and benefits accruing in our schools from their labors in no way correspond to the agitation they created in their day; and it certainly requires no very deep analysis to enable us to predict that a like upshot awaits the now loudly-heralded "training system," or teachings by oral "picturing-out," of Mr. Stowe. Grant, now, that we shall not find in Dr. Arnold's intellect and character, nor in his actual instruction, *all* the merits of all his predecessors and contemporaries—indeed, in spite of the obvious lack on his part of certain capacities of mind which some of them possessed, and of somewhat of the truthfulness of aim and method to which in certain directions others have attained, yet, when we view

his labors in the aggregate, and estimate them by the various criteria of their intrinsic character, the actual and praiseworthy success attained, and the breadth and permanency of the impression made, we must still regard the distinguished Head Master of Rugby as the greatest of British educators, to the middle of the nineteenth century. In point of native genius, and of the novelty of the educational principles which they brought into vogue, we must give to Comenius and Pestalozzi a far higher place. But what the Austrian Comenius was to the rational-mystical German mind and tendencies, and the Swiss Pestalozzi to the abstract mind and tendencies of France and Southern Europe, such was Arnold to the sturdily practical and common sense mind of the British Isles—a fit and true representative of the national character and education. Such a conclusion we find fully attested in his broad and real sympathies with every phase of mind, and every sphere—especially the humbler and more difficult—in life; in his practical grasp and outworking of whatever he grasped at all; in his intensely religious nature, which stubbornly refused to be allured away toward mysticism or dogmatism, on the one hand, or to formalism and the convenient repose of the “whited sepulchre,” on the other; but which uninterruptedly flowed out, and more earnestly as his life advanced, in the expression of love and works toward God and the human kind.

A man of so vigorous personality, and who has succeeded in leaving his impress upon the institutions and life of a people, surely affords a problem of deep interest to the student of character, or to the psychologist.

For one who, like Mr. Stanley, had been his pupil and friend, who had shared his feelings, and entered more or less in the very conflicts of opinion and class-interests in which such a man of necessity moves—facts which constitute the best proofs of fitness for the labor he has undertaken, *in* the way in which he undertakes it—such a view of his work as he has given is the necessary dictate of good judgment and taste. Whatever fitting scruples or needful limits may have checked the discreet friend, these do not necessarily stand in the way of the reader, of the general student of character, or the special student of the moral, social, and educational movement of the time. It is hoped that, to some or all of these, an attempt to analyze the powers and expression of a mind which, if not entitled to the award of the highest

genius, was yet in its activities powerfully genetic and organizing, may not be without interest.

In speaking of this man and his life, it is not our intention—though few lives present us less occasion for that kind of remark which calls forth this qualification—to cramp our portraiture wholly within the lines that a conventional prudery, or over-discreet reticence, or call it by what name one will, has been making so habitual in formal biographies, and peculiarly in those men and women of religious character, that it has seemed at last an essential element for this whole class of cases. By the most eminently proper and Pecksniffian presentation of *half-lives* of remarkable religious or beneficent characters, nothing is gained, but much is in fact really lost. Timid biographers may think thus to exalt and perfect the characters of their subjects; but they do in this way really no more than to extend and fix the sway of cant and formalism. Under such teachings exclusively, every soul, endowed with vigorous personality and passions, is forced ultimately to a conviction, either that the impracticable, moral and social standard of the respectable biographies is wholly false and pretended, or that the real good of society and the interests of moral goodness in the world are to be subserved only by that course of life, at least with the majority, in which the whole carnal nature shall be satisfied in the fact, while a whole sanctified living is to be professed as a theory. Thus is the world, by those assuming—and usually also meaning—to be its best friends, prepared for the alternatives of a wholesale skepticism or hypocrisy. But these truths are too large to be disposed of in a paragraph; and they are only incidentally alluded to here, to explain the (to certain minds) incongruity of anything like the *physical* study of a great religious manhood and life. We take it that, so long as a human soul is in the flesh, all the incidents of the animal life, not less than of the spiritual, fully pertain to it. For the gingerly treading order of the biographers, David, and St. Augustine, and Abelard, have quite lived in vain! There are deep facts respecting the *origin* of every great life and its forces, not less than in respect to the working out of these. And we venture to suggest that it is in the face of such beginnings, and in spite of such affiliations as life unavoidably has, that the real radiance of a noble, reverential and beneficent human soul is most truly to be discovered.

While Dr. Arnold's parentage and his real life were such as to call for no concealment or equivocation, however, it will be seen that these remarks are by no means preparatory to any curious revelations, there being none to be made, but only in vindication of a slight and brief liberty we shall take in this instance; notwithstanding that we heartily and confidently commend it, in larger measure, to the thoughtful men and women who shall hereafter essay to expound for the reading world whatever of interest may have appertained to the lives of its more robust, many-sided and creative minds!

In respect to his mental traits, and to the education which he himself received or acquired, the first general fact that strikes us is that of the inequality, and almost inconsistency, of his powers, preferences, and attainments. There was quite enough of the many-sided and the puzzling, in his intellectual bent, to mark the *genius*; because there was enough of the vigorous and real to prevent any suspicion of dulness. But though a real genius, one proven in the solidest way by increase of power and influence as long as his life continued, he nevertheless contributes to upset a favorite assumption of certain prosing physiologists, by being both in intellectual powers and sensibilities decidedly precocious. His early education was private, and of the most fortunate kind, being conducted by a maiden aunt, whose sound qualifications were completed by her affection for her young charge.

While yet not seven years of age, he kindles with so much of the "pride and circumstance" of the war then existing, as are presented to him in the naval displays of his native island; sails rival fleets in his father's garden, enacting the Homeric heroes, and accompanying with speeches from Pope's translation of the *Iliad*; loves, recites, and, occasionally, makes ballads, and so is yeleft "Poet Arnold;" but yet more: composes a little tragedy, *Piercy, Earl of Northumberland*, already remarkable for "the accuracy of orthography, language, and blank verse metre, in which it is written, and the precise arrangement of the different acts and scenes!" The attention of the prosing physiologists is especially invited to these and like indications. They forget that genius is, in its introduction into this most ungenial world and society, not less than in its outworking while sojourning among us, gifted with almost entire immunity from the rules which hold respecting the mass of men. This large-headed, odd, bright-eyed boy, goes to Warminster School at eight,

and at *twelve* years becomes a commoner, and then a scholar at the College at Winchester, which he leaves at *sixteen*; but he keeps up a correspondence even with his Warminster teachers long after, and takes lessons for himself at Winchester for the polity of the future Rugby. Evidently a bright, forceful, large-patterned boy! But he is yet shy, retiring, stiff, and formal, and talks and writes like one whose thoughts had been too early moulded upon the stately forms of mature books, rather than evolved, in their own fresh and crescent beauty, from the forces taking shape within him. He has, even at this period, strong and numerous friendships.

At this time, history and geography are young Arnold's *fortes*, and his remarkable memory in these and kindred directions already shows itself. In the last year of his life, in the Professor's Chair at Oxford, he quotes Dr. Priestley's *Lectures on History* from recollection—the book he had not read since the age of eight years. At fourteen, he anticipates Niebuhr in finding the Roman history boastful, exaggerated, and much of it probably false. He has strong domestic affections, and an intense love of the places in which portions of his life have been passed, more especially when these possessed natural features of marked beauty. At Corpus Christi College, of which he was in his sixteenth year elected fellow, he is given to vehemence in argument, and fearless in the utterance of views, which sometimes shock his associates not a little; but he is candid, kindly, and affectionate at the same time; and, though over-positive and pugnacious in defence of his opinions, is as slow to give as to take offence; so that after a pell-mell contest, *sans ceremonie*, and against all odds in numbers, he comes off but the stronger friend with his opponents. In truth, he is, at this period, radical, democratic, filled with doubts respecting the grounds of some of the Thirty-nine Articles, and almost a candidate for outspoken heterodoxy. Among the ancient authors, Aristotle and Thucydides are his passion; and then Herodotus and Xenophon. The style of the last three he becomes able to imitate at will; though in composition, generally, he is stiff and labored; in debate, embarrassed and far from fluent. In entire consonance with the other facts recorded in respect to his particular intellectual bent, it is not the logic, but the ethics and rhetoric of the Stagirite, in which he especially delights. His mind is essentially of the matter-of-fact, historical order; but poetical also, at least so far as to depth of feeling

and facility in coining verse; but in mathematics and music he is wholly lacking; and so little scientific is his bent, that among the physical sciences, only the very tangible and practical one of geology seems much to have interested him. He has at this time some sense of the ludicrous; and his consequent dread of saying irrelevant things is one source of his timidity; but later in life, even this needful element of large intellectuality—the perception of the comical and absurd—seems almost wholly to have retired before a consuming seriousness and earnestness. Mr. Justice Coleridge, who furnishes many of these earlier traits, says that “his was an anxiously inquisitive mind, a scrupulously conscientious heart.” He will not, for example, so readily yield his doubts about the Thirty-nine Articles—though he finally quite surmounted them—through scruples, lest his schemes of worldly success and happiness were coming in to take the place, in his mind, of real and solid arguments. We may profitably add a part of Mr. Coleridge’s concluding portraiture of the Oxford undergraduate:

“At the commencement a boy—and at the close retaining, not ungracefully, much of boyish spirits, frolic, and simplicity; in mind, vigorous, active, clear-sighted, industrious, and daily accumulating and assimilating treasures of knowledge; not averse to poetry, but delighting rather in dialectics, philosophy, and history, with less of imaginative than reasoning power; in argument bold almost to presumption, and vehement; in temper easily roused to indignation, yet more easily appeased, and entirely free from bitterness; fired, indeed, by what he deemed ungenerous or unjust to others, rather than by any sense of personal wrong; *somewhat too little deferential to authority*,” &c.

Plainly enough, we have here material of which, not the visionary or fantastic, but the earnest and real *reformer* is to be made.

Having satisfactorily concluded his college course, though without very marked or brilliant manifestation of talents in any special direction, Arnold remained four years at Oxford, taking private pupils, and reading and taking notes from the libraries; these notes showing, but only occasionally, clear anticipations of some of the views and principles that later absorbed and honored his active years. His scruples of conscience satisfied, he was, in 1818, ordained deacon; in 1819, he settled in Laleham, where he spent nine years in preparing small classes of pupils for the Universities; and in August, 1820, he married Miss Mary Penrose, daughter of the Rector of Fledborough, and sister of one of his early school associ-



ates. In this quiet life, at Laleham, there were born to him six of his nine children; the remaining three first saw the light at Rugby. In one of these children, Matthew Arnold, poet, all the susceptibility to culture, though with far less of the fire and earnestness of the father, reappears on the stage of contemporary literature. Beyond the assurance that it was an eminently happy one, and much indirect evidence corroborative, we are allowed by the biographer to know extremely little of this marriage. The matron of the Teachers' household at Laleham and Rugby recedes quite out of sight within a little world of presumed domestic duties; but the "elevating influences" of her society, and the "keen sense of thankfulness consciously awakened by every distinct instance of his many blessings, [and] which more than anything else explained his close union of joyousness with seriousness"—these hints sufficiently disclose to us the *light* which that domestic world contained, and which could not be hidden, because it shone in the exalted character and fortune of its head—the faithful and successful instructor. It was at Laleham, and under influences such as these, that the vague restlessness and uncertainty of Arnold's earlier years gave place to the unity of purpose and earnestness of his after life. This man, we are told, walked henceforth in a "deep consciousness of the invisible world." His religion is a real love and adoration, coupled with a profound humility. And yet he is, so he believes, naturally "one of the most *ambitious* men alive." Above all else, his taste would lead him to be "prime minister of a great kingdom, the governor of a great empire, or the writer of works which should live in every age and in every country." Three such great works, at least, he long and fondly meditated; one, an exposition of Government from the Christian point of view; or, "Christian Politics;" a second, a Commentary on the New Testament; the third, a History of Rome. Of these, the first was considerably advanced, but never completed; of the other two there exist only the fragments, inscribed on the hearts of his pupils and admirers. In 1826, he writes: "I hope to be allowed, before I die, to accomplish something on Education, and also with regard to the Church; the last, indeed, even more than the other, were not the task, humanly speaking, so hopeless." He adds the opinion that, while the Church of England seemed to have retained the sure foundation, she "has overlaid it with a very sufficient quantity of



hay and stubble, which [he] devoutly hopes to see burnt one day in the fire."

It was fortunate for Dr. Arnold, and more so for the world, that the form of government and phase of society in which he lived are such as, whatever their repressive influence in other directions may be, do usually permit the real *αριστοι*, the truly highest and best minds of any period, to find their due position, and to accomplish for men the special work for which the mental constitution of the one party and the needs of the other alike imperatively call!

In 1827, the Head-Mastership of Rugby School became vacant. Upon announcement of this vacancy by the Trustees, a large number of applicants sent in their names and testimonials. Arnold hesitated; when he did apply, he was among the last in order, and to his judges quite the least known. His letters were few and modest; but they spoke unanimously and strongly of his qualifications and worth; while that of the Rev. Dr. Hawkins, an appreciating Oxford classmate, predicted that "if Mr. Arnold were elected, he would change the face of education all through the public schools of England." Through this discernment on the part of a friend, and a responsive good sense and integrity of purpose in the Board, real talent carried it against however much of title, station, or influence of names—we venture to hope that the dry rot of nepotism did not at all come into the contest! And yet, in Arnold's opinion, even then, there was—and known of him so far as he himself had become well known—enough of radicalism and outspoken dissent from received authority in Education, State and Church, to have put a quietus on the man in some regions in which "authority" is presumed to be quite a tractable and harmless affair, and where, it is deemed, independence of mind and manhood is quite the allowable and common possession.

Arnold took charge of Rugby School in August, 1828; receiving priest's orders and his degree of D. D. in the course of the same year. One of the conditions of acceptance with him was, that he should be allowed a very large discretion in respect to all details of the management of the school: the Trustees may approve, or disapprove, of the ends attained in his teaching and government; but he stipulates that he shall be entirely free in the selection and carrying out of the means to these ends. And here, with a larger field before him, his views rise to larger and more completed form. His

letters show with what earnest and real pleasure he entered into all the departments—of oversight, organization, and labor—required by his new office; and he plainly enough declares in them, as the result at last shows, that this interest is largely that of the innovator upon, and the reformer of, a faulty system of education. But he knows that he is dealing with men; and he publishes his first volume of sermons at this juncture, to correct a prevalent and mischievous impression, that his views were more radical and revolutionary than in reality they were.

Intellectually, a chief evil of the English higher schools at this period was, that they attempted to teach little more than the classics, and these to a limited extent, and in a mechanical way. Morally, their great defect was, that in them the sway of a cold and unsocial routine had quite left unattempted the cultivation of the higher sentiments, or that incorporation of the moral and Christian elements needful to a truly symmetrical character. With both these defects Arnold's large and earnest nature, not less than his quick apprehension of their existence, brought him directly in conflict. He instinctively foresaw in the peccadilloes of the school-boy the vices of the future man, and the perils of the future citizen; and though he did not directly labor to produce a school of Christian boys, this was because by indirect and more far-reaching measures he strove that, out of those turbulent and unreflecting boys, there might in time be moulded a class of Christian gentlemen. With this end before him, he was continually devising fresh plans—proposing and testing new measures. The safety of this part of his course was probably in that limit which discloses, in fact, a fundamental weakness. Had he possessed more of original and organizing power, he would, doubtless, have struck out at the first one comprehensive plan, to realize and perfect which would have employed all his subsequent effort. But revolution, as this would have been, should have come but once; or, if repeated, must have demanded, in the accomplishing, proportionally greater force of intellect and character. Arnold took the system which he found: he did not supplant it; and though perpetually modelling it anew in parts, the general structure was permanent; and his pupils, confused at times with change, learned in reality to approve the motive and to co-operate with the mover, through

the evident spirit of a search for the best, which pervaded the whole course of his administration. But, besides, the vehement self-assertion of the boy was now more than reproduced in the man; and where *tact* was largely disregarded, it often required all the candor, sincerity, and rectitude of purpose of the new Head Master, backed by all his unflinching firmness, to lay the storms which his impetuous advocacy of the right and the best sometimes raised. In every way, however, he soon became the animating spirit of the vast school of which he had the charge. His biographer says:

"It was precisely because he thought so much of the institution and so little of himself, that, in spite of his efforts to make it work independently of any personal influence of his own, it became so thoroughly dependent upon him, and so thoroughly penetrated with his spirit. From one end of it to the other, whatever defects it had were his defects, whatever excellences it had were his excellences. It was not the master who was loved or disliked for the sake of the school, but the school was beloved or disliked for the sake of the master. \* \* \* Throughout, whether in the school itself, or in its after effects, the one image that we have before us is not RUGBY, but ARNOLD."

And yet this man, who taught the boys of the Sixth Form—the most advanced, and usually about thirty in number; who visited and examined the other Forms at stated times; who had meetings for counsel and advice with his associate teachers; who had not only to devise, but to carry out in greater part the government of the school, and to deal with special crises and cases of delinquency; who found time to ramble with members of own family, or select parties of the boys, over the neighboring country, to boat, to swim with them, to watch their games of ball, and to invite a few of them by turns to his private library; who sat down after a day of such labors in the evening to write his Roman History or his sermons, and who occupied a large portion of the Sabbath in preaching and the other religious exercises called for by his position—even he was not mechanicalized by his absorbing avocations. On the contrary, the *man* ever rose above the *teacher*; and his home life was not less intensely realized—perhaps by so much the more so, as a relief from the steady line of duty in which the larger portion of the day was consumed.

"It was from amidst this chaos of employments that he turned, with all the delight of which his nature was capable, to what he often dwelt upon as the rare, the unbroken, the almost awful happiness of his domes-

tie life. It is impossible adequately to describe the union of the whole family round him, who was not only the father and guide, but the elder brother and play-fellow of his children; the first feelings of enthusiastic love and watchful care, carried through twenty-two years of wedded life—the gentleness and devotion which marked his whole feeling and manner in the privacy of his domestic intercourse. Those who had known him only in the school can remember the kind of surprise with which they first witnessed his tenderness and playfulness. Those who had known him only in the bosom of his family found it difficult to conceive how his pupils or the world at large should have formed to themselves so stern an image of one in himself so loving. Yet both were alike natural to him.”

Arnold was an enthusiastic lover of the beauties of nature; but this seems to have been rather the result of the intensity of all enjoyment and feeling with him, than of that large and overmastering love of beauty in and for itself, which enters indispensably into the truly poetic nature. Very positive in his opinions, and finding great difficulty in appreciating the grounds or feelings of one who opposed views that fully commended themselves to his own judgment, he yet showed a keen appreciation of distress and privation, and not only administered freely to those in want about him, but added to his many other labors that of visiting, and on occasion watching with, the sick poor in his neighborhood.

It will be unnecessary now to sum up at any great length the leading characteristics, or ruling faculties, of Dr. Arnold's mind. We have seen that, among the strongest impelling forces of his life, were his moral and religious convictions; pre-eminently, his love of the right and of the true; his repugnance to all that was mean, false, or hurtful; his benevolence and humanity; and to these we must add withal, his powerful friendship, and strong love of the places that had been his home, of wife, and of children. He lacked that phase of reverence which accepts age as a test of truth: and that facility of management, secrecy, and self-control, which would have aimed at its ends under cover of more plausible and less alarming measures, but, for ends such as his, with extremely little prospect of true success. His was no more the mission to be achieved by cunning, than was the soul his that could endure the employment of such an agency. To the ruling motives of his life must of course be added his love of knowledge, lacking which he must have chosen some other pursuit than that of educator, and among the most potent of all, his frankly acknowledged ambition, doubtless often the sharpest spur under which his intellectual powers

were tasked to their astonishing labors. But whatever the leading motive or stimulus of conduct with him, two facts tincture and ennoble the cast of his whole being: the first, that he was ever truthful, sincere, transparent; the second, that his was in all things and ways a *real*, and not a *formal* or *fictitious* manhood and character. His reality of purpose, thought, speech, action, was intense, unintermitted, known of all men, always the agency and the spirit of his plans, often misunderstood or feared, sometimes not a little troublesome to himself, but, finally, grandly and permanently triumphant. In all ages there is the larger proportion of real characters, to the extent of ability, in the humbler and unnoted walks of life; in any age the greatly real man is more rare than the really great; and it is one of the highest glories of Arnold's character that we must class him unreservedly among the foremost in the more unusual of the two forms of greatness!

Arnold's intellect was strong, clear, vigorous, both in its apprehensions and conceptions, and that both in the perceptive and the reasoning departments; but it was not rounded out to fulness—was, indeed, quite unequal in either. His gift of language (in the sense of words and their symbolism) was strong, clear, and active; yet, with all its native nicety and cultivation, it was never really copious. Of events, places, order, and time, he had a remarkable receptiveness and a retentive and full memory; and he very clearly individualized also those conceptions which lay in the line of his other dominant powers. Possessing these as his strongest perceptive capacities, his could not, by possibility, have been other than it was—the historical, statistical, matter-of-fact mind, the master of the thread of circumstance and of details. But almost wholly lacking, as he did, the appreciation of relations of number, and without strength in perceptions of form, of magnitude, and of mechanical effort, it was just as certainly fixed in the constitution of his mind, that he never could have been the earnest and successful cultivator of sciences, characterized as the “exact”—sciences through which run continually those conceptions of *measure*, *force*, and *number*, upon which, the poet tells us, the Creator has built all things.

How naturally, then, with the *event-seeing* capacity in him, active and ardent, the particular style of events which he did most see and treasure were not as much

those physical phenomena forever exhibiting themselves under his eyes, and in his very person; but rather those events having their origin in, or their effects upon, the human will, pursuits, and destiny! In the ratiocinative powers, it is evident at once that, of all the relations of things apprehended by him, those of *resemblance* and of *consequence* were the most—indeed, the only—powerful. In relations of distinction—in the ability sharply and vividly to discriminate—he was deficient; and in this fact we find another reason why he could not have had a properly scientific bent of mind. We saw before that he lacked the needful materials; and we see now that he lacked also the requisite acumen and elementalizing power. A third reason will appear when we have added, that the study of his mind reveals but a moderate endowment of the third of the groups of intellectual tendencies—the *inventive, creative, productive, or artistic*, as we variously characterize it.

We have already seen that he did not invent an educational system, but repaired and complemented the old. His was not a mind fertile in hypotheses, or capable of evolving a great work of art in any of the fields monopolized and adorned by the few of great productive genius; nor was he endowed with the power which Aristotle had to invent sciences; which Comenius and Pestalozzi showed in inventing new educational systems; and Bacon and Descartes in casting into recognizable forms the processes and conditions upon which the human mind had always proceeded in reasoning. The whole creative or art-ward tendency was, in Arnold's intellect, its feeblest side. But his intensity of feeling was so great, and his sensibilities were so keen, that, in many ways, his want of this highest phase of intellect would only appear upon close scrutiny; in fact, it is not often that so much of intensity and sensibility is so wholly divorced from the truly ideal and creative faculties, as was the case with him. But the facts remain unmistakable—he produced no system; he even lacked the power altogether of appreciating that noblest and most refining of all creations of the human mind—music, and his very composition, though ever so animated and forceful, shows still a certain hard dryness, just as the process of making language into expressed thoughts was always attended with difficulty to him.

Thus we discover that his mind was mainly of the generalizing, the analogical order. He continually and readily grasped identities, similarities, laws; and his biographer intimates that the very fact of an *exception* was apparently troublesome to him, so that he sought out the contrary law, and comprehended the exception by ranging it under that. He was inductive also in his reasoning, so far as induction could be carried towards certainty without more of discriminating power; indeed, we may say truthfully, that, in him, induction reverted from the Baconian type of the extant scientific movement, again to the earlier, the Socratic and popular character. But from laws or causes once attained, whether by generalization or induction, he drew sequences with great certainty, and with a power of far-reaching truthfulness, so that his logic was positive and reliable, so far as acumen and subtlety were not required in determining its premises. And here, again, a partial defect in mental power is in him nobly compensated by the rectitude of sentiments that lay behind and actuated all. If something of the keenness to be desired in the dissecting blade of analysis were wanting, there was still in him a truthfulness of purpose and instinct that focalized all the light of his faculties on his subject, and that revealed to him the right end and means from among the crowd of possible or plausible ones, even though he did not wait, or wanted the power to eliminate it logically from its fellows, before making it the object of his choice. We believe the justness of the view here presented, of his powers and tendencies of mind, will appear more fully in the brief account to be given of the principles which he contributed or especially advocated in respect to education.

Of his physical constitution and habits, Mr. Coleridge informs us that, when he left Oxford, "Though delicate in appearance, and not giving promise of great muscular strength, yet his form was light, and he was capable of going long distances and bearing much fatigue." He had thus great powers of endurance, without any of that excess of the physical which would have been too likely to subordinate even the mental to itself. His frequent walks with pupils, or beside the pony on which his wife rode, his trips at bathing and other sports, and gymnastic exercises, helped to preserve, in the midst of his assiduous mental employ-



ments, the needed balance of activities; and were thus, doubtless, a means of extending a life at best far too short. After the day's business was over, he would sometimes say: "Instead of feeling my head exhausted, it seems to have quite an eagerness to set to work." In his walks, while marking and dilating upon the points of beauty or interest offered by each successive season, he would feel "as if the very act of existence was an hourly pleasure to him." Yet it is scarcely possible to doubt that, in a degree, the very intensity of the joyousness, that thus marked so many of the intervals of his school and literary labors, was slowly, but certainly, conspiring with the actual toil to exhaust his constitutional vigor, and thus to prepare him for the untimely end of his career that awaited him.

One who realizes the magnitude to which the question of educational method has now grown, and the vast deal that needed and yet needs to be done towards the advancing and perfecting of that method, cannot, after all, read the life of Dr. Arnold without some sense of disappointment. We do not learn that, in the intellectual department, he did, or really aimed to do, much more than to perform the part of a most admirably clear, accurate, and successful teacher; and such he truly was. His instruction was full of earnestness and life, and his thoughts pointed and presented in a definite and comprehensive form. But he did not go to the root of the matter. He never essayed the very question of method; nor does he seem to have questioned but that the mental processes followed in the schools were about what they should be, so that the right branches were attended to, and the teachers were competent and faithful. His great purpose was, to make of his pupils earnest and religious men. Than this no other object could have been higher; but we claim that, with all his truth to and success in this aim, he might have incorporated more of that other phase of education, which could make them men, not only morally, desiring the right and good, but also intellectually, able more certainly to excogitate the right and good from the seeming and delusive, and to express and enact more effectually what they had thus excogitated. In his mind, the period of adolescence—of the later school years—was one of the gravest dangers to those passing through it. He would hasten the transition as much as



possible. He would, above all, make his pupils manly and morally thoughtful. Hence, he would have as much as possible done *by* the boys themselves, very little *for* them. Hence, he treated them as reasonable beings, and as gentlemen; never watched for falsehood or trickery, but punished the former, when it was proved, with great severity. Among the pupils of the higher classes, "any attempt at further proof of an assertion was immediately checked: 'If you say so, that is quite enough—*of course*, I believe your word;' and there grew up, in consequence, a general feeling that 'it was a shame to tell Arnold a lie—he always believes one.'" He kept punishment as much as possible in the background; but he resorted on occasion to the rod, especially in the lower classes; and he justified its use.

For two features of his school management, he has been much blamed—his retaining of "fagging," or the control of the lower classes of the boys by the higher, and his practice of *dismissing* those whom he considered as *dangerous* boys, even though guilty of no overt act, justifying expulsion. These are both features in which he is likely to have no imitators in this country; and in which, probably, his example will be, at home, the most short-lived. In respect to fagging, he strove to guard against its evils, and to make the conscientious discharge of a duty of this sort inure at once to the advantage of the younger, and the self-discipline of the older boys; while in regard to the dismissal of boys whose incorrigible grossness or viciousness threatened the morals of their fellows, it must be remembered how very large were the numbers he had under his care, and exposed to any such danger; and yet it is probable that he carried this principle farther than he can be justified in doing. It often proved true, however, as he claimed, that the very pupils he thus dismissed were the fit subjects for, and more likely to advance under, private tuition.

In intellectual education, Arnold maintained that classical studies should form the basis; to him, the study of language seemed "given for the very purpose of forming the human mind in youth;" the Latin and Greek tongues, "the very instruments by which this is to be effected." It is not without surprise, however, that we read of one who declared "it was not knowledge, but the means of gaining knowledge, which he had to teach," and who so far dissented from the

exclusively classical course that had usually held in the schools, as to introduce the modern languages, mathematics, &c., and to encourage the reading of the sciences, that, from having been wholly averse, in his earlier teaching, to the prevailing exercises in writing Latin verse, he later declared himself more and more a convert to the belief in its desirableness. In what way the "means of gaining knowledge" are wrapped up in the dry, technical drudgery of Latin versification, it is hard to see; and as to development and strengthening of faculties, we must ask what faculties will remain unappealed to, when a pupil has rightly studied the grammars and authors usual in pursuing Latin, Greek, German, French, and English, the Mathematics, Geography, History, Physics, and Chemistry? In addressing his teachings to his pupils, however, Arnold's aim and method must be commended. He was not satisfied with merely working through the lessons, but desired to awaken the intellect of every boy in the class. Hence, he questioned much, often rapidly, always pointedly and happily; but the information he directly imparted was always brief; it often failed to satisfy; but the best result was secured, the anxiety of the pupils, to catch and treasure up what was given, was well sustained. But his instruction was simple, and honest, without display; he was ever ready to confess his own ignorance, or to thank a pupil for the suggestion of any new thought.

He strove to interest his older pupils in the vital questions, political and social, of the day; and in all things inculcated upon them the importance of forming their conclusions independently, and not taking them upon trust from himself or others. Here, as elsewhere, however, we must refer the reader, for details, to Mr. Stanley's "Life," and to his own works. As an indication of the sort of influence exerted by such a character and such instruction, we extract a few lines from an account, given by Mr. Price, of the school at Laleham:

"The most remarkable thing, which struck me at once on joining the Laleham circle, was the wonderful healthiness of tone and feeling that prevailed in it. Everything about me I immediately found to be most real; it was a place where a new corner at once felt that a great and earnest work was going forward. \* \* \* [No pupil] felt that he was left out, or that, because he was not endowed with large powers of mind, there was no sphere open to him. \* \* \* Each pupil felt assured of Arnold's sympathy in his own particular growth and character of talent."

A few brief quotations may serve to make yet clearer the opinions held by this remarkable man, and his relations to mankind and society. Vindicating himself in one of his letters against the charge of holding erroneous opinions, he says:

"We know that what in one age has been called the spirit of rebellious reason, has in another been allowed by all good men to have been nothing but a sound judgment exempt from superstition."

In a letter from Rugby, in 1835, to a former pupil, he says:

"I suppose that Poccouranteism (excuse the word) is much the order of the day amongst young men. I observe symptoms of it here, and am always dreading its ascendancy, though we have some who struggle nobly against it. I believe that 'Nil admirari' in this sense is the devil's favorite text; and he could not choose a better to introduce his pupils into the more esoteric parts of his doctrine. And therefore I have always looked upon a man, infected with this disorder of anti-romance, as on one who has lost the finest part of his nature, and his best protection against everything low and foolish. Such a man may well call me mad, but his party are not yet strong enough to get me fairly shut up," &c.

Again, he writes:

"My abhorrence of Conservatism is not because it checks liberty; in an established democracy it would favor liberty; but because it checks the growth of mankind in wisdom, goodness, and happiness, by striving to maintain institutions which are of necessity temporary, and thus never hindering change, but often depriving the change of half its value."

His position in relation to the Church may in part be drawn from this extract, taken from a letter dated December 14, 1836:

"Suppose a young man, when he begins to think seriously upon life, resolving to turn to God, and studying the Scriptures to learn the way—it is clear that all this stuff about the true Church would never so much as come into his head. He would feel and see that the matter of his soul's salvation lay between God and Christ on the one hand, and himself on the other; and that his belonging to this or that Church had really no more to do with the matter than his being born in France or England, in Westmoreland or in Warwickshire. The scriptural notion of the Church is, that religious societies should help a man to become himself better and holier, just as civil society helps us in civilization."

But he did not rest, though he knew that he was too generally misunderstood as so doing, in mere negations. In 1840, he writes:

"I am continually vexed at being supposed to be a maintainer of negatives—an enemy to other systems or theories, with no positive end of my own. I have told you how it wearies me to be merely opposing Newmanism, or this thing or that thing; *we want an actual truth, and an actual good.* \* \* \* Many more, I feel sure, would agree with me, if they saw that the truth was not destructive nor negative, but most constructive, most positive."

But a more true comprehension and appreciation of him came at last; and though too late to aid him very materially in his own work, or in advancing the large, liberal, and real views of life he so deeply cherished, yet not too late to cheer him with the assurance of a growing reconciliation between himself and other conscientious laborers for the good of man and society; not too late to give him the only remaining proof needed, that he had been all along in the main right, and that the principles to which his life had been cheerfully devoted would have their influence upon and their ultimate triumph among his fellow men. The change in his position, his biographer lucidly sets forth in the opening of his tenth chapter:

"It was now the fourteenth year of Dr. Arnold's stay at Rugby. The popular prejudice against him, which for the last few years had been rapidly subsiding, now began actually to turn in his favor; his principles of education, which at one time had provoked so much outcry, met with general acquiescence; the school, with each successive half year, rose in numbers beyond the limit within which he endeavored to confine it, and seemed likely to take a higher rank than it had ever assumed before; the alarm which had once existed against him in the theological world was now directed to an opposite quarter [in the conflict against 'Tractarianism']; \* \* \* and many, who had long hung back from him with suspicion and dislike, now seemed inclined to gather round him as their champion and leader."

But to the really earnest, vigorous, and untiringly active mind, one penalty—or, at the least, pain—is inevitable; Arnold did not escape this. By the time when men began to assent to his views, he had already so thoroughly agitated every aspect and bearing of those views in his own mind, that he still saw and accepted their truth in a manner in which even his new sympathizers could not. He had assiduously worked down through so much rubbish of details and conditions, that his now clearer vision placed him, yet alone, far in advance of those who could still accept the ultimately true and good only through some device of conventionality and forms. Thus he was now forced to entertain "a grow-

ing sense of his isolation from all parties." He began "to regard the divisions of the Church as irreparable," and "to attach a new importance to the truths relating to a man's own individual convictions." "Do consider," he says in one of his sermons, about this time, "the immense strength of that single verse, 'Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.'" Thus, having detailed a little of the ultimate triumph that inured to him in the spirit of his mission and its results, and marked by it how the earnest mind and great heart had still outgrown the measure which his contemporaries could bring forward to estimate him and his purposes by, we may pass over the more formal and tangible, though no less real, triumph with which, on the memorable 2d of December, 1841, he was installed Professor of Modern History in his too long estranged but always cherished Oxford, to reach a place which had never ceased to be one among the objects of his ambition. The unwonted throng that on that occasion, and even at the few subsequent lectures he delivered, crowded the hall in which he spoke, constitute, in some degree, a fitting recognition of the real vitality of thought and of soul in the man; and the general enthusiasm and kindness must have gone far to repay the undeserved misconception and suspicion under which he had bravely toiled through so many years of a most nobly useful life.

The preparation and delivery of the lectures on History, added to the increasing demands of his growing school at Rugby, and the whole enforced by an ambition to realize in every pursuit nothing short of the highest excellence, steadily enhanced his labors, and intensified his activity and exhaustion of power. It was unfortunate that himself or some discerning friend could not have comprehended the danger inhering in such a course of life, could not have felt and urged upon him that, in such unusual exertions, there grows up a condition of *factitious energy*, too liable to be mistaken for genuine vigor, and which, while it unsuspectingly drains the life-forces to their last ebb, continually deceives by the very brilliancy of the flame that attends the fatal expenditure. From a brief attack of fever, in the summer of 1842, Arnold recovered so as to resume his duties; indeed, the season being that of the yearly examinations and the close of the school for the summer, to enter upon the labors imposed on him with an earnestness and an absorbedness never before

surpassed in his experience. His biography shows how, alike in work and in the keen enjoyment of nature and of the scenes he was passing through, the expression of his active life had reached its climax. The flame had attained a brightness well nigh terrific; but he thought, doubtless, it was but the culmination of the energies of a robust system. He little suspected that the fire was being fed with oil, and that oil the very vitality of those physical structures through consumption of which, alone, in this state of being, can the noblest yearnings or the most intense life of self or soul be expressed. It was afterwards noticed, and we believe the circumstances were not fortuitous ones, how peculiarly earnest and tender became his religious feelings during this period, and how frequently, in all his employments and conversation, there entered allusions in respect to the uncertainty of life, and the probably near approach of death—dim but sure presentiments and questionings of the spirit concerning the change to which it was hurriedly approaching.

After an unusually active day, Saturday, June 11th, during which, while taking a bath, and afterward, he experienced some slight pains about the heart, he retired to rest; and near six o'clock on the following morning, he was awakened with a sharp pain, again in the left side of the chest, and soon extending to the left arm. From his physician, who was summoned, he learned the probably fatal nature of the attack; and continuing in the full possession of his mental faculties, and in a calm, cheerful, and hopeful frame of mind, he died shortly before eight, A. M., of spasm of the heart.

The imperfect endeavors we have already made to analyze the personality of this great and good man, his mental powers, his work and influence, render it unnecessary to add further reflections in this place. We need say only that every such life contains a wholesome rebuke to the spirit of mere conventionalism, too ready to merge into shams, dilettanteism, hypocrisy, and scoffing, and into a real infidelity to the highest truth and virtue, with which every cultivated age is endangered, and, perhaps, none ever more so than our own. But while genuine virtue *must* underlie all true success and happiness, let us rejoice that such lights as the soul of a Dr. Arnold do occasionally burst forth upon society; and let us cherish his memory, so that, if it may be, his positive manliness may become part of our own ideal, and of our achieved character!

- ART. III.—1. *The Abbot Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies*; Fifth avenue, Murray Hill, New York. GORHAM D. ABBOT, Principal. New York. 1861-62.
2. *Ingham University*; Leroy, Genesee county, New York. *Synopsis* Second of the series—Twenty-four of the whole. Councillors, Officers, Students, *Notices*, Terms, *Statements*, *Explanations*, *Mementoes*, Departments, Preparatory—Regular. Veritati, Unitati, Utilitati. Rochester. 1858.
3. *Greenleaf Female Institute*; on Brooklyn Heights, opposite the city of New York. ALFRED GREENLEAF, A. M., EDWARD E. BRADBURY, A. M., Principals and Proprietors. New York. 1861.
4. *Van Norman Institute for the Education of Young Ladies*. Rev. D. C. VAN NORMAN, LL. D., Principal, West Thirty-eighth street, Murray Hill, New York. 1860.

MUCH has been said and written on education in recent years; especially on female education. We have now before us some twenty books and pamphlets on this subject; but, strangely enough, they consist chiefly of arguments designed to prove its utility. For one page that contains a practical suggestion, there are at least twenty in which there is nothing but eulogy. It is time that this should be reversed. No elaborate syllogisms are necessary, in our time, to demonstrate that education is useful and beneficial to male and female; for it is one of those propositions to which the most thoughtless, as well as the most intelligent, readily assent. The difference between ignorance and knowledge is as universally appreciated and acknowledged, in all enlightened countries, as that between the mud cabin and the marble palace. But what would be said of the architect who confined his architectural skill to eulogies on the latter? He would never build the gate-house of a palace by such means, not to mention the great edifice itself. Let us suppose, however, that he does build the former; and that, whenever he puts on a new stone, he calls aloud on all his neighbors to wonder at his unrivalled ingenuity, speaking of the palace, at the same time, as if he were the builder of that too. In this it will be admitted that his ambition and vanity would be somewhat greater than his modesty. Yet he is not a whit less modest, or less entitled to the consideration which

he claims for himself, than a certain class of our self-styled educators.

We do not mean to apply this remark to American teachers alone, who are naturally no more disposed to boast, or to impose on their patrons by "fair speeches and fine promises," than their brethren of any other country with whose manners and customs we are acquainted. But it must be remembered that, in most of the states of continental Europe, incompetent persons are no more permitted to practise the business of teaching than that of medicine or law. In France, for example, no one can advertise himself as a teacher, even of children, without having undergone an examination, and obtained a certificate as to his qualifications. Nor can he pretend to teach a school or class of a higher grade than that for which he has been found qualified; though, if he thinks he has improved, he may at any time call for a new examination; and if his claim proves to be well founded, he is furnished with a new certificate, which qualifies him for a higher grade. In this country and in England, where no such laws exist, we must expect to find quack teachers as abundant as quack doctors; nor is it by any means clear, that the latter do more harm than the former.

We yield to none in appreciation of the better class of our schools and seminaries. Far from disparaging them, we hold that there are those amongst them which will bear comparison with the best of their kind in the world, and this is particularly true of our female seminaries. Of our principals of schools, as well as publishers, it may be said that it is those that give the worst article that say most in its praise. There are certain of the latter who seem to think that it matters little what the contents of a book are, as long as it contains illustrations, and has a liberal display of tinsel on the cover—especially if it be intended, chiefly or wholly, for ladies; and need we ask whether there are not ladies' seminaries which place equal confidence in making a fine show? A ladies' school should be fitted up with neatness and taste. At best, it should have no more superfluities in the way of embellishments than a respectable private dwelling; but rather less. Even in Paris, so famous for love of display, the most celebrated and respectable young ladies' seminary is one of the plainest houses in the city, in its internal arrangements, though situated in the Rue Rivoli, which corresponds with our Fifth avenue. With the exception of the large



hall, occupied as a picture gallery, the walls of all the rooms are perfectly plain. They have a thin coat of amber-colored paint, but no further adornment. Yet this is a fashionable, not what is called a religious, school; it is one at which not only the proudest of the daughters of the French *noblesse* are educated; but it has also the honor of finishing the education of not a few of the richest and proudest heiresses to English and German coronets. Nowhere in the world, except, perhaps, in Turkey, is there a similar establishment which contrasts so strikingly with this, in the manner alluded to, as one which we have visited in this city—no matter, now, in what part thereof. Indeed, such a display of gilding and mirrors we have never seen anywhere; not even in the most gorgeous steamboats on the Hudson, the Mississippi, or the Rhine. If the design were to inspire young ladies with a love of ostentation and display, and with a contempt for simplicity and chasteness, no more effectual means, it seems to us, could be adopted than these. Such tawdry scenes may be suitable enough for a theatre, where the most regular attendants only see them occasionally; but to be surrounded with them at boarding school—at a place represented as a model home—is, to say the least, not calculated to give very correct notions of taste in domestic affairs.

Assuming this elaborate tinselling to be harmless in itself, however useless, men of sense are very apt to think, without being at all ill-natured, that it is emblematic of the teaching done at the same establishment; for what high-sounding names and exaggerated praise are to branches and systems of education, a profusion of mirrors and of brass is to a school-house. At least, such has been the opinion of the best thinkers and most accomplished scholars, from Plato to Pestalozzi, including Lady Jane Grey, Queen Elizabeth, Madame Dacier, Madame de Sevigné, and we believe we may add Mrs. Emma Willard and Mrs. Lincoln Phelps, the two most successful female educators of our own country. Lady Wortley Montagu has said nothing more true, in her admirable letter on female education, to her daughter, the Countess of Bute, than that "it is the common error of builders and parents to follow some plan they think beautiful (and perhaps is so), *without considering that nothing is beautiful which is displaced.* Vistas are laid open over barren heaths and apartments contrived for a coolness, very agreeable in Italy, but killing in the north of Britain; thus every woman endeavors to breed

her daughter a fine lady, qualifying her *for a station in which she will never appear*, and at the same time *incapacitating her for that retirement for which she is destined.*" The same lady reminds her daughter "that the use of knowledge in the female sex, besides the amusement of solitude, is to *moderate the passions and learn to be contented with a small expense.*" Now, we would ask, are such gorgeous exhibitions as those alluded to calculated to produce either of these results? nay, are they not calculated rather to *excite* the passions, especially pride and discontent?

With these few general observations as an introduction, we select three or four catalogues of ladies' seminaries, from about a score of others placed on our table, and proceed to make such remarks on each as may occur to us as fair and just, and at the same time calculated to serve the cause of education. Even in despotic countries, a school that depends on public patronage for its support is held to be a legitimate subject of criticism. It ought to be as much so anywhere as a book, or work of art; because it is a much more potent instrument for good or evil than either. At all events, we merely give our impressions, and we wish these to receive no attention further than they are found to be strictly correct. But it is proper to say, that we do not base our opinions solely on the pamphlets of the different schools, at the head of our article, except in one instance—that of the "Ingham University"—we have made it our business to visit each; and in this exceptional case we shall confine our observations to the pamphlet itself.

The first that claims our attention is, "The Abbot Collegiate Institute," sometimes ill-naturedly called the "Sarsaparilla School," for no better reason than that the edifice which it now occupies was built by Dr. Townsend, of Sarsaparilla fame, as a private residence, a purpose for which it is perhaps better suited than for a school, much less a College or University. As the institution has but recently received its present title, we may observe that it was formerly called "The Spingler Institute," but in another part of the city; and how many other appellations it may have borne at different times, we cannot undertake to say. Let the house at the corner of Thirty-fourth street be suitable, or not, for a ladies' seminary, none will deny that it is an elaborate and sumptuous, if not magnificent or elegant, specimen of architecture. According to our notions, it is a gloomy pile, of no

particular style ; but probably the ladies regard this feature of it as relieved, if not counterbalanced, by the brilliant embellishments of the interior ; though we confess that the latter struck us as somewhat theatrical, and by no means in keeping with the new use to which the building has been devoted. This, however, is simply a matter of taste, and we do not profess to be critics in upholstery. At any rate, it seems we are mistaken, for the Principal tells us, at page 11 of his pamphlet (first page of descriptive matter), that, "*convenience and beauty have combined to make the scene of education ALLURING, and to exert a constant, insensible influence upon refinement and taste, in manners and in mind.*"

True, we are not informed how all this is done ; but, that it must be in some mysterious way, can hardly be doubted. How convenience can combine with anything to *allure*, in an honest or modest way, is one of the many problems which we cannot solve ; but doubtless the "insensible influence upon refinement and taste, in manners and in mind," is produced by the aristocratic neighborhood, though this is giving it credit for a virtue scarcely less potent than any claimed for sarsaparilla itself.\*

The superior value of the whole establishment, as a means of "elevating the standard of education for young ladies," is made to appear from the amount that each department has cost in dollars and cents. Thus we are told triumphantly that the edifice represents "two hundred and fifty thousand dollars" (p. 11), the money being given in capital letters. It is

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\* Since writing the above, a friend has mentioned a little circumstance to us, which may serve to shed some light on the subject. It seems that, when the Prince of Wales visited this country some two years ago, it was suggested by the Principal of "The Abbot Collegiate Institute," in a letter, of which a copy was addressed to several papers, that, as a mark of peculiar attention and esteem on the part of our authorities, they might offer his Royal Highness apartments in that institution, in which he could hold his levees, receive addresses, &c. Whether it was supposed that this would exert an "insensible influence" on the manners and minds of the young ladies, we cannot pretend to say. At all events, we are not aware that the experiment was made ; we rather think not, however ; for certain editors so far forgot themselves as to make such ill-natured remarks on the proposition as, that, even in an English ladies' boarding-school, or female University, if any such institution exists in the United Kingdom, that privilege would not be allowed to the King himself, when there was a King. This, we are told, was accompanied with other remarks of a kindred nature, but which we prefer to omit. We have it on the same authority that among some queries, more or less impertinent, made by the same parties, was this : "Would it not be somewhat more suitable to invite his Royal Highness to a male school than to a female school ?" or, if the phraseology is preferred, to a Male University than to a Female University ?

not stated how much of this is represented by the "embellishments," and the privilege of having neighbors of so much culture and refinement; but the sum must undoubtedly be large. At all events, after an enumeration of a goodly number of advantages which the institution is said to have, we are informed that "all are intended to be worthy of a UNIVERSITY of young ladies in our city." That it is a University is the idea most prominently put forward throughout the pamphlet; and the "notices of the press" which, properly enough, serve as a sort of appendix, are headed with the title, "A Female University." Now, when it is remembered that a University generally consists of several colleges, we think that it will not seem either modest or proper to call the institution under consideration by that name. In order, however, that we may do no injustice in the matter to the Principal, we quote his own words, as printed before us, capitals, italics, note of exclamation, and all:

"The great aim of the Institution has always been, to provide for *daughters* privileges of education equal to those of *sons* in our Universities, Colleges and Halls. It had its origin in a careful examination of educational endowments, both in Europe and America. In many instances, *hundreds of thousands of dollars*, and in some, *MILLIONS*, were invested in providing educational appliances, of every variety, and on the most ample scale, for *sons*. It did not appear that there was in the world a single Institution for the education of *daughters*, with a well distributed endowment of a *hundred thousand dollars!*"—p. 12.

It evidently does not occur to the Rev. Dr. Abbot that there are certain sciences which "sons" have to learn, that would not be very useful to "daughters." Admitting that the latter may be excellent physicians, and very wise legislators, as well as good teachers, painters, sculptors, &c., there is yet some doubt, even among the most ambitious and enterprising of themselves, as to their qualifications for the business of navigating vessels, exploring new countries, commanding large armies in war times, on land or sea, acting as advocates in courts of justice in "delicate" cases, or as judges on the bench. It will hardly be denied that a certain amount of study and training is necessary for each of these positions; and, perhaps, some others could be added, of which the same may be said. Undoubtedly, ladies may be, and often are, good linguists; they learn nothing better than languages—the use of *tongues*; yet we have no female Bopp, Grimm, or Prichard. Comparative philology, one of the most

valuable of sciences, owes little, if anything, to the gentler sex. We have never known a lady yet that could institute intelligent comparisons between the Coptic, the Sanscrit, the Zend, and the Hebrew. Good female astronomers there have been ; but no female Galileo, Kepler, Copernicus, Newton, or Descartes. Even in works of imagination, they do not altogether equal the ruder sex ; for we have no female Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, or Milton. What is stranger still, the world has yet to produce a female Phidias, Angelo, Raphael, or Canova.

But, assuming woman to be intellectually equal in every respect to man, still there remain those positions for which women are deemed unsuited, by the wisest of all ages and nations ; and in general they are such as require most study and preparation. What, then, is there so very absurd in the disparity spoken of in the above extract ? Would it not be more absurd to require the young lady, who has to enter on the duties of a matron perhaps at the age of eighteen, or twenty, to go through as extensive a course of study as the young man who devotes himself to the bar, the army, or the navy ? And since it is thus clear that females do not require as much learning as males, why expend as much in educating the former as the latter ? Let every necessary facility be afforded, by all means, for educating the one as well as the other ; but to maintain that, because the education of sons costs a certain sum, an equal sum ought to be devoted to the education of daughters, is about as sensible and logical as to maintain that, because a lady sometimes pays twenty dollars for a bonnet, a gentleman ought to pay an equal amount for a hat, if he has a due regard for the rights and privileges of his sex !

But the Rev. Dr. Abbot speaks of female education as if no female had ever been educated anterior to his time. That his mission is, to "elevate the standard of female education," we are everywhere reminded in the pamphlet before us. Nor is it any longer an experiment, for he tells us that "the result of the undertaking has been eminently successful" (p. 12) ; so successful that "there is scarcely a State or territory in the Union from which deputations or correspondence have not been received, with the view to the introduction elsewhere of some of the features of its system of education" (pp. 12, 13). Now, far be it from us to question the sincerity of the learned Principal in all he tells us in this way ; extravagant as most of it is, he has a right to expect that we

shall believe in his veracity, if not in his judgment, and we are making the best effort we can to do so. It may be that he has not visited many other female schools; and the best meaning people in the world may be led to mistake mole-hills for mountains, if they have not been used to the latter. This, we may observe in passing, is forcibly illustrated by a well known French fable, entitled *The Rat and the Oyster* (*Le Rat et l'Huitre*). The little quadruped, we are told, being rather deficient in brains (*de peu de cerville*), grew weary of living in solitude, and took it into his head to travel. He had only proceeded a few miles, when he began to make philosophical reflections on the vast extent of the world. One little hill he takes to be the Alps, and another the Pyrenees. "Voilà" he says, "les Alpes, et voici les Pyrénées." On reaching the sea, he mistakes some oysters for ships, and finding one open he puts in his head to help himself to the dishes, and gets caught as in a trap. We wish no such evil as this in the present case; we refer to it merely to show that, with the most benevolent intentions, one may exaggerate his own importance, and everything he has to do with, even to his ruin.

Seriously, it shows lack of intelligence, or a still worse defect, to maintain that the standard of female education is higher now in the Fifth avenue, or anywhere else, than it was in former times in other parts of the world. No historical fact of early times is better authenticated than that ladies used to lecture on the sciences before the Alexandrine School. The accomplished daughter of Theon used to lecture on mathematics to scholars and scientific men from all countries, from behind a screen, lest her beauty might divert the students from the contemplation of the subject under discussion; and similar scenes have been witnessed in our own time, in the most learned universities of Italy. We are told that Queen Cleopatra was familiarly acquainted with at least sixteen languages, including Greek, Latin, Persian, and Arabic. Strype, in his "Life of Archbishop Parker," informs us, that Anne, the mother of Lord Bacon, corresponded in Greek with Bishop Jewel, and translated his *Apologia* from the Latin so correctly, that neither he nor the Archbishop could suggest an alteration. Still more learned was Mildred, the wife of Lord Burleigh, who, according to Ascham, the Latin Secretary of Queen Elizabeth, was the best Greek scholar in England with the excep-

tion of Lady Jane Grey. Madam Dacier was perfectly acquainted with the principal Greek poets in the original, and her renderings of difficult passages in Homer are among the most ingenious and elegant we have; and Elizabeth Barrett Browning translated the *Prometheus* of Æschylus while a mere girl. We might easily extend this list, and give a similar list of ladies versed in modern languages, in the sciences and the arts—as well versed, we suspect, as any that have ever been, or ever will be, educated in the Abbot Collegiate Institute. To prove this, it would be almost sufficient to mention one American lady, *i. e.*, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, one of the most accomplished linguists of her time.

The truth is, that there is nothing new in the silly fuss that has recently been made about "Female Universities." A certain class of educators—chiefly ladies, vulgarly called old maids—have been maintaining for centuries that ladies require to be at least as learned as gentlemen, if, indeed, not more learned. It was so more than two hundred years ago, when Molière wrote his *L'École des Femmes*, *La Critique de l'École* and *Les Femmes Savantes*, each of which was written for the express purpose of ridiculing precisely such affectation.\*

In the time of Addison, Steele, Swift and Pope, the same pedantry was an object of ridicule in England. Of this we have evidence throughout the *Spectator*. The following extract will serve as a specimen of the style in which it was laughed at by those who could not be charged with want of appreciation for intellectual culture in the female sex; it purports to have been written by an honest shop-keeper, whose spouse had brought him to the brink of ruin by her superior learning. "My wife," he writes, "at the beginning of our establishment showed herself very assisting to me in my business, as much as could lie in her way, and I have reason to believe it was her inclination; but of late she has got acquainted with a schoolman who values himself for his great

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\* This is particularly true of *Les Femmes Savantes*, which is one of the best comedies ever written. The second scene of the third act is particularly amusing, and most effective in its satire—especially that part in which Trissotin is induced to read his sonnet to the Princess Uranie, for Belise, Armande, and Philaminte, each praising every line as he proceeds. After having been repeatedly interrupted, when commencing to read, he is at last allowed to proceed. Ah! le joli debut! exclaims Belise. Armande. Qu'il a le tour galant! Philaminte. L'oui seul des vers aisés possède le talent. ° ° J'aime superlativement et magnifiquement, ces deux adverbies joints fort admirablement. ° ° Belise. Ah!



knowledge in the Greek tongue. He entertains her frequently in the shop with discourses of the beauties and excellencies of that language, and repeats to her several passages out of the Greek poets, wherein, he tells her, there is unspeakable harmony and agreeable sounds, that all other languages are wholly unacquainted with. He has so infatuated her with this jargon that, instead of using her former diligence in the shop, she now neglects the affairs of the house, and is wholly taken up with her tutor in learning by heart

tout deux ! laissez moi, de grace, respirer. *Armande.* Donnez-nous, s'il vous plait le loisir d'admirer. ○ ○ ○

*Armande.* C'est faire à notre sexe une trop grande offense,  
De n'entendre l'effort de notre intelligence  
Qu'à juger d'une jupe, ou de l'air d'un manteau,  
Ou des beautés d'un point, ou d'un brocart nouveau.

*Belise.* Il faut se relever de ce honteux partage,  
Et mettre hautement notre esprit hors de page.

*Trissotin.* Pour les dames on sait mon respect en tous lieux ;  
Et, si je rends hommage aux brillants de leurs yeux,  
De leur esprit aussi j'honore les lumières.

*Philaminte.* Le sexe aussi rend justice en ces matières ;  
Mais nous voulons montrer à de certain esprits,  
Dont l'orgueilleux savoir nous traite avec mépris,  
Que de science aussi les femmes sont capables ;  
Qu'on peut faire, comme eux, d'ortes assemblées,  
Conduites en cela par des ordres meilleurs,  
Qu'on y veut réunir ce qu'on sépare ailleurs,  
Mêler le beau langage et les hautes sciences,  
Découvrir la nature en mille expériences ;  
Et sur les questions qu'on pourra proposer,  
Faire entrer chaque secte, et n'en point épouser.

*Trissotin.* Je m'attache pour l'ordre au péripatétisme.

*Philaminte.* Pour les abstractions, j'aime le platonisme.

*Armande.* Epicure me plait, et ses dogmes sont forts, ' ' &c.

In Scene V. of the same act, the satire is still more trenchant. Trissotin introduces Vadius, a savant, as a Greek scholar :

*Philaminte.* Du grec ô ciel ! du grec ! il sait du grec, ma sœur !

*Belise.* Ah ! ma niece, du grec !

*Armande.* Du grec ! quelle douceur !

To afford some tangible proof of her love for Greek, Philaminte embraces the new comer.

*Philaminte.* Quoi ! monsieur sait du grec ! Ah ! permettez, de grace,  
Que, pour l'amour du grec, monsieur, on vous embrasse.

The savant embraces both, and then proceeds to favor Henriette in a similar manner ; but she declines, on the ground that she does not understand Greek. The whole party sit down.

*Philaminte.* J'ai pour les livres grecs un merveilleux respect.

Vadius apologises to the *bas bleus* lest his coming may have interrupted some learned discussion ; but he is assured that nothing wrong can be done by one understanding Greek.

*Philaminte.* Monsieur avec du grec on ne peut gâter rien.

Molière—*Les Femmes Savantes*, Acte III., Scenes ii.-v.



scraps of Greek, which she vents on all occasions. She told me some days ago, that, whereas I use some Latin inscriptions in my shop, she advised me, with a great deal of concern, to have them changed into Greek, it being a language less understood, would be more conformable to the mystery of my profession; that our good friend would be assisting to us in this work, and that a certain faculty of gentlemen would find themselves so much obliged to me that they would infallibly make my fortune. In short, her frequent importunities upon this and other impertinences, of a like nature, make me very uneasy; and, if your remonstrances have no more effect upon her than mine, I am afraid I shall be obliged to ruin myself to procure her a settlement at Oxford with her tutor, for she is already too mad for Bedlam."\*

In No. 66 of the same work, we have a letter from a suffering husband, on fashionable education. In No. 328 another husband has a long and lugubrious complaint to make against his wife's accomplishments, or, rather, against the bad use she makes of them; but it is needless to pursue this branch of our subject at further length. We cut it short, all the more readily, because we do not apprehend the least danger from an excess of learning obtained at "The Abbot Collegiate Institute." Indeed, in our opinion, its graduates are as safe in this respect as those of the famous college, which, according to Tom Hood,

" Looketh south and west alsoe,  
Because it hath a cast in windows twain;  
Crazy and cracked they be, and wind doth blow  
Through transparent holes in every pane."

We are willing to excuse the Rev. Mr. Abbot, however, for being so anxious that his school should be regarded as a university, because, it seems, that it was from a similar institution he obtained his highest, if not his only, academic honor—namely, from the "Ingham Female University"—to which, we are told, he is indebted for the degree of LL. D., and the title of whose descriptive catalogue we have placed at the head of our article.

As already observed, we know nothing of the Ingham University, further than we learn from the pamphlet referred to, which is certainly a curiosity in its way. For aught we

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\* *Spectator*, No. 278, Jan. 18, 1711.

know to the contrary, the honors of the former may rank higher than those of any other institution in our country; for we confess we had never heard of it before. At all events, nearly two thirds of its "faculty" are of the gentler sex; it consists of sixteen ladies and six gentlemen, one of the latter bearing the title of Colonel, though appointed to the Vice-Chancellor's chair some time before the present war. Mrs. Marietta Ingham is styled "Principal *Extraordinary*," and we think, with all due deference, that she might be called an extraordinary professor, with equal justice and truth, since the "chair" which she occupies is that of "*health*" and "*economics*."

With such a large majority of female professors, it is not strange that the old terms applied to different classes of students, such as Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors, &c., have been set aside, as no longer suitable in this enlightened age; and in their stead we have such a very appropriate and expressive nomenclature as Palmarians, Amplians, Cardians, Novians, Mathians, second grade Mathians, first grade, and Supernumeraries. The strict propriety of each of these titles is proved by an exuberance of learning and logic; neither of which, however, we pretend to understand; a fact that shows, we fear, but too plainly, that we are in the benighted condition so elegantly described in the following paragraph:

"Some seem to doubt, at least are very indefinite, about anything like system, in the education of woman—the relics of a barbarism, or fog, not soon exhaled, by the morning light of superior Christian civilization! Yet—the sun is risen."—p. 20.

Those sinners who have money, but decline to contribute it for the benefit of the Ingham Female University, are scolded, as they so well deserve, by the Principal Extraordinary, who, however, refers their chief punishment to a higher tribunal, thus: "If those who ought, *will not* do anything for this cause, through avarice, there is ONE who sees, and can avenge it; in this world, as well as the other! *There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.*" *A-1*—p. 22.

Neither the exclamation point, the index, nor the italics are ours; we give all just as we find them. In the midst of a great deal which, in our opinion, is absolutely silly, if it has any meaning at all, we occasionally meet with a remark that may be compared to an oasis in a desert; such, for example, as the following: "Only a proper and capable

teacher is worthy of confidence and patronage." This is very true; but, if we are to judge from the style of the pamphlet, it is rather against the "Ingham University." We should not like to say so, however, were it not that we are told, with characteristic emphasis, that "The Christian public ought not to forget that this University is no longer private property." Whether we shall be regarded as belonging to the Christian public here alluded to, is, however, another question.

The "Greenleaf Female Institute" may be regarded as combining the more salient characteristics of the two female Universities. It yields to neither in "fine promises." Nothing is too abstruse or profound to be learned, even to perfection, within its precincts. Nor does it matter at what period of life the student enters its halls; whether at the age of ten, or five times ten, it is all the same; the same great end is attained.

"Pupils are admitted *at any age*, and at any time, being charged from entrance, and are enabled, by a well-directed course of studies and exercises, to attain to *any desirable proficiency in science and literature.*"—p. 11.

This is no casual remark on the part of the Principals, who give their reasons for undertaking to teach—no matter what; assuring us that, "familiar with the methods and management of the best educational establishments, both at home and abroad, (they) devote their entire time and attention to the education and supervision of their pupils. They are aided by an able corps of THOROUGHLY QUALIFIED TEACHERS; and their AIM is to secure to each pupil intrusted to their care *good health and accomplished manners*, as well as the inestimable advantage and benefit of a well developed, well disciplined, and *well-balanced mind.*"—p. 12.

Thus, it will be seen, that the Greenleaf Institute leaves nothing to be desired. Ladies, stricken in years, that have grown tired of the vanities of life, may here become *savantes*, enjoying all the advantages of a nunnerly, with few, if any, of its inconveniences. None need have any fear as to their physical constitution, for good health will be secured to them; nor need those, whose manners had been neglected in their youth, despair of becoming fine ladies; what is more important still, if possible, suitable efforts will be made to keep their minds "*well balanced*;" so that the Greenleaf Institute combines the advantages of all other institutions

which human ingenuity, science, and skill have hitherto invented for the benefit of the mind, body, and soul of the fair sex.

The regular course of instruction in the "collegiate" class is, as might be expected, of a very high order; and such is its extent that, so far as we can remember, it omits nothing which a veritable *savante* ought to know. We need hardly say, therefore, that it includes geometry, algebra, trigonometry, astronomy, geology, Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Spanish, German, &c. Among the minor studies of the same class are criticism, æsthetics, analysis of Milton and other poets, rhetoric, logic, &c., &c. It has not been our privilege to see Milton or any of his brother poets analyzed by the students of the "Greenleaf Institute," but we are willing to believe that the *analysis* is complete.

It may be supposed that it would require a large number of professors to teach all the branches, of which those mentioned are but a small portion; but nothing of the kind! The two Principals, themselves, possess all the necessary resources and qualifications. Thus, the Senior Principal is announced as professor of "*moral and intellectual science, English and general literature.*" (p. 4.) Without undertaking to discover what sciences may be included under the head of "moral and intellectual," we may ask what is it, in the literary way, which may *not* be included in "general literature?" May it not include the literature of China, Arabia, Japan, Russia, Persia, &c., &c.? If it does not, however, the matter can be easily settled; for, if there is any one thing in the whole circle of knowledge, sacred or profane, within the compass of mortal ken, which the Senior Principal does not understand, the Junior knows all about it! In this we may seem to give him too much credit; but it is no more than he claims; since he calls himself professor of "*natural sciences, mathematics, and ancient languages and literature.*" (p. 4.) Boileau, the French Horace, mentions a variety of studies, and says, in some of his finest lines, that one might as well drink the sea (*Tout cela, c'est la mer à boire*) as to pretend to be acquainted with all. If this be true, it would be nearly as easy to eat half the Pyrenees mountains after drinking the Mediterranean, as to learn all these two gentlemen are capable of teaching. The individual who discovered, or, rather, invented, the art of manufacturing nutmegs from hickory wood, is justly famed for his ingenuity; but

we think it will be admitted, that some of the professors in our female colleges may claim to rival even him, at least in the faculty of *invention*.

Seriously, it is pleasant to turn from the contemplation of so much self-sufficiency and pretension to real merit, which is generally, if not always, modest. We are very willing, however, to admit that our views in regard to the establishments and professors thus hastily glanced at may be erroneous. We have merely given our opinions; if they are not found correct, let them, we repeat, be rejected; let none be influenced by them. If, upon the other hand, it must be admitted that we merely state facts, in which all who patronize large schools have more or less interest, may we not claim to have done some service to the cause of education even by this one article? Be this as it may, by no other means than that used by us has it been more served in Germany and France. There is scarcely an academy or college in Germany, or even large school, male or female, which has not been subjected to criticism, and in nine cases out of ten the results have been favorable.

In England the same means are had recourse to. Even Oxford and Cambridge are frequently the subjects of the most searching criticisms. Only two or three years have elapsed since a series of papers appeared in the Dublin *University Magazine*, which criticised every department of Trinity College, Dublin, sparing none of the professors whose conduct seemed to deserve castigation. All who took an interest in the affair remember the indignation of the faculty. All the harm they could do the *Magazine* was promptly done. The publisher had to take his choice between retaining it any longer in his hands, and being deprived of the printing patronage of the University. He preferred to have the latter, and so the obnoxious journal had to pass into other hands. This, however, did not prevent the critic from coming to the charge again and again, until the abuses complained of had to be remedied.

Now, if it be fair and legitimate to expose the errors of Universities like those of Germany, France and England, which are famous the world over for solid excellence, surely there is no good reason why such "Universities" as those above noticed should be regarded as sacred. If we are wrong in this, then it is the genuine article that should be criticised, not the spurious imitation.

But we have one institution to notice yet. Fortunately, this is of a different character from those we have been speaking about, for we should not like to take leave of the ladies in the language of disapprobation or censure. The pamphlet relative to the "Van Norman Institute" is what might be expected from an educator worthy of the name. Had we never seen either the author or his school, it would have convinced us that we were *en rapport* with a cultivated mind. The observations and suggestions which it contains possess a high value, altogether independently of any particular school system, as we will presently take occasion to show by a few extracts, but the latter must now be brief. The Rev. Dr. Van Norman does not call his school either a college or university, although we know no branch taught in a ladies' seminary, in Europe or America, which is not included in his curriculum. Nor does the Greek language form an exception. But far from being put forward ostentatiously, or recommended as essential to a fashionable female education, it is stated that, "When specially desired by parents, for reasons that will appear satisfactory, the Greek language—to which the remarks made respecting Latin apply in nearly equal degree—may be learned instead of Latin" (p. 32). What the character of these "remarks" is, the reader will now see for himself; we transcribe a portion here, merely premising that the author very properly gives the first place to the vernacular:

"Next in importance, as a means of mental discipline and adornment, in our judgment, stand the ancient Classics, especially the Latin. There is confessedly no other branch in the entire range of school studies, in the prosecution of which all the faculties of the mind are so fully, simultaneously, and harmoniously brought into exercise.

"In the construction and analysis of difficult passages, the comparison of different idioms, and the determining of different shades of meaning attached to words in their various situations and relations, we have a series of incessant, yet ever-varied exercises in fixedness of attention; in concentrating all the powers of the mind to read hidden meanings, ascertain relations, and reconcile seeming contradictions. We have here endless exercises in patience and perseverance, in caution and comprehension, by frequent surveys of the ground passed over, till the mind, having complete and accurate perception of all the parts in their relations to one another, and to the whole, settles upon a conclusion derived from the entire truth. This study involves unceasing exercises in reasoning; for never is the full sense perceived till all the parts, in their logical relations and dependencies, are completely understood.

"The Latin language is superior to the languages of modern Europe, as an instrument for training the mind, because it is more elaborate in its processes of etymology and syntax, expressing, by multiform inflexion and

*composition, what those languages express by mere juxtaposition of independent words.* The structure of the Latin language, being very remote from that of our own, invests it with a power of fixing the attention scarcely inferior to that of geometrical demonstration. In this respect it is superior to the languages of modern Europe, which, with few exceptions, may be regarded almost as different dialects of the same language. Hence, to pass from one of them to another, requires little effort, and affords but little discipline. The assertion of an experienced educator, that 'More mental energy is called into exercise in mastering the Latin language than in acquiring all the polite languages of modern Europe,' will be endorsed by a large majority of those best qualified to judge of its correctness. This study has also the advantage of peculiar adaptation to nearly all ages and capacities. While the child of ten can find in it intellectual food, it furnishes ample scope for the exercise of the most powerful and highly cultivated mind.

"While we highly prize the disciplinary power of mathematical studies, we believe that, for girls, the study of Latin is generally more effective in developing even the reasoning faculties. In regard to girls, a taste for mathematics is commonly the effect of special culture, which is often difficult to carry forward to such a degree as to render their study, beyond certain limits, productive of salutary results; whereas a taste for the study of language is inherent in the female mind. Is not this fact a finger-board set up by God?

"We have considered this study only as a means of mental discipline. There are, however, other considerations, which invest it with great importance. *Eten a very limited knowledge of Latin greatly facilitates the acquisition of the languages of France, Spain, and Italy, which may be regarded as little else than dialects of the old Latin. Indeed, a thorough etymological knowledge of these languages cannot be acquired without the study of Latin.*

"The last remark applies with equal force to our own language, about one third of whose words are of Latin origin. The English language is largely indebted, for its power of expression, to the almost endless modifications and combinations of its Latin roots. However well the meaning of derivative words may be known by memory, and however correctly they may be used, their full force and propriety can never be appreciated without a knowledge of their roots. Providence has thus, by a vital and organic tie, which binds us to the literature and civilization of the past, laid us under a necessity of studying the ancient classics.

"The study of the Latin classics greatly enlarges the boundaries of mental vision, while it adorns the mind, and enriches the style with a fund of beautiful imagery.

"In giving prominence to this study, we are trying no new experiment. Its educational power and practical utility have been established by the experience of ages; and it is still recommended by the most experienced and influential educators of all countries."—pp. 24-27.

In every word of this we have the pleasure to concur. It is imbued with more thought, practical good sense and instruction than a score of such pamphlets as those that stand before it at the head of our article. The passages we have marked in Italics are particularly worthy the attention of every intelligent student. The remarks of Dr. Van Norman,



on the judicious use of a library, are equally just and forcible. We are sorry we can only avail ourselves of a brief extract:

"A course of reading, under skilful supervisory care and direction, may be regarded as most valuable aid in the education of the young. It imparts knowledge, and excites thought; it corrects and improves the imagination, and quickens perception; it cultivates a taste for good books; refines and polishes style and expression; liberalizes and adorns the mind, *and exalts it above the vapory, infected atmosphere of a poisonous literature.* The importance, therefore, of a wisely selected library, in connection with an institution of learning, can hardly be exaggerated. No educational instrumentality, however, is more susceptible of perversion."—p. 35.

In all countries and ages, the most serious and well founded objection to large schools has been, that, where there are so many pupils, though they be of the gentler sex, there must be some amongst them who, having been badly brought up by their parents, are not suitable company for the innocent and pure. It is admitted by all that in no other circumstances can it be more truly said that "evil communications corrupt good manners." Professors who pretend to have sounded the depths of human knowledge, and to be capable of teaching all sciences and languages, may convince the credulous and thoughtless that they can counteract all pernicious influences by Greek, trigonometry, astronomy, &c. (like the famous Dr. Sangrado, in *Gil Blas*, who cures all diseases that flesh is heir to, by blood-letting and liberal doses of warm water),\* they want no aid from parents, guardians, or anybody else. It is otherwise, however, with the author of the pamphlet under consideration, with whose sensible and truthful observations on this subject we must close our extracts:

"The young are generally educated, morally and socially, more by the prevailing sentiments and sympathies of their daily companions, at school, than by parents, pastors, and all other agencies combined. It is, therefore, our constant effort to co-operate with and strengthen all good home influences; and thus to create and maintain in our school a strong popular sentiment, in harmony with all that is beautiful, true, and good. Whenever this is secured in a school, its patrons will not have occasion to complain—as they so often do, in bitterness of soul—that its social atmosphere militates against the influence of parental culture.

"The false and pernicious sentiment, that girls can be educated by school machinery, without parental co-operation, and even in spite of opposing home influences, finds no sympathy nor encouragement in our school.

"In every other profession, practical acquiescence in the measures

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\* Sache, mon ami, qu'il ne faut que saigner et faire boire de l'eau chaude : voilà le secret de guerir toutes les maladies du monde.—LE SAGE.



essential to its success is required of those employing its agency; and, but for the influence of patronage, the same principle would obtain in schools. Were the evils resulting from the contravention of home influences solely of a negative character, affecting exclusively their immediate subjects, they might be tolerated; but, by paralyzing the effective power of the school, and through its associations rendering fruitless the most earnest and judicious parental efforts, they war against the interests of all.

"The truth of the adage, 'Union is strength,' is, in no department of human enterprise, more strikingly exemplified, than in the education of youth. In this work, as the most judicious and unwearied efforts of parents at home may be partially or wholly frustrated by influences at school; so the most perfectly organized and judiciously managed school must be comparatively unavailing, without the cordial and active co-operation of parents and guardians. Irregular attendance at school and dissipations of social life are 'the little foxes that spoil the vines,' and thus, in vintage time, bring sad disappointment to the hearts of parents."—pp. 39, 40.

To this we need add nothing on the present occasion. We have made female schools the subject of our first article on education in the "National Quarterly," only because they seem to us more defective than male schools of a corresponding grade. Although we do not believe that ladies require as much learning as gentlemen, we hold that society suffers more by the bad education of females than that of males. Young girls are romantic and imaginative enough by nature, without being instructed in the language of exaggeration, and taught to value everything, from a seat in church, to a telescope, or a picture, according to the amount it has cost, or, rather, is said to have cost, in dollars and cents. The effects of such a course are much worse than many would be willing to admit at first sight. That it has a tendency to create expensive habits, needs no further proof than what is found in daily observation. At all events, we want realities, not shams; we do not care whether they be called schools, colleges, or universities, if they be honest and good. Let women be praised as they may, no matter for what talents or accomplishments, there is nothing they are more esteemed and loved for than for their modesty; but how can they be expected to cultivate a virtue which, above all others, is that which is most outraged by their teachers?

- ART. IV.—1. *Christoph Martin Wieland Geschildert*, &c. By J. G. GRUBER. Leipzig.
2. *C. M. Wielands Sämmtliche Werke*. Leipzig.
3. *Geschichte des Hanses Von Sachsen*. Von Dr. EDUARD VEHSE. Hamburg.
4. *Weimer der Musen*. Leipzig.

THE literature of Germany has never been popular beyond the frontiers of the Fatherland. Not more than a half dozen German authors have attracted much attention abroad. It is much more the fashion to praise and admire even Goethe than to read him. Only the select few do the latter. Fewer read Schiller; fewer still read Klopstock. But no foreign author, of equal eminence, is so little known, either in England or America, as Wieland, one of the most fertile and most profound of modern thinkers. The simplest account of what he has written and published seems more like the language of romance than sober reality. Lope de Vega, and one or two others, have given the world as large an aggregate of printed matter as Wieland—perhaps they have published more; but, so far as we are aware, no one mind has exhibited such wonderful versatility as that of the author of *Oberon*. His productions are so numerous and varied, that we do not undertake to do more, on the present occasion, than to give a cursory glance at those which seem to us to be worthy of most attention. In presenting this outline, we feel certain that those of our readers, now unacquainted with the subject, will need no apology on our part, if we return to it in an early number, as it is our intention to do. Nor would it matter much what class of his works we took up, if our intention was only to prove what a lofty, noble tone pervades them, and how replete they are with food for thought. There is no other author whose writings are more richly imbued with the spirit of ancient Greece. We find in them the best thoughts of the Attic writers, not crudely transplanted, but assimilated—adapted to the circumstances of the present time. The best Roman ideas he embodies in his poems and novels in a similar manner. Nor does he overlook the literature of the East or the North; the fairy tales of Persia, or the scarcely less romantic mythology of Scandinavia.

His education had amply qualified him for taking a range,

even thus wide, as may be seen from a brief sketch of his life. Christopher Martin Wieland was born at Biberach, in Swabia, September 5, 1733. His father was a Lutheran clergyman, much esteemed both for his erudition and piety. The parsonage which he inhabited is still pointed out to travellers, on the banks of a little streamlet called the Reiss. Biberach was a free town in more than one sense. Protestants and Catholics not only regarded each other as having equal rights with themselves, but they occupied the same church alternately. Sometimes the Catholic priest preached in the morning, and the Lutheran minister in the evening; then, next Sunday, the order was reversed; so that neither had any cause of dissatisfaction or jealousy. A clergyman, thus occupied, was well calculated to teach his son liberality of thought and feeling; and, having received his education at the University of Halle, he was equally qualified to take charge of his education. He was one of those who thought that the earliest instruction is the best; accordingly, we are told that the child was only three years old when a book was placed in his hands; and that, at the age of seven, he was able to read Cornelius Nepos with facility and pleasure. It may well seem incredible, but it is not the less true, that at the age of thirteen he was not only perfectly familiar with Cicero, but that Virgil and Horace were his favorite pocket companions. What is more remarkable still, he had already planned an epic poem on the destruction of Jerusalem. This fact would show by itself that he had already been wooing the Muses; but we have his own testimony on the subject. "From my eleventh year," he says, in a letter to his friend Gellert, "I was passionately fond of poetry. I wrote a mass of verses, chiefly little operas, cantatas, and ballads, in the style of Brockes. I used to rise for that purpose at daybreak, not being allowed to write verses during the day. \* \* I was fond of solitude, and used to spend whole days and summer nights in the garden, feeling and describing the beauties of nature."

Unfortunately he is not equally communicative in regard to the epic. All we know on the subject of his *Destruction of Jerusalem* is, that he had written at least one canto of it before he attained his fourteenth year. How much more of

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• *Gessnerische Sammlung von Briefen*, vol. i, p. 46.

it he wrote is only a matter of conjecture. Gruber is of opinion that the poem was nearly, if not quite, finished, when a comparison of it with Camoens's *Lusiad* induced him to commit it to the flames.

This, we are told, was soon after his removal to the high school of Klosterbergen, near Magdeburg; which, being the chief seat of what was known as the *Pietism*, then prevailing throughout Protestant Germany, is thought by some to have changed the religious views of the young poet. He soon grew tired, however, of cloister life. It was in vain that Stemmetz, the head master, tried to make him prefer the dogmatical theology of Baumgarten to the attractive pages of Plato and Aristotle. For a time, efforts were made to prohibit him from the study of Greek philosophy; his teacher was so anxious lest he might injure his soul—if, indeed, he did not cause a schism among his fellow students—that for a while he deprived him of his Greek books altogether—that is, until he found that he had procured still more dangerous works: namely, the Dictionaries of Bayle and Voltaire. At the same time, he was eagerly engaged in the perusal of the *Memorabilia* and *Cyropædia* of Xenophon and the *Epistles* of Cicero. His partiality for these works gave great offence to his teacher; nor was he much better satisfied when he found him devouring the pages of the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, which had recently been translated into German by Gottsched. It does not seem, however, that Wieland was a worse Christian, leaving the institution after a residence of about a year and a half, than he was when entering it. He gives Adelung (subsequently the celebrated ethnologist and professor at Heidelberg University) credit for having saved him from infidelity. The two entered the school nearly at the same time, and they formed a friendship which lasted through life. "How often," says Wieland, in writing to his friend some twenty years later, "I almost bathed in tears of contrition, and wrung my hands sore; I would fain, but could not, fashion myself into a saint."

At the age of seventeen, he left school and went on a visit to Erfurt, where he remained for seven months with a relative named Baumer. Little is known of what happened to him during this period, further than that he found Baumer no friend, but one who treated him more like a prisoner than a visitor or pupil. He advised the young poet to abandon the idea of taking orders, and study law; but his only reason

for this was, that his lungs were too weak for the pulpit—a fact worthy of mention in passing, as showing that in Germany, as well as in Scotland and other parts of the world, clergymen were then expected to make much more noise than was necessary to render them audible to their congregations. At all events, young Wieland was glad to get away from Baumer, and he returned in 1750 to his native town. Although the period he spent at Biberach was very brief—only a few months—it proved one of the most important of his life.

It happened that just then Sophia Von Guterman, the daughter of an eminent physician of Augsburg, was staying with a friend at Biberach, and was in the habit of paying occasional visits to the parsonage. Being beautiful, intellectual, and highly accomplished, it is not strange that she soon made a deep impression on the young poet. After less than a half dozen interviews, his love and admiration knew no bounds. He tried to induce her to marry him at once; but she was two years his senior, and naturally a lady of excellent sense. This enabled her to see at a glance that it was not an ordinary lover she had to deal with, but a susceptible enthusiast. That he had gained her affections she did not deny, either to her own friends or to his. "I own that I have a tenderness for Wieland," she writes, in a letter to her sister; "but I own, also, that I fear he is capricious." The account which Wieland himself gives, of his courtship with Sophia, is full of interest. He tells his friend Bodmer, that he had been listening to a sermon by his father, on the text "God is Love." It was well written, he thought; but, to his ardent imagination, it seemed cold and lifeless. In the evening he walked with his mistress, and astonished her with the proof of the very different manner in which he would have treated so congenial a subject. "I spoke," he says, "of the destination of men and of spirits, of the dignity of the human soul, and of eternity. Never in my life had I been so eloquent. I did not forget to place a large portion of the happiness of spirits in the enjoyment of heavenly love." Though the lady was convinced at the time, it occurred to her, on second thought, that the oration contained more poetry than truth, and she requested him to commit his arguments to paper. This he cheerfully did. Her views were somewhat altered by the perusal, and she suggested alterations. "All might pass very well," says Sophia, "in verse, but in

prose, even when 'tis poetic, as in this case, it does not convince the judgment." This gave a new turn to the thoughts of Wieland—it suggested to him at once the idea of a poem *On the Nature of Things*.

Before there was time for another interview, Sophia was called home, to the unspeakable grief of her lover. Soon after, in 1751, he proceeded to the college of Tübingen. He did not admire either the talents or the learning of the professors, but sought consolation, in the loneliness to which he condemned himself, in pouring out his soul in long letters, in poetry and prose, to his absent mistress. Meantime he did not relax his literary labors; as is sufficiently proved by the fact that in about nine months after his entering the institution he printed his first volume of poems, containing *The Nature of Things*, the *Anti-Ovid*, the *Moral Epistles*, and the *Sacred Stories*. The two former attracted a good deal of attention; but the author received more abuse than praise for his labors; though the best critics hailed the poems as the ground-work of a new school, which was destined to make its influence felt throughout Germany.

The design of his first poem was similar to that of Pope's *Essay on Man*. Wieland, too, meant to represent God as the centre of the Universe, and the embodiment of all perfection; but here the resemblance ceases between the two poems. It would lead us too far, in the present article, to indicate the points in which *On the Nature of Things* differs from the *Essay on Man*. We must content ourselves with the passing remark, that in the latter there is more clearness, vigor of expression, and harmony of versification; in the former, more grandeur, more romance, variety, and freshness—in short, more poetry. Wieland's poem is full of criticisms on various systems of philosophy, ancient and modern, especially on the systems of the Naturalists and Pantheists. Considered as a poem, it is the best imitation we have of the *De Rerum Naturâ* of Lucretius, though, in its scope and tone, it is decidedly opposed to that celebrated work. Had Wieland produced nothing else but this, written as it was in his seventeenth year, it would have secured him an honorable place in the literature of his country. Compared to the best productions of many other authors of his time, to whom a respectable rank has been assigned in the republic of letters, *On the Nature of Things* is a brilliant and successful performance; but it is as inferior to *Oberon* and *Agathon*

as the Sonnets and Tales of Shakespeare are to Hamlet and Othello.

The *Moral Letters*, though agreeably written, and displaying much freedom and vigor of thought, are remarkable chiefly for the allusions to the author's beloved Sophia, which everywhere pervade them, the lady's name being occasionally introduced under the Arcadian disguise of Doris. He also dedicates the poem to her; but nowhere does it contain the most obscure allusion, or hint, that could be regarded by the most sensitive or fastidious, as a violation of that confidence which should ever be held sacred.

In this respect, the conduct of Wieland presents a noble and honorable contrast to that of Goethe. While the latter had no thought for the feelings of those whose peace of mind he had destroyed for ever, but, in return for their affections, exposed them to the sneers of the world, the former was scrupulously careful lest he might, even by accident, do any injury to the reputation even of those who had trifled with his love. It was enough for him to remember that he was once an object of regard, if not of tenderness to a lady; no subsequent misunderstanding, or even positive ill treatment, could induce him to lend piquancy to his page, by exhibiting her in any equivocal position to vulgar gaze. Who will not think here of the gentle, confiding, and beautiful Fredrica, and how she has been treated by Goethe? Still more reprehensible, if possible, was the same great man's treatment of Madame Kestner and her husband. Both the latter had confided in him; and he made the worst possible use of their confidence, making them figure in his *Werther*, as having allowed him favors, which it has ever been held dishonorable to boast of. Still more dishonorable must it be, when the only foundation for the scandal is, that the boaster had been received into the family circle as a friend, as one who was above bringing unmerited disgrace on those whose greatest fault was to be too unsuspecting. "You have, in every personage of your novel," says the injured husband, "interwoven something foreign to it; or you have blended several things together. That I could tolerate. Let that pass. But if, in all this blending, you had a little taken counsel of your own heart, you *would not have so prostituted* the real persons of whom you have borrowed the features. \* \* The real Lotte, whose friend you profess to be, is your portrait (which contains too many of her features not vividly

to suggest her) is, I must say—but no, I will not say it—it pains me even to think it. And Lotte's husband—you called him your friend, and God knows he was so—is your——." In another letter to his friend Von Hennigs, the same husband says of his wife, and the treatment she had received from Goethe, "*Lotte never lived in the sort of familiar intercourse there described, with Goethe, or with any one else.* \* \* We are sorry now; but of what use is that? It is true he had a high opinion of my wife; but for that reason he ought to have drawn her more faithfully—as too *discreet and too delicate to allow him to go so far as he is represented to have done* in the First Part." It is pleasant to return from well-founded complaints, still worse than even this, to the contemplation of conduct like that of Wieland towards the beautiful and intellectual woman whose affections he had gained; and the contrast will appear all the more remarkable, when it is remembered that, in many parts of his writings, the author of *Oberon* suggests doubts as to the existence of real virtue in man or woman.

After an absence of ten years, Wieland returned to his native town. What he was doing in the mean time we will glance at presently. It is sufficient to say here, that although his love for Sophia seemed to have increased rather than diminished during his absence, he found her a wife and a mother on his return. She had been married nearly three years; but the fact was concealed from him. A man of less generosity would have sought revenge; he could easily have embittered her wedded life. But, far from making any such attempt, he abstained from pursuing any course that might give pain to either herself or her husband. First, indeed, he wept and reproached his former mistress; but no eye saw what he wrote on the subject but her own. She replied, giving certain excuses for her inconstancy, and telling him that if they had formerly met as lovers they could now meet as friends. This seems to have soothed Wieland.

M. La Roche, her husband, had been attached to the person of Count Stadion, Prime Minister to the Elector of Menz, in the relation of secretary. He received the poet kindly; and pressed him to make frequent visits to his house. Wieland tried to efface all recollection of his former passion; but he found the resolution much more easily formed than fulfilled, as we see from many passages in his private correspondence. In a deeply pathetic and beautiful letter, written



to Zimmerman, a few years after (Jan., 1765), he speaks of the charms of this early illusion, "*for which no joys, no honors, no gifts of fortune, not even wisdom itself, can afford an equivalent, and which, when it has once vanished, returns no more.*" This showed, as, indeed, did all his dealings with the fair sex, that he was worthy of the love of woman. There is good reason to believe, too, that Sophia never forgave herself for having so bitterly disappointed, not to say deceived, such a man; though it does not appear that her husband ever treated her otherwise than with kindness and sympathy. Few passages, in the whole range of literature, are more interesting, in view of all the circumstances of the case, than that in which she describes, forty-nine years afterwards, with deep and touching emotion, the feelings she experienced while listening to the young poet as he played on the harpsichord at the parsonage. Though now an old woman, she gives vivid pictures of the meetings they had beside the solitary Church of St. Martin, nearly half a century previously.

It was no wonder that Wieland was attached to a lady so intellectual and brilliant as Sophia; for she became an author herself, of no ordinary distinction. Her *History of Miss Sternheim* and *Melusina's Summer Evening* have been read from one end of Europe to the other, each having been translated into at least three languages. But the same, or anything of the kind, could not be said of the lady whom he finally married, in 1765. She is, indeed, described, by all who knew her, as gentle, mild, and affectionate; but she had neither beauty nor wit. No one praises her more than Wieland himself; nor could any husband of the same age have evinced deeper grief for the loss of his wife. Two years after her death, he writes thus mournfully to Böttiger:

"Since the death of my dear wife, I have lost all pleasure in life, and the glow which things had for me before is gone for ever. I endeavor to occupy my attention and to deaden the sense of my loss, which I feel most keenly, when I lie down at night, or when I awake. Never have I loved anything so much as I did her. When I knew that she was near me in the room, or if she came into my room at times and spoke a friendly word or two, and went away, it was enough. Since she is gone, I say to myself, no labor will prosper with me more. Perhaps I could not have supposed that, with her weak frame, she would have been spared to me for thirty-five years, to scatter flowers upon my path of life with her unpretending fidelity and duty. But then I think of Philemon, in the fable. Why could we not have died the same day?"

Much could be added to this, in proof of his strong and unwavering attachments, and the scrupulous, pious care with

which he sought, through evil report and good report, to guard the reputation of the beloved one. We have intentionally dwelt on this feature of his character, because such a man was wanting among the great minds of Germany, to make amends, if it were possible, for conduct like that of Goethe. Nor was this of any slight importance; for what happiness have the greatest men, especially in the evening of life, without the kindness and confidence of woman? Fortunately, there are but few among the gifted like Goethe. Those, who have erred most in other respects, have regarded the reputation of their benefactresses as sacred. Even Voltaire, whatever were his faults besides, has never penned a line affecting the honor, either of Madame Russelmonde, or the Marchioness de Prie. On the contrary, he challenged the Duke of Rohan on behalf of the latter, and wrote an epigram on the same personage, which led to his being committed to the Bastile. That Swift treated both Stella and Venessa badly, is but too true; but he would no more have deliberately stabbed the reputation of either, than he would have plunged the dagger into his own breast. Byron was quite as much a libertine as Goethe; but what lady's character has the former deliberately injured by his pen? Even the wife that spurned him had never any just ground for charging him with making any attacks upon her honor. Like Wieland, it was enough for him that, however much he was disappointed—however much grief he was made to suffer—he once had tender relations with the cause of all!

In true patriotism we find Wieland similarly distinguished; in this, too, his conduct contrasts strongly with that of Goethe. To illustrate the fact, we need only refer to the different manner in which the attentions of Napoleon were received by the two poets, after he had proved himself their country's worst and most ruthless enemy—him who had committed such vindictive outrages on the territory of their best benefactor and friend, the generous and munificent Duke of Saxe-Weimar. To this prince both were bound by the most sacred ties. But the Duke was absent when the battle of Jena was fought, and when the burning and pillage of Weimar, that soon followed, took place. The Duchess Louisa alone, of all the ducal family, remained to receive the conqueror, and she did so like a heroine—she who was so generous a patron of literature, and whose purse, as well as palace, was always open to the two great men, but especially to

Goethe. Fätk tells us, in his personal reminiscences of Goethe, that such was the confidence of the people of Weimar in the heroism of the Duchess, that "when they learned that she was in the castle, their joy knew no bounds. When they met, they threw themselves in each other's arms, exclaiming, 'The Grand-Duchess is here!'" Napoleon had previously announced his intention of passing the night at the ducal palace. The Duchess, pale, but calm, resolute, and dignified, received the conqueror at the head of the grand stair-case—him on whom the fate of her people and of her whole family depended. There she stood like another Maria Antoinette, or Maria Theresa, to brave danger in whatever form it might present itself. "Who are you, Madame?" (Qui êtes vous, Madame?) asked Napoleon, with a gesture of corresponding rudeness. "The Duchess of Weimar, Sire," was her prompt reply. "I pity you," rejoined Napoleon, in the same surly tone, "but I must crush your husband." Without giving her time to say a word in defence of the Duke, he turned abruptly to his attendants, and ordered that his dinner should be served in his own apartments. But, even the stern conqueror was touched by her heroism. Next morning, after having another interview with her, in the presence of several of his general officers, he exclaimed, "Voilà une femme, à qui nos deux cents canons n'ont pas peut faire peur."

It was after all this—after every conceivable evil had been inflicted on Germany—after the Duke of Saxe-Weimar had been insulted in every possible way, that Goethe went to Erfurt to receive the "attentions" of the spoiler. Not a word of complaint did the greatest genius, then living, attempt to utter. On the contrary, he was delighted with everything Napoleon said, not excepting his criticisms on Homer, Ossian and Shakespeare. Wieland was equally honored; a formal invitation had been sent to him, requesting his presence. But, before he had time to receive it, Napoleon himself happened to see him at the theatre, whither he went to witness the representation, by a French company, of Voltaire's tragedy of the *Death of Caesar*, in which the celebrated Talma performed the principal part. He sat, as usual, in a private side-box on the second tier, reserved for the ducal family, to which he was regarded as attached. The eagle eye of Napoleon soon observed him; he asked who was the venerable old man with the black velvet *calotte*. Being told

that this was Wieland, he expressed a wish that the poet should not leave, after the play, until he saw him.

After a long conversation, of which Wieland himself gives an interesting account in one of his letters, he begged to be excused from remaining any longer. Goethe ventured to ask no questions—all his remarks were compliments to the despoiler of his country; but Wieland had the manliness to plead for the Fatherland, and to speak out, in other respects, like one whose noble privilege it was to address posterity, sure that his voice would be heard. Nor is it to be doubted that Napoleon honored him all the more for his courage and patriotism. "I asked him," says the poet, "how it happened that the public worship which he had, in some degree, reformed in France, had not been rendered more philosophic, and more on a par with the spirit of the times." "My dear Wieland," he replied, "worship is not made for philosophers; *they believe neither in me nor in my priesthood.* As for those who do believe, you cannot give them, or leave them, wonders enough. If I had to make a religion for philosophers, it should be just the reverse." To this, Wieland adds that Napoleon went so far with his skepticism as to question whether Jesus Christ had ever existed. The Conqueror thought he would render himself agreeable to the poet in this way, supposing, from his writings, that he had no faith in the Christian religion; but Wieland, always manly, always considerate and respectful to the fair sex, took the liberty of intimating that, whatever his own views were, he had ever abstained from making any remarks which he thought calculated to wound the religious scruples of the Duchess. This was a rebuke which few would have ventured upon; but the Emperor took it in good part, and dismissed the poet, at his own request, with a cordial "*Bon soir.*"

Nor was this the last heard by Wieland from Napoleon, who, in about a week after, sent him the cordon of the Legion of Honor; and, before he had time to wear this many days, he received a similar distinction from the Emperor Alexander, *i. e.*, the order of Saint Anne of Russia. These, however, are things which we do not regard as possessing any importance in the case of a man like Wieland, further than as evidence of the high esteem in which he was held by sovereigns of the most opposite tastes, and whose interests were the most conflicting.

In all that remains now of the space we had prescribed for this article, we shall be able to do little more than enumerate his various productions, postponing all criticism, save, perhaps, a remark here and there, for a future article, in which we purpose to give copious extracts from his master-pieces.

Before Wieland left Tübingen University, he commenced an epic, in Ossianic prose, entitled *Arminius*, or *Germany Freed*, and, when he had written five cantos, he sent the manuscript to Bodmer, editor of a periodical of some eminence, entitled the *Swiss Review*, requesting the critic's opinion of the poem, but without giving his name. Bodmer was pleased with the poem; and so were several of his friends, to whom he showed it. The next number of the *Review* complimented the unknown author in the most flattering terms. Wieland was glad to reveal his name when he saw this; and he was immediately invited to spend the summer with Bodmer at his private residence near Zurich. Here he occupied the same apartment recently occupied by Klopstock, the German Milton; for the conductor of the *Swiss Review* possessed wealth as well as learning and talent; so much that he was able and willing to be the Mæcenas of several of his contemporaries. It does not appear, however, that he lost anything by his liberality. Wieland was delighted at the opportunity now offered him of exercising his critical talents in the *Review*; and the same arrangement secured him introductions to Haller, Hagedorn, Gleim, Klopstock and Gellert—in short, to almost all the eminent authors of Germany and Switzerland. So grateful was he to Bodmer for these advantages, that he wrote an elaborate analysis of the *Noah* of that writer, in which he compared its merits to those of the best similar efforts in any language. This was undoubtedly exaggerated praise, but the author of it was sincere. Nor is this any imputation on his taste and judgment; for who does not see, or think he sees, more beauties in the work of a friend than in that of an enemy? Besides, had Bodmer done nothing for literature but to translate Milton as he did, it would have been no discredit even to a man like Wieland to assign him a respectable rank among his contemporaries.

Passing over, for the present, many literary projects and labors, we come to the crisis in his life at which Wieland started a periodical of his own, called the *German Mercury*,

on the plan of the *Mercure de France*. From his experience in connection with Bodmer, he had foreseen many difficulties, which he had to encounter in his new enterprise; but the reality proved much worse than anything he had anticipated. The boldness and freedom of his criticisms had already excited the enmity of many, altogether independently of the jealousy awakened by his brilliant successes as an author. But now the two great intellectual parties of Germany arrayed themselves against him, or, rather, against his journal. One was known as the Frankfort party, which had Goethe and Herder at its head; the other as the Göttingen party, which included Klopstock, Count Stolberg, Burger, Voss, Hölty, and Miller. The Frankfort party assailed him on the ground that his principles of criticism were too conventional—too limited—more French than German; while the Göttingen party were equally fierce against him because he proscribed the visionary as a source of poetry, and proscribed enthusiasm as a principle of conduct. In an early number of the Review, a criticism appeared on the *Goetz of Berlichingen*, which greatly irritated Goethe. He learned soon after that Wieland was not the author; but it was too late. He had already written the well-known farce entitled “Gods, Heroes and Wieland.” It was thought that this would overwhelm Wieland, who, although one of the boldest critics of his time, was known to be very sensitive. Everybody was surprised, therefore, at the quiet view he took of the whole affair. In the next number of the *Mercury* he had an article on his assailants, the calm and philosophic spirit of which is sufficiently indicated by the following extract:

“Young and powerful geniuses,” said he, “are like young colts, full of life and vigor, rearing and prancing, kicking before and behind, who will neither allow themselves to be caught nor ridden. So much the better. Were they to drop their ears like asses, would any one ever make a Bucephalus or a Brigliadoro of them? *Precipitandus est liber spiritus*. There is no other way. If we receive an occasional kick in the ribs from them, why, we must console ourselves with the thought, that we fall a sacrifice to the common good of the republic of letters, since it is only out of these impetuous spirits that great men are to be formed.”

It may be doubted whether Socrates submitted to the similar castigation of Aristophanes with a better grace than this, or evinced more true philosophy. But it was the publishers of bad books who were the most uncompromising enemies of Wieland; they could never forgive him for ex-

posing the pernicious tendency of their wares, and exhibiting themselves to public ridicule and scorn. To this class, it was a labor of love, or, rather, of hate, to publish any attack, however stupid, coarse and illiterate, on Wieland, without any cost to the author; and, if the libel happened to sell, they were equally ready to give the lion's share of the profits.

Whatever were the faults of Goethe, he never lent himself to anything of this kind. If he attacked Wieland in the manner indicated, he was sorry for it after; and admitted that he had done wrong. It was, however, the cause of bringing him to the notice of the young dukes of Weimar; and when the heir succeeded to his government, he invited him to his capital, where his rival was already. Goethe gladly accepted the invitation; he was soon followed by Herder; and thus it was that the most renowned literary triumvirate of modern times was formed.

Let what would happen, during a period of more than half a century, Wieland was sure to write and publish. The next in order of time, after the work which attracted the attention of Bodmer, was the *Letters from the Dead to the Living*, a weird, quaint performance, published in the beginning of 1753. This was soon followed by the *Platonic Contemplations of Mankind*; the *Vision of Mirza*; *Timoclea*, and the *Prospect of a World of Innocence*. All these seem to have occupied him no more than about a year and a half. The next year (1756) the seven years war broke out in Germany; and Wieland took a deep interest in the destiny of the Fatherland. Seeing that Frederick the Great was a munificent patron of letters, as well as a brave warrior, he conceived the idea of writing an epic poem, and making the king its hero. The work was undertaken in due time; but only five cantos were published. This added nothing to the fame of Wieland; indeed, it had rather a contrary effect. The great fault of the poem was, that it was too moral—too much in the didactic style. The hero was perfect in all things—a model monarch; model general; model legislator; model man. The author's enemies were glad to have an opportunity of ridiculing a portraiture, which, however elegantly drawn and embellished with the choicest ornaments of the Greek muse, could not be said to represent any mortal. But they had scarcely time to condemn it when he published a tragedy on the subject of Lady Jane Grey's trial and exe-



cution; and in about a month after appeared his *Clementina von Poretta*. Each of these was well received; but he was not satisfied himself with either. A much more successful as well as more elegant performance was his *Araspe and Panthea*. As the title implies, this is decidedly Attic; indeed, it is so in thought and sentiment, as well as in form and name. It is founded on the well known, beautiful episode in the *Cyropædia* of Xenophon. It is worthy of attention at the present day, however, chiefly, if not solely, as the first dramatized romance in German literature.

While at Berne, in 1758, Wieland formed the acquaintance of Julia Bondeli, the famous mistress of Rousseau; and, though she was then somewhat advanced in years, it is hinted by Gruber that "a more than friendly attachment" sprung up between her and Wieland. Be this as it may, it would appear that it was she that induced him to remodel the *Pandora* of Le Sage—an effort which, although it added little or nothing to his reputation, proved entirely successful in a pecuniary sense. In 1763 he commenced a series of *Comic Tales*, which were also well received. His best is his *Modern Amadis*, a sort of burlesque epopea. His next effort was a satire on the corporation of Biberach, entitled, *Abderites*. This was well deserved on the part of those against whom it was particularly levelled; but we will not now trouble our readers with the circumstances that led to it. Suffice it to say that, under the disguise of Greek names and corresponding Greek incidents, he made several of the Aldermen and other prominent functionaries appear very ridiculous in the eyes of such of their fellow citizens as had any acquaintance with Greek literature. Among the rest, Count Stadion, his former friend and patron, took offence at certain passages in the *Abderites*. This, however, was not the most disagreeable result of the satire; for the offended Count (offended because Wieland took the part of his fellow citizens against the pretensions of the court of Vienna) forbid Madame La Roche (Sophia) from corresponding with the author any longer. To this Wieland refers in a letter written towards the close of the same year: "Madame La Roche," he says, "n'est plus ici; elle a suivi son mari et son maitre à Bonigheim, terre du Comte de Stadion; nous ne nous écrirons plus, parceque j'ai eu le malheur d'encourir la disgrâce de son Excellence, en faisant mon devoir et rien de plus."

The next work of our author was *Agathon*, published in



1766, the year after his marriage with Miss Hildebrandt. This is the first for which Wieland himself claims a classical rank; and most critics concur in the same comparative estimate of its merits. It is not, however, of a class of works that are much read; save for the select few, it is too metaphysical. A much more popular work is his *Idris and Zenide*, a beautiful fairy tale in the style of Ariosto; but it was never finished. His earliest classic poem is his *Musarion*—a series of brilliant conversations, after the manner of the ancients. Passing over his lectures as Professor at the University of Erfurt, we come to that curious and not very moral work, entitled *Koxkox and Kikequetzel, or the Mexican Paradise Lost*. This was much more successful, in a pecuniary sense, than his more chaste and polished performances. He made amends for its faults soon after, by his charming fairy tale, entitled *Combalus*. It was shortly after going to Weimar, he wrote his *Fabliaux*, another delightful series of metrical tales. These, as it were, paved the way for *Oberon*, which first appeared in successive numbers of the *German Mercury* for 1780, and which has been pronounced, by those best competent to form an opinion of its merits, as undoubtedly the most beautiful modern poem since the *Gerusalemme* of Tasso. Indeed, some have gone so far as to give it a higher rank than any modern poem, save the *Inferno* of Dante; but this is too high an estimate—the favorable comparison with the great Christian epic is abundant praise. So sure was the author himself of its being his masterpiece, that he resolved to write no poetry after it. Sotheby has given a translation of *Oberon*, but he has omitted several fine passages, including the episode of January and May, which he considered unsuited to the dignity of tone and general elevation of the rest of the poem. To this we can only add, that there are three separate actions in the *Oberon*, all harmonizing with each other. The main, or first action, is Huon's expedition to Babylon; the second is his love for Zezia, and its consequences; the third, the quarrel and reconciliation of Oberon and Titania. A most admirable structure is raised by the skilful blending of these—it were easy to point out passages which are not excelled in any other production of modern times—such, for example, as that which describes the final trial to which the lovers are exposed by Almanzar and Almansaris, while Oberon is trying to resist the allure-

ments of the sultaness, and without any apparent intention of yielding.\*

The translations of Wieland we have been obliged to pass over; nor can we do more now than refer to two. One of these is his version of the twenty-two principal dramas of Shakespeare, in eight volumes. Would not this have been a great work by itself? The other translation we refer to, is that of the works of Lucian, in six octavo volumes. But we find we must come rapidly to a close; not, however, without adding a few observations on our author's more prominent characteristics. In undertaking to do so, the first thought that strikes us, is that there is no affectation in Wieland. He seldom aims at the pathetic. If he is sometimes sublime, it is without effort, apparently without intention. Indeed, he rather avoids this kind of writing; not that he dislikes to startle the imagination or wring the heart; but he had always a horror of bombast. This will account for the scrupulous chasteness of his language, and the uniform elegance of his style; indeed, he is sometimes so cautious against the use of superfluous words, that he falls into the worse error of obscurity. His delight is, to please the fancy; to take his reader from the flower garden to the grotto, haunted by choirs of nymphs, sacrificing to the blind deity; and thence back to the boudoir; to the brilliant drawing-room; to the Tusculan disputations; or to an Athenian "feast of reason and flow of soul." In none of these scenes is there anything gloomy, as in Klopstock; anything bitter or sarcastic, as in Voltaire; or yet anything that provokes the loud laugh, as in Swift. Wit he undoubtedly has; but he rather seeks to conceal the consciousness of it, than makes any attempt to display it. In this respect, he is more like Fielding than any other writer.

As already intimated, no writer takes more liberties with the thoughts of others. There is scarcely a page of his without classical, oriental, or mediæval allusions; which, beautiful as they are in themselves, would be a source of bewilderment to the general reader, in ordinary hands.

° ——— Just da jede sehne  
Ermaten will zu längern Wiederstehn  
Und mit wollüst'ger Wuth ihm die erhitzte Schöne  
Fast aberwältigt hat—lässt sich Almanzor schn.

Canto vii., v. 19.

But, without the least semblance of pedantry, Wieland indicates their source and meaning, as it were by accident rather than design; and this not only enhances their beauty, but, also, renders them more forcible and striking. True, some allusions are introduced, which do not seem favorable either to virtue or religion, especially in those fascinating legends into which he introduces the Epicurean philosophy, and teaches that it is only superstition that regards even licentiousness as unlawful when it affords pleasure. But this, too, is only a proof of his versatility; for, in treating other subjects, he is equally skilful and eloquent in showing that, however suitable the doctrines of Epicurus were in his own time, their adoption at the present day would be fraught with evil. "On retrouve chez lui," says an eminent French critic, "les idées grivoises de Crébillon, et les plaisanteries de Hamilton. Il vous fait encadrer dans sa mosaïque les plus beaux vers de Colardeau, de Pezay, de Dorat, et il se donne par fois un air de sagasse qui groupe à merveille avec ces images libertines. On l'appelle le Petrone due Nord, mais il a bien plus de gout et de finesse. On cache son livre aux demoiselles qui ont grand soin de le savoir par cœur."

Gruber, though an enthusiastic admirer of the author of *Oberon*, has scarcely exaggerated his merits in the following glowing passage:

"Years hence, and centuries hence," says M. Gruber, "our children and their children will walk in pilgrimage to this grave, and relate to one another that, during a long life, Wieland strove unweariedly after truth, exercised goodness, and delineated beauty; and how sincerely zealous he was for the glory of German literature, which he peculiarly brought into honor among foreigners. If the proper fountain of poetry flowed less abundantly in him than in some others, yet he has directed the fairest tributary streams of Greece, Rome, England, Italy, and France, into the channel, whence, to us, he has fed so wide a lake of glittering waters. He, singly, may be said to have renewed among us Lucian and Horace, Xenophon and Shaftesbury, Ariosto and Cervantes, Voltaire and Chaulieu, Sterne and Metastasio. He has furnished models of didactic poetry, such as no other nation can exhibit; he introduced the romantic epopee, and has hitherto been equalled by no imitator; he gave us our first philosophic romances; and, notwithstanding the changes of fashion to which that class of literature is peculiarly exposed, several of them retain a permanent classical rank. He founded our vernacular opera; his writings have peculiarly improved the language of polished conversation; he enabled German to supersede French, and led the Graces into Gothic halls; his philosophy is cheerful, his irony gentle, his indulgence liberal, and his perseverance in struggling against error, darkness, and oppression, truly praiseworthy. The fear of man was no more known to him, than the fear of death; nor can he be said to have had the fear of God; it was rather a filial love towards the Father of All, that dwelt in him. To reason

about the interests of mankind impartially, and to bring to bear the influences of that reason, formed the cordial purpose and eager business of his philanthropic life. Hallowed be thy memory, thou charming singer, thou sound philosopher, thou meritorious German, thou noble man!"

It is almost needless to say that Wieland was remarkably healthy, since he was in the habit of attending the theatre in his eightieth year. It was in January, 1813, he was attacked by the illness that put an end to his long, laborious, and honorable life. For some hours he suffered much pain, but he bore it with patience. It is worthy of remark, that the last words he uttered were a quotation from Shakespeare: "To be or not to be," &c. No prince could have been buried with greater pomp. His last wish was, that his remains should repose beside those of his wife, Anna Dorothea Hildebrandt, and Sophia Brentano. He had himself planned his monument—a plain triangular pyramid, with a name on each side, and above all, the following lines, written by himself:

"Liebe und Freundschaft umschlang die verwandten Seelen in Leben;  
Und ihr sterbliches deckt dieser gemeinsame Stein." \*

For several days the corpse lay in state, in a splendid coffin; the head alone was visible, with the favorite black velvet *calotte*, appropriately surmounted now with a wreath of laurel. Copies of *Oberon* and *Musarion* were placed under the wreath; and beside them, on a cushion of white satin, lay the orders of the Legion of Honor and of St. Anne. The Amalia Lodge of Freemasons requested the honor of burying the patriarch of German literature, at their own expense; Stockmann composed the sacred music suitable for the occasion; the funeral oration was pronounced by M. Gunther.

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\* Love and friendship united these kindred souls in life;  
And their mortal part is covered by this common stone.

- ART. V.—1. *An Historical Sketch of the Origin, Progress and Present State of Gas-lighting.* By WILLIAM MATHEWS. London: 1857.
2. *Advantages of Gas-light in Private Houses.* By J. O. N. RUTTER, F. R. A. S. London: 1850.
3. *L'Année Scientifique et Industrielle.* Par LOUIS FIGURIER. Paris: 1861.

It is a remarkable fact that it is those, who boast loudest of our modern discoveries, inventions and improvements, that appreciate them least, while enjoying their benefits. Nor has any exception been made, in this respect, in favor of gas-light. Those who first proposed to use it in public and private, as a substitute for candles, lamps, &c., were laughed at, as visionaries or charlatans. Neither was ridicule the only weapon with which they were assailed. Some attacked them from the pious point of view, undertaking to prove that there must be something diabolical in the whole affair, since there was nothing to justify it in the Bible; but, on the contrary, that it was more than probable that it was one of those "abominations" alluded to in Revelations, as designed by Satan to lure the unwary to his own regions. Fortunately, no particular Church is chargeable with these silly notions; they were entertained by a certain class among the members of all Churches. Catholics and Protestants thought in turn that, let the ungodly say what they would, the true source of the new light was "the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." The only difference was, that when one sect took a certain view of the case, the other took the opposite; the same as, when the Catholics condemned Galileo, the Protestants cried shame; and then, when it was thought he was forgiven, they cried shame again. The spirit of superstition and bigotry had subsided, if it had not altogether disappeared, in Mr. Murdock's time; and we may remark, in passing, that it has not been confined to any religion. Innovations on received opinions have always encountered opposition. If the Inquisition at Rome persecuted Galileo, Copernicus received no better treatment from the learned universities of Germany, but rather worse; for no indulgence was given to the latter—no kind friends of genius and science opened their doors to him. To continue the

comparison, gas-light fared no worse than the medicine now called Peruvian bark, which, under its original name of Jesuit's bark, was long regarded by many well-meaning people as nothing less horrible than a poison that would kill the soul as well as the body; and for no better reason than that it was discovered by the Jesuits. In a similar manner the Catholics may reproach the Protestants for having persisted for two hundred years in rejecting the Gregorian calendar, because it was invented by the Pope. Thus, in 1582, the Julian calendar was reformed by Gregory XIII.; but it was not until 1752 that the change was recognized as an improvement in England, when the Julian deficiency had amounted to eleven days. Even to the present day the Mohammedans in all parts of the world adhere to the old style, because it was the style of the Prophet; whereas, they say, our style is an unwarrantable and impious innovation, by the Roman mufti, under the pretence that he knew more about the secrets of the heavens than Mohammed, who had explored them all!

We might easily add to these instances of opposition to what in time gained the approbation of all Christendom; but we trust we have said enough to console those who were opposed to one of the best of modern improvements, with the reflection that, absurd and short-sighted as they have been, they can refer to abundant examples to keep them in countenance. But even after the availability of gas, as the best and cheapest light, was fully demonstrated, it was still asserted that its use was attended with innumerable evils. One party held that it was a deadly poison; another, that it was, if possible, more dangerous in one's room than a barrel of gunpowder; while a third felt sure that it would be the ruin of all fine furniture, paintings, clothes, &c. Had these fears been confined to the vulgar, there would be no reason to wonder at them; in that case they were no more than might have been expected. But they were shared by dukes, earls, lords, and even by doctors, who called themselves learned and scientific. More than once investigations were made before a select committee of the British Parliament, which are curiously illustrative of this fact. What is particularly remarkable is, that some of those who claimed to be inventors committed blunders in relation to the matter which are nearly as ludicrous as those of their less fortunate neighbors. A Mr. Accum undertook to explain the whole process of gas

making, in order to prove that he was the original inventor ; but during his examination before a Committee of the House of Commons, of which the great ex-Chancellor, then Mr. Brougham, was the assessor, the following question was proposed to him : "Do you mean to say that the area of a circle of two inches in diameter is only double that of a circle of only one inch in diameter ? A. My opinion is, that it is double ; your opinion may be that it is four times, but mine is that it is double." Here was a man, pretending to be a mathematician, who could not tell how to find the area of a circle ; otherwise he would have known that the ratios of circles to each other are as the squares of their diameters. Through similar ignorance, Mr. Clegg nearly burned off his own nose ; and a Mr. Lukin blew up a valuable furnace at Woolwich Dock-yard. True, it was surmised at the time that the two latter were more knaves than fools, when these accidents occurred to them ; that their object was, to frighten the people in order to make a place for a Government inspector of gas. Be this as it may, the citizens of London were greatly afraid. They did not know how soon they might be blown to atoms in their beds ; nay, there were not a few who predicted that some fine morning the whole city would be converted into another Pompeii, or Herculaneum, the gas-pipes having exploded and laid all in ruins. This may seem exaggeration on our part, but it is not. The wonder would have been, had the people been otherwise than frightened, when Sir William Congreve (one of the candidates for the inspectorship) gave it as his deliberate opinion that mixing the gas with five-sixths of atmospheric air, and exploding it, the force was such that four hundred and eighty cubic feet of gas would exert the same power as a barrel of gunpowder, and if mixed with four-fifths, it was such that fifteen thousand feet of gas were equivalent in power to fifty-two and a quarter barrels of gunpowder. The Royal Society takes the matter in hand, and makes the terrible discovery that fourteen thousand feet of gas would explode with as much power as ten barrels of gunpowder ! Such was the opinion of the most learned society in England at the time. No wonder that it was deemed serious enough to be brought before another Parliamentary Committee ; and Sir Humphrey Davy, being summoned to give his opinion, stated that he conceived that the Society did not overrate the danger. We need hardly remark that the chemists of all

Europe were astonished, as well they might be ; and that the reputation of Sir Humphrey suffered more by this "opinion" than it has gained since. The cause of the mistake, if such it may be regarded, was, that although several members of the Royal Society, as well as Davy, had studied chemistry, and doubtless understood it passing well, they had neglected to make the necessary experiments. It was in vain, however, that the gas manufacturers laughed at their "conclusions," as the author of *Hudibras* had done before them, and assured their customers that, with the most ordinary precautions, they had nothing to fear. How could the latter believe that the most learned body in England, with the famous Sir Humphrey Davy at its head, would deliberately frighten them ; yet their own experience was entirely opposed to the opinion of the *sarans*. They were not supposed to know that it was in ridicule of the same society that Butler had written his famous satire entitled "The Elephant in the Moon," more than two hundred years previously. And the same satire was perfectly applicable at the time of the "investigations" and "reports" referred to ; for surely those, who mistook a mouse in their telescope for an elephant in the moon, were not a whit more credulous or silly than their descendants, who predicted the most frightful catastrophes from gas, because a Mr. Clegg so little understood its properties that he hurt his nose with it. In Butler's time, the Society had its Sir Humphrey, too—a sort of Supreme Court Judge, whose opinion served as a fiat to their "reports"—

"This, said another of great worth,  
Fam'd for his learned works put forth,  
Looked wise, then said : '*All this is true,*  
And learnedly observed by you,' &c.

At all events, thus did the matter stand until Professor Faraday proved, by various experiments, that the calculations of his learned brethren were founded on false premises. It is worthy of remark in passing, that while the more recent part of this fuss was being made in England, in regard to the properties of gas, Mr. Charles Roome, who was then but the engineer (now President) of the Manhattan Gas-light Company of this city, was silently and unostentatiously making improvements in the manufacture of gas, which have since been adopted in Paris, as well as in London. This will seem all the more creditable to our fellow-citizen,



when it is borne in mind what serious inconvenience he had to labor under in comparison with those placed in corresponding positions in the principal cities of the old world. In the first place, the latter had an experience of eight years before we had any gas in this country, London having been lighted with gas in 1814; whereas New York was not lighted until 1823-4. It would be seen that the experience in England was much longer, were we to take into account the fact that so early as 1802, gas-lights were used at Bolton and at Watts's foundry, in Birmingham.

The gas manufacturers of England had within their reach all the facilities that science could afford; the accumulated treasures of the best scientific institutions in the world were open to them: It was otherwise with Mr. Roome. The scientific institutions of America, even so recently as twenty years ago, were little more than in their embryo state. Such as they were, however, Mr. Roome derived little, if any, benefit from them; for he is a self-educated, self-made man. His experiments, as well as his studies, were conducted in secret; generally without suitable apparatus. Even the coal, as we shall presently see, he had to get principally from England. Yet, so far as we are aware, he was the first to prove, to all who were willing to be convinced, the entire harmlessness of gas when the most ordinary precautions were taken to prevent explosions, and the little real similarity it has to gunpowder, let the Royal Society, Sir William Congreve, and even Sir Humphrey Davy, give any opinions they thought fit to the contrary.

Twenty or thirty years ago, as well as now, whatever created a sensation in England was pretty sure to produce a similar effect in this country. At any rate, the reports of the Royal Society startled the good people of New York. Not a few of them were willing to return to the use of candles, or even rush-lights, rather than be, as they were led to think, in constant danger of being blown to atoms, or engulfed into the bowels of the earth by the terrible gas! Mr. Roome made no display before learned societies, or anywhere else, but quietly wrote a pamphlet, in which he pointed out, in plain and popular language, the difference between gunpowder and gas, as follows:

"When gunpowder is burnt," says Mr. Roome, "about one-half of it is converted into an air, which is permanent at the atmospheric temperature and pressure. Thus one hundred pounds weight, which is a bar-

rel of powder, will produce fifty pounds weight of air; or, in other words, a cubic foot of gunpowder will generate a permanent atmosphere two hundred and sixty times greater than itself; or, what amounts to the same, a barrel of gunpowder, weighing one hundred pounds, will produce two hundred and sixty barrels of air, or about two thousand six hundred gallons. The explosive power of this is easily ascertained; any intelligent chemist can prove it. Confined in a tube, and thus condensed that number of times, at the moment of its production, it is the pressure that discharges a ball; whereas, at liberty, it is a sudden blast of wind, acting on the surrounding atmosphere first, and the adjoining solids in succession, and continuing to act till a mean density of the general atmosphere is restored. Now, it is under circumstances nearly the reverse of all this that an explosion of a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen takes place; the result is a negative, not a positive quantity. The report is indeed nearly, if not quite, as loud as that produced by gunpowder; but it is more the effect of collapse than of the first slight expansion. In other words, the quantity of gas is lessened by an explosion, while it is largely increased in the case of gunpowder. Besides, it is only at a certain temperature and density that gas will explode at all; whereas gunpowder would cause a very great explosion, though in an atmosphere down to the freezing point—nay, below zero.\*

We believe that to the same gentleman is due the credit of having been the first to urge that copper is not suitable for gas pipes. When the warnings of science involve an outlay of money, they are too apt to be disregarded by those having the control of the latter. It was so in this case. But an accident or two occurred in New York, in 1839, which decided the point. A workman engaged in carrying copper gas pipes, which had been in use for several years, took it into his head to whistle with one of them. Not only did a violent explosion take place, but the unfortunate man's mouth and nose were so much lacerated that he died in a few hours. A similar accident occurred soon after, but fortunately without fatal result. Enough had been seen, however, to prove that Mr. Roome was right; his suggestions were adopted accordingly; and we have not heard that a single serious accident has occurred in the city since, except as the result of the most culpable negligence.\*

\* We find these cases and their results noticed in the French *Année Scientifique* for 1861, the writer giving a full and interesting explanation of the cause and character of the explosion; and concluding with the statement that iron has been almost universally substituted for the copper, and consequently that no such explosive substance has since been found. "Au, cuivre primitivement employé en Amérique pour former les tuyaux de conduite du gaz de l'éclairage, on a presque partout aujourd'hui substitué le fer. Or, le gaz de l'éclairage ne produit pas, en agissant sur le fer, de composé fulminant analogue à ceux dont nous venons de nous occuper. Aussi depuis cette époque, l'occasion ne s'est-elle plus offerte, en Amérique, de retrouver ce singulier produit. Par son contact avec le plomb, le gaz de l'éclairage ne fournit pas non plus le composé qui nous occupe."—*Année Scientifique*, p. 154.

Before we return from this digression, to note some of the improvements made in recent years—and nowhere more than in New York—in the manufacture of coal gas, we will make an observation or two on the generally received opinion, that gas-light is a modern discovery. In this, as in most other cases, we are too apt to contrast our own knowledge with the ignorance of our ancestors. If we stopped at this, it must be confessed that we should not be much in the wrong; but when we extend the comparison beyond the Goths, Huns, and Celts, to the great nations of antiquity, we find a different state of facts. There is good reason to believe that not only the ancient Egyptians and Hindoos, but also the ancient Peruvians and Mexicans, made use of some of the inflammable gases for heating, as well as for lighting purposes. That the Chinese had done so thousands of years before Mr. Murdock was born, is no longer a matter of mere conjecture. The fact is now as indisputable as the existence of their Great Wall. Humboldt tells us that carburetted hydrogen had been used in the province of Ste-tschuan for several thousand years; and that it was so far under control, that it was carried about in bamboo canes, to be used as occasion required, the same as a candle or a lamp.\* Guy-Lussac and Professor Adelung, and several other scientific men of equal eminence, were of opinion that it was the occasional ignition of these natural gases which gave rise to the sun worship of the East, it being well known that deposits of petroleum, or naphtha, furnish gases which issue in streams from fissures in the earth, and which are ignited by various means, including lightning or electricity. Almost everybody, who has resided in the neighborhood of coal mines, has observed phenomena of this kind. Dr. Henry, of Edinburgh, in speaking of the “fire damp,” so much dreaded by colliers, informs us that, from an old unwrought seam at Wallsend colliery, “a discharge of this gas takes place through a four-inch metallic pipe of two cubic feet per second. The pipe is carried up as high as the head gear above the shaft, and from its orifice issues, with a roaring sound, the stream of gas, which, having been ignited, forms a *flag of flame seven or eight feet in length, conspicuous by day, and at night illuminating the whole neighborhood.*”

Not only have fewer accidents occurred in this country

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\* *Cosmos*, vol. i., p. 217.

than in England, in proportion to the amount of gas used, but the whole business of gas manufacture has succeeded better with us than with our friends on the other side of the Atlantic. This is admitted by so high an authority as Prof. Faraday, who admits also that the cause of the difference is to be found in the superior intelligence which presides over the American works. "This," he says, "is perhaps the only instance in which the Americans surpass us in the practical operations of science, but that they do surpass us in it, there can be no question." Dr. Henry, in commenting on this, is constrained to acknowledge the fact; but, he adds, that it is a state of things that has occurred accidentally—because there was so much prejudice against the introduction of the gas in England, that only an inferior class of minds engaged in it; whereas in America it engaged at once the attention of some of our best thinkers—a difference which has been maintained to the present day. A few simple facts, the truth of which cannot be disputed, will place this in a clear light. In the first place, it requires twice the amount of permanent capital to carry on the same amount of business in America that it does in England, for these reasons: The price of labor is double. In England one pound sterling per week pays for the services of the gas maker; whereas in New York services of the same kind and amount cost from \$9.50 to \$10. Nearly half the coal used by the Manhattan Gas-light Company has to be imported from England, because the English coal is so much superior to the American coal. More has to be paid for freight on the imported article than for the article itself, and it involves an additional cost of twenty-four per cent. duty. Although coal costs thus twice as much in New York as it does in London, coke sells for the same price in the former, that it does in the latter, city. This may seem strange, but it is no less a fact, and one that can be easily accounted for. In New York the coke has to compete with anthracite coal, whereas in London they have no anthracite.\*

\* Independently of this competition, there are a great many well-meaning people in this country, who labor under the impression that inasmuch as coke has already been partly burned, and deprived of its gas, it follows that it cannot produce so intense a heat as coal; but that the reverse of this is the fact, has been proved by the best chemists. Dr. Henry, of Edinburgh, informs us that he has "learned that the heat produced by coke, when compared to that produced by coal, is at least as 3 to 2." Mr. Winsor, having made experiments with the same view, found that it required *three* bushels of coal to distil a given quantity of water, and only *two* bushels of coke. Being rather surprised than satisfied with this, he tried the same substances by combustion, with a certain

Besides, the castings for retorts and street pipes can be purchased in England or Scotland, and sold in New York (paying freight and duty), at as low a price as the similar castings produced here. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages and inconveniences, the gas costs very little more in the American, than in the English, metropolis; indeed, if the quality of the gas be taken into account, and the manner in which the money is collected, it may be said to be as cheap here as it is in London. But were we charged three times as much as our friends on the other side of the Atlantic, certain it is that, under all the circumstances, we should have no reason to complain.

In order to be able to judge for ourselves as to the justice of the above comparison, so complimentary to New York, we have visited the gas works of both our city Companies; also the Brooklyn works. This, however, would not have qualified us to come to any definite conclusion on the subject, had we not previously made similar visits to the London works. True, it is some five or six years since the latter were made; but we doubt whether any very important improvements have been made in them since. At all events we are sure that they do not exhibit more neatness, and are not conducted in a more orderly manner, than those of the Manhattan Gas-light Company; nor do we mean by this any reflection on the London works, which are not surpassed, in these respects, by any similar works in Europe. But in our opinion those at Fourteenth street and Eighteenth street may be regarded as models. Never have we seen machinery of any kind kept in more perfect order. To say that it is scrupulously neat in all its ramifications, would give little idea of the brilliant polish everywhere presented by all parts of it that are susceptible of polish. It is not our intention to enter into particulars. A description of

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measure of oxygen gas, but with a similar result. This set the matter at rest in England, so far as the relative heat was concerned; but then it was said that if coke made as hot a fire as coal, or hotter, at least the former was not as wholesome as the latter. This, too, the most learned chemists and physicians pronounced a gross error. Ever since, the demand for coke has been so great in all the large cities of England, that the gas manufacturers cannot produce sufficient to supply it. But in this country it is different. In spite of our innumerable free schools and armies of teachers, the old prejudice still prevails against coke; whereas, in point of fact, it is superior to coal in every property that ought to recommend it for family use, except the rapidity with which it burns. In other words, coal lasts longer than coke; and this is the only sense in which the former can be said to be superior to the latter.

the Eighteenth street works alone would fill our whole article; for they are on a scale of magnitude, of which few, who have not visited them, have any adequate idea. But the miniature "works" alone—those used for testing the qualities of different kinds of coal, sent for that purpose from all parts of England, as well as this country—would amply repay the scientific student for the trouble of a visit, though he were not to enter the general laboratory at all, or witness the experiments by which the comparative purity and brilliancy of the gas are tested. At Fourteenth street and Eighteenth street, there are five retort houses, which contain 1,948 retorts, and fifteen telescopic gas-holders, containing a total of 4,069,000 cubic feet.

The annual amount of gas manufactured is 786,432,000 cubic feet. This is carried through pipes whose aggregate length is over 220 miles, extending, as they do, in all directions, from Grand street to Seventy-ninth, varying in diameter from three to twenty inches, and supplying about 27,000 private consumers, and nearly 9,000 street lamps. The amount of coal necessary to produce all this gas exceeds 79,000 tons per annum; about one half of which is imported, at a cost of from \$7.00 to \$11.50 per ton; and we believe the present price of the gas is \$2.50 per 1,000 cubic feet. There are only two cities in the United States, so far as we are aware, where it is sold cheaper than this, namely, Philadelphia and Pittsburg. In the former, the price per 1,000 is \$2.13, in the latter \$1.50; but that there is a much greater difference between the qualities of the different articles, all who have seen the three kinds are aware—so great, indeed, that the New York gas is the cheapest in the end. This will be the more easily understood when it is borne in mind that, in other cities and towns where coal has to be imported, as in New York, the prices range from \$3.50 to \$6.50 per 1,000 cubic feet.

The consumption of gas is not so great in this city as it is in London, in proportion to the population, because in the latter city it is used for various purposes, to which it has not hitherto been applied in New York. It may seem strange that there are hundreds of families in London who never have any artificial heat in their houses but that produced by gas. Nor must it be supposed that they labor under any privations on this account. They have gas stoves, of such construction that they heat their rooms, so as to render

them perfectly comfortable; and they have stoves of another form, which serve for cooking purposes.\* If it be objected that these must necessarily produce a deleterious atmosphere, the answer is, that gas is now used both in Europe and America for the express purpose of ventilation—for purifying instead of adulterating the air. Nowhere is it more extensively used for all the purposes mentioned, than in London, though the London gas is decidedly of inferior quality, far inferior to ours, especially when considered in a sanitary point of view. So defective is it regarded in this respect by those best competent to test its qualities, that the two Houses of Parliament continued to be lighted with candles for years; both Lords and Commons objecting to its introduction, on the ground of its being deleterious. No doubt the “reports” of the Royal Society had considerable influence in thus preventing its admission. Finally, however, it was resolved to introduce it, but only in a purified state. Though we have seen the improved light ourselves, we prefer to present the facts from an English point of view; so that we may not incur the suspicion of seeking to depreciate the London gas, as compared to our own. In *Chambers’s Edinburgh Journal*, No. 445, there is an interesting article on the subject, from which we take the following extract, premising that the gas, in its improved state, is known as the “Bude Light:”

“This gas is made to pass through a box containing naphtha, which naphthalizes it and renders it equal to the best oil, without the trouble of wicks. The London street gas, *it is necessary to explain, is of bad quality, and it is improved by the vapor of naphtha.* \* \* The apparatus for supplying the oxygen is placed in a vault, adjacent to Dr. Reid’s ventilating process. It consists of two iron retorts, built over a furnace, and in these is put a certain quantity of oxyde of manganese, from which oxygen is evolved, and led away in pipes to a gasometer; from the gasometer small pipes proceed to the burners in the house, each conducting a stream of oxygen into the heart of the flame. The light so produced is most intense in brilliancy, but is softened by the intervention of ground glass, and illuminates with a powerful effect the whole interior of the apartment. \* \* The flame being supplied freely with oxygen, a comparatively small quan-

\* “By the aid,” says Prof. Rutter, “of a simply-constructed apparatus, gas performs the respective processes of roasting, baking, frying, boiling, steaming, &c., and with a precision that cannot be attained by means of a common fire. Two or three days’ experience is sufficient to enable servants to conduct any of the above-mentioned operations with certainty as respects time; whilst the trouble and attention required are less than by the ordinary method. It is acknowledged by those who have witnessed the process of roasting by gas, that it is the most perfect in the culinary art; the meat being cooked uniformly, and the juices (on which its nutritious qualities and delicacy of flavor so much depend) being retained until brought to table.”—*Advantages of Gas-light, &c.*, p. 32.

tity of atmospheric air is abstracted, or consumed, and all offensive heated air from the combustion is carried away in a small tube into Dr. Reid's ventilating gallery above. Before the introduction of this beautiful light, the House of Commons was illumined with two hundred and forty wax candles, dispersed about in different parts: a method of lighting which Sir David Brewster has described 'as most absurd, and such as no person, at all acquainted with the physiological action of light on the retina and the principles of its distribution, could have adopted.'<sup>o</sup> If I recollect properly, the expense of using the Bude light, in which naphtha is required, is about twelve times greater than that of common London gas, sizes of flame being equal; but that as the Bude flame gave twelve times more light, *the expense was in reality the same*, without the inconvenience of many burners and a great consumption of air. Another useful property is, that the light may be varied in tone from the most perfect white down to the red ray, by increasing or diminishing the quantity of oxygen."

Fortunately, there is no need for the use of naphtha in New York, in any large quantity; indeed, we are not aware that any of it has to be used at all. The Liverpool, or canal, coal does not need it; nor does the American coal, which is mixed with it—at least, when properly distilled. It may be asked, why cannot the London companies procure the same kinds of coal, and thereby obviate the necessity of using naphtha? So they could, no doubt, if they chose to incur the necessary expense; but it must be remembered, that, although the Liverpool coal is much nearer to London than it is to New York, it can be brought to the latter city at a much cheaper rate, or, rather, we should say, at a rate much less expensive.

Those, who have never paid any attention to the subject, have little idea of the elaborate processes through which coal-gas has to pass, from the time the coal is put into the retort, until the former is fully purified and fit for use—processes, many of which require the nicest skill of the chemist. Even to determine the quality of the gas, after it has been manufactured, by photometric observations, as Mr. Roome does daily, at his private office in Irving place, requires no small amount of chemical knowledge and experience. For the benefit of those unacquainted with chemistry, we will here state a few facts in illustration of this. Gas, prepared from coal, is a compound, chiefly composed of two inflammable gases, known as olefiant gas, and light carburetted hydrogen. Each of these is compounded in turn of hydrogen and charcoal. There are several other gases which enter into the composition of coal-gas, but only in

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<sup>o</sup> Report of Committee on Lighting the House.



small proportions; and be it observed that these proportions are constantly varying, according to the quality of the coal, the skill and care bestowed on its manufacture, &c. The analysis considered most correct at the present day, as an average, is that of Dr. Henry, which, from 100 measures of coal-gas, whose specific gravity is .650, is as follows:

|                           |      |
|---------------------------|------|
| Olefiant gas.....         | 16   |
| Carburetted hydrogen..... | 82.2 |
| Carbonic oxide.....       | 3.5  |
| Nitrogen.....             | 1.3  |

The first of these is composed of 2 atoms of hydrogen and 2 atoms of charcoal; and the weight of 100 cubic inches is 29.652 grains. When pure, it has neither taste nor smell, it burns with a dense white light, combining with three times its bulk of oxygen. In carburetted hydrogen, there is but 1 atom of charcoal to 2 atoms of hydrogen, and its specific gravity is .5555. This is the only constituent of coal gas which has any tendency to explode. Combining with twice its bulk of oxygen, it burns with a dull yellowish flame, and will produce no explosion, except when mixed with from 5 to 14 times its own weight of atmospheric air. The more olefiant gas contained in any given quantity the better is the light, and the heavier the compound; hence it is that the best gas is the heaviest, and the worst the lightest—light carburetted hydrogen predominating in the latter. Here we have an explanation of the manner in which certain companies, both in this country and England, pretend to furnish gas at a cheaper rate than their rivals. The author of the article *Gas-light*, in the “*Encyclopædia Britannica*,” gives the following facts as the results of experiments on light (defective) coal-gas—or gas, in which there was a superabundance of light carburetted hydrogen: “We took,” he says, “a portion, of the specific gravity of .67, which we found consumed at the rate of 4,400 cubic inches per hour, and yielded the light of 11 candles, being 400 cubic inches per hour for the light of one candle. This gas, being diluted with a fourth part of its bulk of pure hydrogen, acquired the specific gravity .55, and wasted away at the rate of 6,545 cubic inches per hour, yielding the light of 10 candles. As a fifth part of the compound gas was hydrogen, the remaining four-fifths, amounting to 5,236 cubic inches, was the quantity of the coal-gas, which in its diluted state

gave the light of ten candles, for an hour; so that 524 cubic inches of the original coal-gas were requisite to give the light of one candle for the same time. But, in its unmixed state, 400 cubic inches were sufficient to give the light of one candle for an hour, and consequently the deterioration caused by the dilution was in the ratio of 524 to 400, or of 100 to 76, being 24 per cent." Now, need we say, that those who offer this kind of gas 10 or even 20 per cent. less than others charge for the heavy gas, which burns at once slowly and brilliantly, instead of selling cheap, sell much dearer than those whom they would break down; the difference being often nearly as great as that between "shoddy" and genuine broad-cloth.

The truth of all this can easily be tested by any intelligent person, so that one can judge coal-gas pretty nearly as accurately as any other article of commerce. Thus, in the first place, there is no truer criterion whereby to form an opinion of the value and durability of any particular quantity of gas, than by its *weight*, and *vice versa*. In good, pure gas, there ought to be neither carbonic acid nor sulphuretted hydrogen; at least, not so much as to exercise any perceptible influence. But, if they are present, the fact can easily be proved. To determine whether there is any carbonic acid present, all that is necessary is, to shake a portion of the gas with lime-water in a phial; if the acid be present, it will form carbonate of lime, and render the water turbid. It is still easier to determine the presence or absence of the sulphuretted hydrogen. All that is necessary is, to wet a slip of paper with a solution of sugar of lead; if there is so much as one part in twenty thousand of the foreign substance present, the solution of lead instantly becomes brown or black.

Much also depends on the character of the burners; a fact too often lost sight of. There are many who think that they act economically in getting what they call cheap gas fixtures; and after having done so they wonder how it is that their gas bill is so high at the end of the month or quarter. Sometimes they make complaints and accuse the Gas Company of overcharging them, and it is not until the fact is pointed out that it occurs to them that the gas-fitter has had any hand in the increase of consumption, which they call an overcharge for what they have really used.

We had intended to enter into particulars on this branch of the subject; for it is one in which all who use gas are

more or less interested ; but we find now that we must postpone its consideration for a future occasion. In the mean time, the extensive new works, now in progress at Seventy ninth street, will have been completed, affording us new facts and data whence to draw conclusions, which will be interesting at once to the man of business, the political economist, and the scientific student. Although we cannot thank Mr. Charles Roome for having furnished a single fact to aid us in the preparation of our article, further than we have gleaned from his writings, wherever we could find them, we are not the less willing to acknowledge our conviction that he has deserved as much of his countrymen, for his scientific labors, as Mr. Stephenson and Mr. Dargan have deserved of theirs ; and each of the latter has been suitably honored. We make this admission all the more readily, because it is modesty—not any lack of courtesy or politeness—that has prevented Mr. Roome from affording us all the facilities in his power.

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ART. VI.—*Dinah*. New York : Charles Scribner. 1861.

WE had hoped that the war would put an end to productions of this kind ; but a more aggravated case of the book-making mania we do not remember to have seen, than that now before us. We have no disposition to ridicule the infirmities of our neighbors—we hold that it is ungenerous to do so—but there is no rule without an exception. In our opinion, none deserve to be laughed at more than those who, with a very limited amount of common sense and intelligence, make the most laborious and painful efforts to appear at once learned and philosophical. One may be excused for puzzling his brains in this way in private, among his friends, but, when he undertakes to entertain and instruct the public, those very friends ought to be the first to admonish him of his silliness.

So many have made fools of themselves in recent years, in their ambition to become authors, that nobody wonders any longer, let him find what twaddle he may in book form. The tailor who spoils a garment is sneered at ; so is the painter that gives a caricature for a portrait. The servant-maid who,

scarcely knowing how to wash the dishes, professes to understand all the secrets of the culinary art, may well excite a smile at the difference between her pretensions and her performances, when she cooks a dish that none can eat. But what sensible man, giving a public dinner, would employ such a cook? Probably Mr. Scribner would hesitate before engaging the services of any of the three; but he represents the author of this work as an admirable delineator of character; a most attractive and instructive writer; whereas, in point of fact, he is no more qualified to write a novel, worthy of the name, than a blacksmith is to make a watch.

This may seem a harsh judgment, but, in our opinion, the real harshness is, to praise what is worthless and represent it as meritorious. The latter may be very agreeable to the author, but it does injustice to true merit. A man of genius, whose productions will endure, need not appreciate the approbation which is awarded to him in common with the scribbler, who, destitute alike of talent and education, has nothing to recommend him but his presumption. But, apart from the injustice done to true merit by indiscriminate praise, still greater injury is done by it to the young and inexperienced—to all who are incapable of judging for themselves. A boy or girl, or even an adult, may be very intelligent, and still be influenced to their prejudice by what they are told in the form of a criticism. If they are informed, for example, that a stupid, vicious book, written in a crude, bombastic style, is a model of excellence, how can it be expected that their taste will improve? Is it not more likely that they will prefer the evil to the good?

If *Dinah* seemed to us a work worth reading, there is no reason why we should not say so. Every number of this periodical will bear us witness, that none are more willing than we to do justice to merit. We do not pretend to be superior to resentment. The greatest authors and kindest of men have attacked their enemies through their books; but we have no knowledge of the author of *Dinah*. He may be one of our best friends, for aught we know to the contrary. He does not give his name; and it is well that he has withheld it; for, in sooth, it would be no credit to an inmate of bedlam. We mean nothing ill-natured, when we say that we have more than once known the wearer of a "straight-jacket," in a lunatic asylum, to write in a more

sensible and less bombastic style than the strange jargon which forms the staple of the volume before us. But we will not ask any one to accept our estimate of the book, without proof; nor shall we pass any judgment without a careful perusal. The latter has, indeed, been rather a severe trial in the present case; we admit that more than once we have fallen into a pretty sound slumber, in our efforts to wade through the pages of *Dinah*. Still we have accomplished the task; but we hope it will be at least a year before we can make a similar boast.

The work is so full of polysyllables that it seems as if the author had first taken a dictionary, selected the strangest words he could find, and made it a point to use a certain number in every page, nay, in every paragraph, with very little regard to their appropriateness. In a similar manner, the strange, unearthly beings, whom, in courtesy, we must call the *dramatis personæ*, are made to do everything as if they, too, had been laboring under some unaccountable hallucination. As for plot, in any proper sense of the term, the book has nothing of the kind. But, before we proceed any further, let us give a specimen or two of our author's style. This we may do at random. The following is evidently intended to be a very fine piece of writing, and chaste withal:

"Afar off stood the reverend mountains. The woods were waving nearer, and there were *rolls of velvet in the afternoon air*. As the *ethereal breakers* baptized the cheek of the idle Charles, they seemed to him to come down from those *Indian years and green forests of the past*, which the weird dream brought up to his memory. While seated, in this soft bewitchment, upon his terrace, a horse came up the way beneath the trees so swiftly that he seemed to *swell up to the house like a blast of the breeze*, in a *brilliant equine manner*, such as the prospect of oats always inspires in the noble creatures. There was a young lady upon him, a *debonair capitalist in animation*, immediately followed by a young gentleman who, in consequence of the precarious state of affairs, appeared to be *judiciously absorbed in revolving the best methods of keeping his seat*.

"Laura, my child!" said Charles's mother, *in quiet dignity*. The accompanying gentleman was engaged in catching his breath. Charles sauntered up to her horse and extended his courtesy, when *a giffy of perturbation and turmoil whirled in his stagnant spirit*, and as the mother folded her to her embrace Laura blushed at his air *in all the stanniny color of health*."—pp. 22-3.

The simile, "like a blast of the breeze, in a brilliant equine manner," is of course very fine; but it may be doubted whether it is so poetical as that admirable climax

in which we are informed that the young lady "blushed at his air in all the stammely color of health," not to mention the hidden beauties of the phrase, "a giffy of perturbation and turmoil," &c.! But our author becomes more and more classical and eloquent as he proceeds. A chapter on Woman's Love opens thus :

"After dinner, during the sweet hour of twilight, the residents of Pompey Place, with a party from Laura's residence, consisting of two or three sweethearts from Saratoga, *attended by some rapid young cladders*, were loitering upon the shaven grass, amid the peacocks *with their Argus-eyed plumage*, to inhale the fragrance of the roses, already *dew-besprent*, to watch the shadows *deepening o'er the durden*, and to gossip upon the season at the watering places."—p. 48.

It would not do to say young lovers, or wooers, but "young *cladders*;" dew-besprinkled would be common-place, it should be "*dew-besprent*;" and, had valley been put in place of "*durden*," all the poetry would have been lost. In the same chapter we have a gem of similar water—some-what muddy, it must be confessed.

"After a while, the assemblage having retired to the parlor, *they floated, in the light fairy habiliments of summer, to low purling music, in the mazy thread of the dance*, and Charles, inspired with the scene, seemed as if he wished to make amends to himself for his opinion of woman's sweet selfishness. With a flush of pleasure on his brow, he devoted himself to the *fair girls circling in the graceful rounds of the dance*, which so *surprisingly develops all that is genial or hopeful in female youth*, and became once more the pleasant fellow he was, before he felt the satieties of idleness. *But this was no more than a paroxysm.*"—p. 50.

"The mazy thread of the dance" and "the graceful rounds of the dance" are excellent things for "female youth," according to our author; it seems they are good for male youth too, that is, after they have "felt the satieties of idleness." Charles and Dinah are made to meet at the dawn of day, but in such a manner that the heroine's dog becomes an object of greater interest than herself:

"There was no one stirring in the house, and he emerged therefrom into the avenues of the park. Turning into a secluded walk, however, he discovered young Dinah there, up earlier than he, gathering a flower or two, and with her a little sickly dog. In spite of the calls of his mistress, *the infirm animal fled precipitately at the young man's approach, to without stone's throw*, and wheeling kept up an *incessant series of feeble barks*, while regarding the enemy *with an idiotic stare from his rheumy eyes*. The *natural blush of modesty* passed over the girl's fresh *morning countenance*. A faint red tinge was in the east.

" 'You are up early,' said Charles; 'before Aurora.'

" 'Oh, no! See the dew she has poured upon the flowers!'

" 'Who taught you the offices of the goddess?' asked Charles.

" 'Father!'

" 'Do you like to read poetry?' said he, while taking a seat on a bench near by.

" 'Yes, sir,' said she, and she also sat down at the other end, with a look of confidence."—p. 117.

At the risk of being reproached with giving an over-dose, we transcribe one more extract :

" Towards twilight, Charles betook himself, with some secrecy, to the place of assignation with the young girl, in whom he was taking such a singular *intellectual interest*. As he rode along, having mounted his horse *for an appropriate concealment*, he felt that an oppressive gloom *had lowered over his feelings*, occasioned, perhaps, by the *breathless state of the atmosphere*. The sun had gone down in cloudless splendor, *conflagrating the pure ether of the west*, and a late dusk of purple was now darkening in unusual stillness over the scene. Passing along by a farm-yard, in which the *milky mothers* were awaiting, with distended udders, the coming of the cow-boy, he observed that they now and then gazed in boding silence into the heavens, or, with a deep breath, *expelled slowly from their nostrils*, stopped the chewing of the cud, in unison, as it were, *to observe the scene with rueful gaze*."—p. 184.

In this, as in the interview previously quoted, the presence of the lady is a circumstance of only secondary importance. On the present occasion, it was neither Charles nor Dinah that was out of breath, but the atmosphere! Yet this was scarcely so strange a phenomenon as the "conflagrating of the pure ether of the west;" not to mention the interesting noise made by the cows (*milky mothers*) in expelling the deep breath from their nostrils, &c. What can be more poetical than the idea of a herd of "milky mothers" preparing, in the manner described by our author, "to observe the scene with rueful gaze"?

These are no isolated instances of silly jargon, selected for their ludicrousness, from what is intelligible, if not sensible or interesting. On the contrary, they are rather favorable specimens of our author's style. In proof of this, we quote some phrases almost indiscriminately, as we cannot afford space for many whole sentences of such "matter." Expressions like the following form the favorite dialect of our author :

" Having asked him one day, *in the high jinks of his feelings*," &c. (p. 5); "to abbreviate *an elongated narrative*," &c. (p. 6); "their limbs long since *pulsed by the exquisite idiosyncrasy of sleep*," &c. (p. 8); "the *etheral*

*depths of sorrowful abstraction,"* &c. (p. 9); "with that halo about her face which should always encompass a bright womanly creature thus in the *aurora of her days,"* &c. (p. 28); "the judge who presided over the seat of justice," &c. (p. 48); "the cook, a *sinewy and malignant female, was envenomed with a satanic antipathy,"* &c. (p. 52); "physically remarkable for having a *curious weakness in his legs,"* &c. (p. 113); "at last he *envenomed feebly,"* &c. (ib.); "continued she, *viciously struck with an idea,"* &c. (p. 118); "the groves were *rocal with daylight's songs,"* &c. (p. 123); "took a *dental vengeance on the shining integument of his satiric neighbor,"* &c. (p. 124), (which is our author's mode of telling us that one horse bit another); "started *beneath the moon* towards his home," &c. (p. 148); "their whiteness contrasting in a *dazzling way* with its sombre hue," &c. (p. 213); "a natural occultness and silent reserve in this young girl," &c. (p. 284); "it was *in the precedented, though exaggerated form* of a note, by the latter, *anticipatory* of his salary, whose reverend name and honest shifts, with the recklessness of honor, which characterizes the novice in crime, he had thus also impiously counterfeited," &c. (p. 389).

The story, if such it may be called, is just what might be expected from one who cannot tell us that two and two make four, except in hieroglyphical style, which it requires no slight effort to understand. Dinah makes her first appearance as a sewing-girl, in which capacity she is made love to by two young gentlemen, one of whom is the heir to a large estate. Although she was never at school, she speaks like a philosopher to both; and is quite an adept in criticism, especially on poetry, ethics, &c. Having learned at an early age that "evil communications corrupt good manners," she confines her society almost exclusively to a highly respectable negro family, of whose hospitable mansion she was long an inmate. Notwithstanding the excellent company she kept in this way, she is accused of attempting to rob the lady who employs her as a sewing-girl; but let no one think that either "the colored lady" or "the colored gentleman" with whom she lived, was in any manner responsible for this. It was her white father and not her black friends that brought every misfortune upon her. Her being charged with robbery does not, however, prevent her from becoming the school-teacher of the village. But, no sooner does her rich lover and former master avow his love, than she leaves the town abruptly, and proceeds to New York, taking her father and dog with her; resolved to earn bread for all, as best she could, in the great metropolis. Her only reason for adopting this resolution was, that she might not mar the happiness of her rival, the aristocratic and high-bred Laura. Reaching New York, she engages in sewing for a German tailor; but, losing her situation after some time, she enters on the new business of peddling



pocket-books, and other small, cheap wares. Her chief trouble in her new calling is that too many make love to her. One day, while trying to dispose of her goods as best she can, she happens to see her lover passing in a fine carriage. She calls after him, but is so modest in doing so, that he fails to hear her; which breaks her heart, though it does not altogether fall asunder yet awhile. She resolves to return to her colored friends. After having experienced hardships in the journey, which none but a heroine could have passed through with her life, she makes her appearance once more, with her aged father and dog, at Templeton, to the unspeakable delight, not only of her wealthy and aristocratic lover, but of the clergyman of the parish, and all capable of appreciating her intellectual and moral worth.

It was too much to survive such horrible sufferings; accordingly, just as Charles began once more to indulge the hope that she would yet be his own, "*a languid color reddened her cheek, like a sunset hue in a morning sky,*" &c. That is, she died, partly from love, partly from fatigue. Her lover, who saw her give up the ghost, was, of course, deeply affected. We are told that he "*felt, condensed into the moment, all the future of melancholy and love which her memory could carry with it, but on his noble face there was not a trace of emotion,*" &c. (p. 459). The dog, too, would have been sorely grieved, but it seems he did not rightly understand what had happened; for we are duly informed of "the bark of the faithful friend and humble companion of the girl's wanderings, with *the happy unconsciousness of his limited nature, racing over the sward, with another humble member of his species*" (*ib.*).

Such is modern authorship; ay, and an exemplary specimen of it, if we are to believe the gentlemen who write the "appreciative" notices for Mr. Scribner. In our humble opinion, it is sad twaddle; and we fancy that not many of our readers will be of a different opinion; that is, should they attempt the feat of reading it. At the same time, we shall not be surprised if, before many months, we find the author of *Dinah* occupying a wide niche in one of our New Cyclopædias, or Dictionaries of Authors, as a bright, particular star in the literary firmament of our time.

- ART. VII.—1. *Amusemens philologiques*. Seconde edition. Dijon. Par M. E. G. PEIGNOT.
2. *The New Cratylus*. By J. W. DONALDSON, D. D.
3. *Varronianus*. By J. W. DONALDSON, D. D.
4. *Etymologische Forschungen auf dem Gebiete der Indo-Germanischen Sprachen*. A. F. POTT. Leipsic.
5. *EHEA HTEPOENTA*, or *The Diversions of Purley*. By JOHN HORNE TOOKE. London, 1840.
6. *On the Study of Words*. Lectures by RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D. D., Dean of Westminster. London, 1860.

THE list of works prefixed to this article is designed rather to attract the reader's attention to a combination of learning and intellectual recreation, not to be found, so far as we know, in any other six books on similar subjects, than to form the basis of a critical analysis of their several contents. By a kind of tacit understanding, the study of philology is handed over to a limited number of learned men, on the supposition, we presume, that great learning and labor are necessary to its successful prosecution, and that any profit or pleasure to be derived from it is, at least, of a very dry and antiquarian kind. That these ideas widely prevail, we know; and that they are erroneous, we believe, and will endeavor to prove. As regards the first, we are quite prepared to be rebuked with the hackneyed proverb, "A little learning is a dangerous thing"—a proverb which has been the cause, or the pretext, for a great deal of ignorance and consequent guilt in this world of ours, used, as it has been, at one time, as an instrument in the iron hand of despotic power, to check the enlightenment and progress of the people, and, at another, welcomed by idle ignorance as a ready reason and excuse for remaining sunk in a sinful inactivity. So much has been accomplished by the great pioneers of philological learning in Germany, Denmark, and England, during the last fifty years, to go no further back, and so "royal" has the road of learning thus become, that we believe any person of moderate abilities can, in a country so blest with educational appliances as ours, attain to a respectable and profitable knowledge of its leading principles and applications, without any extraordinary or excessive expenditure of time or trouble; and sure we are, the pleasures to be ultimately

derived from the study would amply repay even such an expenditure, if it were incurred. The object, then, of our remarks, will mainly be to point out some of the high practical purposes subserved by the science of philology, and to prove that, to every intelligent and cultivated mind, it will be a source of pure and peculiar pleasure. There is no study that can be made at once more interesting, more instructive, and more entertaining, than that of language, that is, of the origin, inflection, use, and distinction of words in our own language and in that of other nations. To the pleasure and profit of this study, an eminent writer of the present age has thus borne evidence, while referring merely to our own language: "In a language like ours, where so many words are derived from other languages, there are few modes of instruction more useful or more amusing than that of accustoming young people to seek for the etymology or primary meaning of the words they use. There are cases in which more knowledge of more value may be conveyed by the history of a word than by the history of a campaign;" and another writer of our own day has aptly compared language to "fossil poetry," evidently meaning by the simile (as Dean Trench observes), that, just as, in some fossil, curious and beautiful shapes of vegetable or animal life, the graceful fern or the finely vertebrated lizard, such as now, it may be, have been extinct for thousands of years, are permanently bound up with the stone, and rescued from that perishing, which would otherwise have been theirs; so, in *words* are beautiful thoughts and images—the imagination and the feeling of past ages, of men long since in their graves, of men whose very names have perished, but which these, that would so easily have perished too, have preserved and made safe for ever. This comparison has, indeed, a deeper and more comprehensive significance than seems to have been intended by its author. It has been well observed by another writer, that many a single word is in itself a concentrated poem, having stores of poetical thought and imagery laid up in it. If it be examined, it will be found to rest on some deep analogy of things natural and things spiritual—bringing the one to illustrate and to give an abiding form to the other.

"He who spake first of a dilapidated fortune," observes this writer, "what an image must have risen up before his mind's eye of some falling house or palace: stone detaching itself from stone, till all had gradually sunk into desolation and ruin. Or he who to that Greek word, which

signifies 'that which will endure to be held up and judged by the sunlight,' gave first its ethical signification of 'sincere,' 'beautiful,' or, as we sometimes say, 'transparent,' can we deny to him the poet's feeling and eye? Many a man had gazed, we are sure, at the jagged and indented mountain ridges of Spain, before one called them 'Sierras,' or 'Saws,' the name by which now they are known, as *Sierra Morena*, *Sierra Nevada*; but that man carried his imagination into a word, which will endure as long as the everlasting hills which he named."

Of the great moral truths contained in single words we find an apt illustration in an instance, which, rather curiously, has been similarly noticed by Bishop Butler, and by Montaigne, the French essayist. Our readers are doubtless familiar with the solemn testimony which, by means of this word, the former compels the world to bear against itself; how he forces it to acknowledge that all its light amusements and pleasures fail to afford any solid satisfaction or enjoyment. They are only "pastime;" they serve only, as this word confesses, to *pass away the time*, to prevent it from hanging an intolerable burden on men's hands; all they can do at the best is, to prevent men from attending to, or discovering of, their own internal poverty, dissatisfaction, and want. Montaigne's words, on the same subject, are well worth quoting:

"This ordinary phrase of 'past-time,' and passing away the time, represents the custom of those wise sort of people who think they cannot have a better account of their lives than to let them run out and slide away, to pass them over and to balk them, and, as much as they can, to take no notice of them, and to shun them, as a thing of troublesome and contemptible quality. But I know it to be another kind of thing, and find it both valuable and commodious, even in its latest decay, wherein I now enjoy it, and Nature has delivered it into our hands in such and so favorable circumstances, that we commonly complain of it if it be troublesome to us, or slide unprofitably away."

We have no intention, at least in this paper, to enter on that more profound and learned investigation of the Science of Language, to which our subject would very naturally lead us. Our simple desire is, to awaken some curiosity and attract some attention to a study, which we do not say we believe, but we *know* to be far less cultivated than it deserves to be. A well-directed study of "etymology" we believe to be one of the most available and most powerful instruments of education by which a wise and well-informed teacher will always be able to relieve and lighten studies, which sometimes would otherwise be felt as heavy, and by which, also, he may often succeed in awakening the curiosity and fixing

the attention of students, hitherto dull, listless and—to use a common, but very unjust term—“stupid.” Our opinions on the great importance of this enlightened study of language, as a leading element in all sound education, have been formed and confirmed by a very wide and various experience in the education of persons of all ages and of both sexes, and, as we look back over that experience of so many years, we cannot recall a single instance in which we altogether failed in deriving from this study, as an educational means, the benefits indicated, while, in the vast majority of cases, it has proved at once a source of elevated intellectual pleasure, of sound mental and logical culture, and at the same time, both to teacher and taught, a ready reliever of the heavier parts of education. But it is by no means in the college hall or school alone, that we would now advocate the prosecution of this study; nor, if it once be cultivated in a proper and scholarly spirit, will it ever be restricted to such narrow limits. The man or woman who has in early life acquired a taste for philology, will retain it through maturer years; and we promise it will prove to them a source of satisfaction and pleasure, which, in the evening of life, or in seasons of bodily illness, or mental depression, they would be unwilling to resign for the greatest rewards of ambition or avarice. And, indeed, old age is the very time when intellectual pleasures of this sort at once afford the greatest relief, and are the most keenly appreciated, for well says the Roman orator, in his admirable Treatise on “Old Age:” “*Quæ sunt igitur epularum aut ludorum cum his voluptatibus comparandæ? Atque hæc quidem studia doctrinæ. Quæ quidem prudentibus et bene institutis pariter cum ætate crescunt, et honestum illud Solonis sit, quod ait versiculo quodam, ut ante dixi, senescere se multa in dies addiscentem; qua voluptate animi nulla certe potest esse major.*”

We claim, then, for the study of etymology, or, to use the wider and more comprehensive term, philology, that it is, in the first place, a powerful and most valuable instrument, both in the effect which itself directly exercises upon the mind, and in the light and sunshine that it reflects upon other studies; and that the benefits thus derived from it survive and grow with man's growing years. But we claim also, that its study is absolutely essential to an intelligent appreciation of all that is best and most beautiful in the language and literature of our own and other lands; that, in

fact, its cultivation is a primary condition of true and sound æsthetic culture. We claim, also, that even such a moderate acquaintance with its principles, as any person can nowadays easily obtain for himself in such a country as ours, will show it to be a citadel and defence of some of the most valuable facts in history, and some of the loftiest principles of moral truth. Lastly, we claim, that a greater cultivation of this and other cognate studies, of a liberalizing and refining character, is peculiarly and powerfully called for by many of the facts and features of our social and political institutions, in which, as we have formerly remarked, there is too great a tendency to measure everything by a "dollar" value, and to look with silent contempt, if not avowed disdain, upon everything that is not likely to "pay" in that "dollar" sense. It is notorious (to advert to the last point first) that America, blest as she is with genius, talent, energy, of the highest order and on the grandest scale, has not yet evinced a suitable appreciation of the higher learning, or, indeed, of all learning, not as means towards an end, but for its own sake; and yet, in the same spirit in which we have previously written on this subject, we unhesitatingly maintain that her national greatness can never be complete until she has fully realized that appreciation; and, moreover, we assert that she has now, in all other points, attained so high a standard as a nation, that it is incumbent upon all her loyal and loving sons to unite heart and hand to remedy this defect, to supply this crying want. Well said Wordsworth:

"We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love,  
And even as these are well and wisely mixed,  
In dignity of being we ascend."

Very clearly did the great poet feel, as he penned those lines, that "man liveth not by bread alone" as a nation, any more than as an individual. "National well-being consists," says Dr. McHenry, "in the development of the proper humanity of a nation, in the cultivation and exercise of the reason and moral nature, and in the subordination to these of all the lower principles. It is found in the wisdom, the intellectual cultivation, and the virtuous energy of a people; and of these, the light of pure and lofty science is the quickening impulse and the genial nutriment. All pure and elevated Truth is in itself good, and it does good. It is of God, and it leads to God again. Without its noble inspira-

tion, we may indeed serve the turn of this world's lowest uses—we can gain money, grow fat, and die—but we are not fitted for the better ends even of this world.” “He,” says Bishop Berkeley, “who hath not meditated much upon God, the human soul, and its chief good, may possibly make a shrewd and thriving earth-worm, but he will indubitably make a blundering patriot, and a sorry statesman.” We cannot pause to analyze all the evils and dangers that threaten America from this blemish and deficiency in her educational system, or, rather, in the hearts and intellects of those who mainly guide that system; but we must allude briefly to a few of them. These, it is clear, arise chiefly from the excessive extension of that commercial or money-making spirit, to which we have already referred, and of that political partisan spirit, which is the natural growth of our free institutions. Both these spirits are good—nay, they are essential to our commercial progress and success, on the one hand, and to the security of our freedom, on the other. No systems of government and civil policy are, however, without their own peculiar drawbacks; nor is our great and free Republic, proud as we are of her success and power and fame, without her own peculiar share. The danger here lies in the want of all checks or counteracting influences, such as exist under various forms in other countries, and the probability of these two spirits of self and politics thereby gaining an undue ascendancy. It is against this danger, and it is not a future or an imaginary one, we would have some guard erected. Any person who is at all familiar with our public and social life, especially in our large cities, will at once acknowledge the truth and force of our remarks. Having referred to the “dollar” standard, by which all things are too generally measured, in some former articles, we need now only glance at the other aspects of the question. Taking our system of government for all in all, we hold it to be the best and justest in the world; but in its very freedom, we repeat, lies its danger. It is especially the justest, because man has the right of self-government, or, rather, the people have that right. In order, however, that this right should be well and wisely administered, it is quite as necessary that the collective popular ruler should be duly fitted, by education, for its exercise, as that the prince, under a monarchy, should be so trained. Defective moral and mental training is liable, in either case, to produce the most disastrous

results. We believe, as regards the working of our Constitution, with all its vast and yet minute machinery, both in the general Government and in that of the several States, that there is far more cause for wonder and gratitude, in the fact that, on the whole, hitherto, it has been so successful, so smooth in the working of the whole machinery, and so conducive to the general welfare of the country and happiness of the people, than for any enemy of free institutions to find ground for malicious carping and cavilling at certain occasional imperfections or jars. Still, we should regard such of these as have occurred as warnings for the future, and endeavor, by all means, to prevent their rising to a height that might really prove injurious or fatal to our constitutional liberty. Here, of course, we are not alluding to the great and grievous rebellion, against which we are just now contending; that has had its source in other causes. But the unlimited extension of the right of suffrage, unguarded and unguided by a co-ordinate extension of sound moral and mental education—the virulence and violence to which party spirit has at times arisen, sweeping before it, like a destructive flood, those barriers of principle placed by Providence for its guidance—and parallel with, or, rather, as part and parcel of this, the licentiousness of portions of the press, more especially at the time of the elections—the headlong and hungry greed which we saw, not long since, displayed on a grand scale by office-seekers—the vile selfishness which, even within the last few days, as it were, has darkened and defiled the grandest and brightest picture of national patriotism ever held up by a free people to a world's admiring gaze—by the damning daubs of avaricious speculation, and of a worse than vulture-like preying on the vitals of the struggling nation:—These are the omens and heralds of greater evils yet to come, if we are not warned in time, if we do not in time supply the lack of all conservative elements, from which they all arise, and which is the peculiar evil of a free government. For supplying that lack, there is but one means compatible with our institutions, and that is, the cultivation of *sound* learning, instead of *superficial*, and taking care that education should not be regarded, in our schools and colleges, as a mere instructing of the *intellect* in certain elementary branches of knowledge, but that any true system of education, that is to benefit and bless a nation or a man, must have regard to



man's whole nature—that is, must train and develop carefully and conscientiously the moral and the physical parts as well as the intellectual. Any other system is, to say the least, as absurd as it is abnormal, and may be compared to the folly of a teacher of gymnastics, who should devote all his care to the cultivation of the biceps muscles of his pupils' arms, without paying any regard to the strengthening and developing of other portions of the body. Any true system of education must, we repeat, train the *whole man*, *mental*, *moral*, and *physical*; any system, that aims at less than this, is false and unphilosophical, and more likely, if fully carried out, to create a monster than a man. We cannot pause, at least in this article, to suggest the means of raising the general tone of education, but that it does urgently and imperatively demand to be so raised, for the good and safety of America and American freedom, we do firmly believe; and we know that we only share this opinion in common with many of the most thoughtful, most profound, and most patriotic men in the country. And, while refraining from a fuller discussion of the subject, it is our well-assured belief, that philological studies, properly pursued, will contribute very greatly towards this desirable object, that has been one of our chief incentives to the penning of these remarks. This, then, we regard as one of philology's highest and holiest purposes—on this we rest one of its strongest claims.

But the tonic influence of this and other cognate studies is quite as much needed in other directions, as in those to which we have referred. Let us preface what we are about to say by disclaiming any intention of doing injustice to the large amount of learning and knowledge which exists in America, and still more the least intention of giving offence to any individuals or communities. But, writing as we do with a desire to effect some degree of good in a matter which we have carefully studied in all its bearings, it would be a cowardly flinching from duty to abstain from expressing our candid opinions. If we look, then, at the literature of our country, whether as represented by books or men, while, on the one hand, we are able to boast of some names, and those not a few, that have gained a world-wide celebrity in various departments of Science, of History, and of other departments of sound knowledge, and while there is to be found, we are thankful to say, in every community, a considerable number of persons who study their works and strive to follow in their

steps—yet, *will any one tell us that it is the works of such men that are most popular?* that even they themselves are the most popular persons in the literary circles of those cities that lay claim to being the leaders of American literature? Assuredly, no one, who has practically studied the subject, will attempt to say so. We are not alluding here to the great mass of young and thoughtless persons, whose time is worse than wasted in the reading of light, or, rather, frothy and trashy literature. But, if we look to the highest (?) literary circles in some of those cities which rather arrogantly claim the Athenian pre-eminence in our land, we see in the works of imagination, even of their best writers—men and women whose genius and talent we ourselves hold in high esteem—constant evidences of a want of that sound and accurate scholarship, and of that well-balanced, logically trained mind, which is essential to the clear perception and enunciation of Truth—the professed object of all the higher writers of Fiction no less than of Fact. We have, in our mind, some who are allowed, in the communities referred to, to stand at the head of their own departments of literature, and, sure we are, all qualified critics will assent to our assertion, that the majority of their works, while affording proofs of decided genius, and captivating the fancy of the reader by their beauty and brilliancy, are sadly marred by the blemishes to which we have referred. In some, which aspire to combine the reputation of classical scholarship with that of the artistic writer, and indeed have been especially planned so as to afford scope for the display of this combination, may readily be discovered blunders hardly to be expected of a young sophomore; and moreover, a mournful ignorance of the spirit, the life, the customs of the classic past. In others, which aim rather at a character for caustic wit, observation of character, and—unfortunate addition—profound philosophy, under this lighter exterior, the two former characteristics are indeed to be found to a degree that would excite the warmest admiration, were it not too strongly alloyed by egotism and envy; but alas! when we look for the “philosophy,” we fail to find even *philosophism*, but simply run foul of some paradoxical theory—startling, indeed, at first by its very strangeness—but soon discovered to be adverse to every sound principle of philosophy, religion and common sense! And, if this be the case with the Gods of the modern Olympus, what must we expect of

their worshippers, the literary cliques and congregations, that receive their every utterance with a deeper and devouter reverence than ever the ancient Greek paid to Apollo's oracle;—in whose presence, to express any doubt of the genuineness of their divinities, would excite a storm of wrath that would quickly drive forth the skeptic scoffer? Of course, the same characteristics will be found, only in more frequent occurrence, and in an exaggerated degree. Sciolism claiming to be science, the σοφιστής, as in the days of Socrates, to be the σοφός—an immense amount of superficiality with a very small quantity of "thoroughness" (how we love that honest English word!) in anything, and in fine, an immeasurable quantity of what we cannot better define than in the words of the Greek satirist—"καὶ κενοδοξίαν, καὶ ἐρωτίσεις ἀπόρους, καὶ λόγους ἀκανθώδεις, καὶ ἐννοίας πολυπλόκους, ἀλλὰ καὶ ματαιοπονίαν μάλα πολλήν, καὶ λήρον οὐκ ὀλίγον, καὶ ὕβλους, καὶ μικρολογίαν"—the applicability of several of these terms to the literary "contributions" and conversations of these litterateurs and literary cliques will be at once recognized by any one well acquainted with the communities to which we refer; and the leading cause of this unhappy state of things is a want of soundness—"thoroughness"—in education, combined with the impulses of an unhealthy and dishonest ambition—the ambition, in a community which has claimed and gained, by whatever means, the reputation of being *par excellence* "literary," to be "literary" also. Thus, in the absence of that true training and scholarship, which are so essential to the performance of good, honest work—work that shall tend to the glory of God and the good of man—in a literary career, we constantly find ladies and gentlemen seeking to acquire, in a *per saltum* way, without any of that steady and laborious preparation that can alone render such acquirements profitable, a knowledge of some half dozen languages and as many of the *ologies* in the course of a few months! Let it not be thought we are exaggerating. We write honestly and sadly what we know too well. The consequence, of course, is, a smattering of various sciences and languages, and a sound knowledge of none. Our desire is to be useful, not ill-natured, therefore we abstain from giving many illustrations, that would add a rich piquancy to this paper. But such facts as these we may in a general way allude to, because we are sure they are merely representatives of large classes. We have met

ere now one lady, not undistinguished in "literature," (?) but who more especially prided herself upon being a "really accomplished classical scholar," and was so regarded by the adoring members of the clique over which she reigned as presiding goddess. Opportunities were afforded us for forming a tolerably correct idea of the grounds of this reputation, and we discovered that she had read the *whole* of Virgil and greater part of Horace, with some minor works, and—*knew nothing of one or the other*, though she could fluently and flip-pantly quote a few of the more familiar passages! The secret was, she had taken a tutor for a time, to gain this much coveted knowledge, and had also taken—translations!—"ponies," as the Sophs. would say. Again, another fair ornament of a somewhat pretentious literary coterie meets our eye, as it looks back through the vista of memory, who aspired rather to honors in science and philosophy. She had studied astronomy *quite thoroughly*, and "was devoted to that noble science," yet, strange to say, she had *not* studied geometry, or trigonometry, or even algebra, all which most students of the "baser sort" believe to be somewhat necessary as preliminaries to the higher science. She had read and was "*thoroughly acquainted*" with *all* Sir William Hamilton's works, and, we must acknowledge, could quote from parts of them freely, but unfortunately, she often applied those very quotations in a manner that would sadly puzzle poor Sir William, could he come back from his honored grave; and most certainly she was blissfully ignorant of the first principles of Metaphysics and Ethics.

The result of all this superficiality and morbid desire of distinction is exactly what might have been anticipated. Society is agitated by an unhealthy rivalry and contest for notoriety. If no other means will secure the wished-for prize, some startling paradox is asserted and maintained—some sensation tale, of that *peculiar æsthetic* character, that sails far above the region of æsthetic law, is written—some wild philanthropic scheme is taken up and publicly discussed—or some new religious dogma broached, and one more breach thus made in the walls of Christ's Church. In each and all of these ways, and in others equally opposed to truth, good feeling and good sense, notoriety is daily sought by hundreds, who might, by having submitted themselves in time to the necessary mental training, have gained an honorable and an honest fame. These are all, we fear, too far

gone to be cured; but to protect the rising generation from like evils, *which*, let us add, *have had no little to do in originating this dire rebellion*, we would implore all, who are in positions of influence, to endeavor promptly to render the education of our youth of both sexes, henceforth, less showy and more sound; and, as a main means thereto, to give a high and prominent place to the study of PHILOLOGY and—we must add—of EUCLID.

Let us now pass on to view some of what we define as the "pleasures" of philology, in doing which we shall of course confine ourselves to our own language, and shall make free use of the works at the head of our article. And, first, it will be easy to show how much of beauty and of poetry may be embodied in a single word, but which, without the light of philology, would remain hidden from our gaze. "As the sun can image itself alike in the tiny dew-drop and in the mighty ocean, and as perfectly in the one as in the other, so the spirit of poetry can dwell in, and glorify alike, a word and an Iliad." Popular language especially abounds in it—in words used in an imaginative sense, words indicating not the reality, but the resemblance. Thus at Naples the fishermen commonly call the lesser storm-waves "*pecore*," or sheep, the larger "*cavalloni*," or horses; an image, whose truth is readily recognized by every one who has ever watched the billows rolling in their measured and alternate order upon the shores of that lovely bay. A good illustration of this poetry in words is given by one of the writers before us, though we can only present the substance of his remarks, in the word "*tribulation*." All know the general meaning of this word, "*sorrow, affliction, anguish*," but *how* it comes to mean this is less generally known. It is derived from the Latin word "*tribulum*," meaning the threshing instrument with which the Roman husbandmen separated the corn from the husks; and the primary meaning of "*tribulatio*" was the act of this separation. One of the Latin Fathers appropriated the word and image for the setting forth of a higher truth; and, since sorrow, distress and adversity were the means appointed for separating all that was light and trivial and poor in man, from the solid and the true—their chaff from their wheat—therefore he called these sorrows and trials "*tribulations*"—"threshings," that is, of the inner spiritual man, without which there could be no fitting him for the heavenly garner. As a proof that a single

word often not only contains poetry, but a whole concentrated poem in itself, may be quoted a beautiful composition by George Wither, which will be found to be throughout simply an expanding of the image and idea conveyed by this word "tribulation":

"Till from the straw the flail the corn doth beat,  
 Until the chaff be purged from the wheat,  
 Yea, till the mill the grains in pieces tear,  
 The richness of the flour will scarce appear.  
 So, till men's persons great afflictions touch,  
 If worth be found, their worth is not so much,  
 Because, like wheat in straw, they have not yet  
 That value which in threshing they may get.  
 For till the bruising flails of God's corrections  
 Have threshed out of us our vain affections;  
 Till those corruptions, which do misbecome us,  
 Are by thy sacred Spirit winnowed from us;  
 Until from us the straw of worldly treasures,  
 Till all the dusty chaff of empty pleasures,  
 Yea, till His flail upon us He doth lay,  
 To thresh the husk of this our flesh away,  
 And leave the soul uncovered; nay, yet more,  
 Till God shall make our spirit very poor,  
 We shall not up to highest wealth aspire,  
 But then we shall, and that is my desire."

Coleridge has well observed that, "In order to get at the full meaning of a word, we should present to our mind the *full visual image* that forms its primary meaning." The striking truth and wisdom of this remark are aptly illustrated by the example just quoted, and we add, it is only by the study of philology that we can possibly follow out Coleridge's advice. Instances of this embodiment of poetry in words are of frequent occurrence in geographical names, as, for example, in many of the Indian names of places in this country, some of which breathe the very spirit of a beautiful, though simple, poetry; thus, take Florida—do we not acquire some other ideas respecting it, when we learn that it was originally so named by the Spanish adventurers, because it presented to their delighted eyes a rich and gorgeous prospect of a flower-bedecked garden, and so they named it the "Flower-land"? A like circumstance to that from which, as we learn from Fazio del Uberti, lovely Florence—destined in after ages to be the garden-birthplace of such flowers of song and art and science and enterprising intellect as Dante and Petrarch, and Boccaccio, Guic-

ciardini, Galileo, and Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Cellini, and Amerigo Vespucci—derived its name.

"Poichè era posta in un prato fiori,  
Le donno il nome bello, onde s'ingloria."

There is a graphic poetry in the descriptive name of the peninsula of Greece—"Morea"—the mulberry leaf, which, notwithstanding Fallmerayer's attempt to substitute a Slavonic root, is the true derivation; and in "Trinacria," "The Triangular Land," the classic name of Sicily, and in "Dominica," as discovered on the Lord's Day, and in "Natal," from Natalis, because discovered on the "Natalis dies" of our Saviour—Christmas day.

The poetry in the names of flowers has been so marked and abundant as to attract the attention of all persons of susceptibility and cultivated taste, nor can probably any better or more simple example be adduced than the name of the "daisy" that lovely and yet most modest little English flower, which has been the subject of the poet's song since English poetry has had an existence. The "day's-eye" was the original meaning of the name, as we learn from Chaucer :

"That well by reason it men callen may  
The *daisie*, or else the *eye of day*."

To the sun in the heavens, as Trench observes, this name, "eye of day," was naturally first given; and those who transferred the title to our little field-flower meant, no doubt, to liken its inner yellow disc or shield to the great golden orb of the sun, and the white florets, which encircle this disc, to the rays which the sun spreads on all sides round him. What imagination was here, to suggest a comparison such as this, binding together, as this does, the smallest and the greatest! What a travelling of the poet's eye, with the power which is the privilege of that eye, from earth to heaven and from heaven to earth, and uniting both!

If we range every other department of nature and art, we shall not fail to find numerous instances of this word-embodied poetry. Thus, in natural history, the name of the camelopard, and the historical account we have of its having been given, not by the slow and artificial invention of the scientific naturalist, but by the spontaneous outburst of the Roman people's voice, when first, in the shows exhibited by Julius Cæsar, they beheld the graceful and stately giraffe,



combining, though with far greater grace, something of the height and proportions of the camel with the spotted skin of the pard; in Horace's words:

"Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo."

In mineralogy, the "topaz" may be adduced, taking its name, as Pliny tells us, from the verb *τοπαζειν*, "to conjecture," because men were only able to *conjecture* the position of the cloud-concealed island from which it was brought; and the carbunculus—"the little live coal"—how expressive a name of the fiery red color of that precious stone to which it was applied!

But, not to multiply examples, we may rest assured that the better acquainted we become with philology, the more readily shall we discover rich stores of gems of word-embodied poetry in every field of science, art, and nature. Have we not said, in however desultory a manner, more than enough to prove that the study of philology is absolutely essential to an intelligent appreciation of all that is best and most beautiful in our language and literature; and that its cultivation is, in fact, a condition of true and sound æsthetic culture? Now, let us see whether it is not a valuable preserver and protector of moral truths and historic facts. A large portion of the last of the works in our heading is devoted to the former of these points, of the purport of which we shall, to some extent, avail ourselves. One of the first things that strikes any one who glances thoughtfully down the columns of a dictionary, is the large and various number of words he meets, indicative of human sin and human suffering. We are not about to enter into any of the theological inferences to be drawn from this. It is enough to say that, knowing what we do of human life, we know it must be so. And the great moral which these mighty word-facts should impress upon every observer of them is, not to be driven down into a deeper despair for himself and humanity, as though there were no help in God or man, but to remember that the former has been promised, in His own word—the word of Him who is the Truth—but that He expects man to do his part also, and that therefore the recalling of these unhappy facts, in the lessons of philology, should only be a fresh incentive to each to do his duty, and to endeavor, *pro virili parte*—"like a MAN"—to alleviate these sins and sorrows of his fellow men, his



spirit being that of one of the most touching strains we remember :

"If I were a voice, a consoling voice,  
I'd fly on the wings of air :  
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,  
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,  
To save them from despair.  
I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town,  
And drop, like the happy sunlight, down  
Into the hearts of suffering men,  
And teach them to look up again !"

If men, or the majority of men, could only be brought to act in the true Christian spirit of these lines, and, especially, of the last, the "Worcester," or the "Webster," that should be published a hundred years hence would contain a vastly diminished number of these sin-and-sorrow words, or, at least, would have them marked as antiquated. The *deterioration* of words, though in a certain sense connected with the preceding point, is also interesting in a purely philological point of view. For example, the word "knave," which is with us a term of strong opprobrium, formerly only meant boy, or lad, and is, indeed, still the German *knabe*, but has gradually descended in meaning, first to servant-man, and so down to its present signification. Horne Tooke, indeed, derives this word from *ne-haban*, third person singular of the A. S. *nabban*, meaning "one who hath nothing," *i. e.*, neither good nor bad qualities ; but we dissent from his view. "Varlet," again (*pace* H. Tooke), originally meant only a serving-man, for his theory is by no means proved by the passage in Douglas, quoted by him :

"The bisy knapis and *Verlotis* of his stabil  
About them stood."—*Douglas*, b. xii., p. 409.

as any scholar, who compares the context, will easily perceive. In fact, we may here once for all remark that though "The Diversions of Purley" is a most interesting book, marked by great ingenuity, and which exercised a most healthy, stimulating influence on the study of English etymology at the time, it abounds in theories and etymologies which, however ingenious, will by no means stand the test of a stricter and truer philology ; and yet every student of English ought to read the book, *after he has become well grounded in the principles of the science*. Once more : "officious," a word that now conveys so disagreeable an idea—for most

of us heartily dislike an "officious" person—originally signified "full of kind attentions," as in Milton :

"Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries  
*Officious*, but to thee, earth's habitant."

"Crafty," again, formerly meant "pertaining to art or skill," as we find it in Piers' Ploughman and Wicliffe's Translation of Revelation, 18th ch.: "Each *crafty* man and each craft." Lastly, the word "resent," from the Latin *re* and *sentio*, not so very long since was used in a good and grateful sense, as we find in Barrow: "How much more should we *resent* such a testimony of God's favor" (than that of an earthly prince). Here, of course, it was used in the sense of "being grateful for," or "requiting," whereas now its meaning is confined to that deep displeasure which men cherish against those from whom they have suffered a real or imaginary wrong. As the above are some few instances of the deterioration of words, so it is not difficult to find many of the opposite process, by which terms, originally of a low or bad meaning, have been purified and raised to a good or noble one; and it has been justly noticed, that the spirit of Christianity has been the main agent in carrying on this process. For instance, "angels," in Greek, ἄγγελοι, were originally simply "messengers," and "martyrs," μάρτυρες, witnesses, but not "witnesses unto the death in attestation of the Gospel of Christ;" and the word "sacrament" (Latin, sacramentum), until adopted and raised to such a place of honor by Christianity, meant, primarily, the sum which the two parties to a lawsuit at first deposited, and afterwards became bound for, being so called because the deposit of the losing party was devoted to *sacred* purposes, and, secondly, the military oath put by the military tribunes to the soldiers, of the mode of whose administration we have an account in Polybius and Livy. Of the words whose etymology contains great moral truths, "integrity" is a good example, meaning, as it does, "entireness." *Integritas corporis*, the "integrity" of the body, meant, as Cicero informs us, the full possession and the perfect soundness of *all* the members of the body, and, of course, "integrity," in its present sense, is this same entireness, or completeness, transferred to the moral life. As another example, we may select the word "libertine," which, passing by the original Latin meaning, so familiar to all, when it was first used in French, and then in English, signified a speculative *free-thinker* in morals, religion, and, perhaps,

in politics. And, as it has often been observed, that the acts of the man are sure to correspond with the promptings of his mind or heart, and, therefore, *free-thinking* inevitably led to *free-acting*, so this word naturally came, in the course of a few generations, to signify a profligate, licentious man.

An analysis of the word "kind" will afford a pleasing, as well as useful, moral lesson. A "kind" man is nothing more nor less than a *kinned-man*, one of *kin*: the term, then, applied as a general characteristic to any one, would mean, if fully understood, a man who feels the obligations of his *kinship* to other men, and faithfully endeavors to perform them, acknowledging that he owes to them, as his kith and kin, the debt of brotherly love. And so in the word "mankind," or *mankinned*, which declares the *relationship* of all men to each other; and "since (as Dean Trench very justly observes) such a relationship can only exist, in a race now scattered so widely and divided so far asunder, through a common head, we do in fact, every time we use the word 'mankind,' express our faith in the one common descent of the whole race of man. And, beautiful before, how much more beautiful now do the words 'kind' and 'kindness' appear, when we apprehend the root out of which they grow; that they are the acknowledgment, in loving deeds, of our kinship with our brethren; and how profitable to keep in mind that a lively recognition of the bonds of blood, whether of those closer ones, which unite us to that which, by best right, we term our family, or those wider ones, which knit us to the whole human family, that this is the true source out of which all genuine love and affection must spring; for so much is affirmed in our daily, hourly use of the word." There are many other apt illustrations of this part of our subject which we should like to give, did not our limits forbid. The reader will find the subject, however, admirably discussed in Dean Trench's work. We must pass on to the connection of words with History—a point which will readily be seen to be one of the most important among the practical purposes or applications of philology. Every student, we were about to say, of ancient, but we will say, of *all* history, is painfully aware of the doubts and difficulties by which the path of that study is continually blocked up, but he may not be so ready to suppose that the removal of many of these is often to be more easily effected by philology than by any other means; and yet such is the case, as

the labors of Niebuhr and Mommsen have amply sufficed to prove. Language, so far from being the frail and fleeting thing that the unreflecting might suppose, is, in fact, one of the most firm and faithful preservers of the Truth. The links between the Present and the Past, which, as consisting of special records, may have been entirely lost, she often can and does supply, making perfect once more the bond of historic union. Even when we have those records, we too often find them to be untrustworthy, but language is ever a truthful witness, if we have only learned how to question her aright.

And, before touching on any minor topics, let us here observe, in connection with a subject to whose investigation a large share of our attention has, for many years past, been devoted, that upon this very evidence must depend chiefly, if not entirely, the solution of a question, which has been agitated not a little in America and elsewhere, and respecting which, recently, controversy has become more than usually keen. We allude, of course, to the question of the unity of the human race. Amongst the various recent advocates of the opposite theory, a distinguished naturalist of the North, we believe, and Dr. Cartwright, of New Orleans, we know, have been reckoned the ablest and most influential. This is not the place to enter upon such a discussion, or, rather, our limits would prevent our doing it any justice; but its vast importance, as the highest and most solemn application of philology, claims to be distinctly pointed out, and all the more, as we believe the time is now drawing very near, when the means of arriving at a decision will have been at length completed. The controversy, in a few words, stands thus: The advocates of the unity of descent, of whom we do not hesitate to avow ourselves one, believe that, according to the account given in the Holy Scriptures of the Old Testament, mankind, descended from one common parentage, originally spoke one common language; but that, in consequence of their uniting in an attempt opposed to the will of Providence, God confounded their speech, and, by the variety of tongues thus introduced among them, brought about their dispersion, and the consequent colonization of other parts of the world. Instead of "variety of tongues," it might be better, perhaps, to have said *variations* of the one original tongue. The adversaries of revelation, and indeed some who accept the Bible in a certain sense, reject the whole of this narrative as a

myth or fable. At present we only draw attention to the point, as being one that the student of philology ought ever to keep steadily in view, as the very highest aim and purpose of his pursuit. For ourselves, we can only say, and we do so most truthfully, that, so far as our investigations of not a few of the ancient and modern languages, carried on, for many years, under favorable circumstances, with opportunities of frequently consulting some of the most eminent of living philologists, are concerned, every year's study has strengthened and confirmed our belief in the unity—in the belief, that is, that all the present languages and dialects to be found amongst men are derived from one common parent-language. The grounds for this belief will, ere long, appear elsewhere; meantime, we pass on to glance, for illustration's sake, at some other evidences of the dependence of history upon philology. We have already alluded to the great Roman historian's labors in this direction, and, as the written records of the early history of Italy have been lost, the case is one greatly in point. Dr. Donaldson, we may add, has in a most valuable and scholarly way supplemented Niebuhr's labors. All who have read the history will recall the important conclusions which Niebuhr derives—and with thorough satisfaction, in general, to the scholar's mind—as to the races by which the Italian soil was occupied, and the relations in which they stood to each other—from an analysis of the words in the Latin language, which are severally derived from a Greek or other source. He remarks on the subject that "it cannot be mere chance that the words for house, field, plough, ploughing, wine, oil, milk, kine, swine, and others, relating to tillage and the *gentler ways of life*, agree in Latin and in Greek, while all objects appertaining to war or the *chase* are designated by words utterly un-Grecian." And hence, he draws the conclusion that Italy was inhabited by two races, the warlike conquerors and the peaceful conquered. An examination of our own language, even setting aside the historic records that we possess, would exhibit a similar result. All the endearing terms of the home life and its relations, such as father, mother, husband, wife, son, daughter, brother, sister, home itself, the hearth, the roof; and again, much as we have seen it in regard to Italy, the instruments used in agriculture, and the other terms of farming, such as the flail, the plough, sickle, spade, and wheat, rye, oats, bere, and the domestic animals, as ox, cow, sheep, &c.—

all these are found to be Saxon ; while the terms of pride and power, and, we may add, of luxury, belong to the language of the dominant Normans. For example : sovereign, sceptre, realm, throne, royalty, duke, count, prince, &c.—all these, and similar titles, are Norman, except one, and that the chief of all, “ King ”—which, as has been noticed, would lead us to suspect, even had we no record of the facts, that the chief of the ruling race came in, not upon a new title, nor as overthrowing a former dynasty, but as claiming to be in the rightful line of succession. We find our limits to be already exceeded, and must therefore omit several other illustrations. In the present paper, whose leading object has been to arouse the public mind to the importance and interest of this study, we have purposely abstained from entering into critical discussions, or going beyond the limits of our own language. In a future article, however, we propose to give a sketch of the progress, during the last century, of the science of philology in general.

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ART. VIII.—1. *Communication from the Governor, transmitting the Report of the Engineer-in-Chief of the State of New York.*

2. *Maritime Interests of the South and West.* By Lieut. MAURY.

At present, there does not seem to be much danger that we shall be troubled with invasion. Whatever may have been the disposition of England, while the Trent difficulty was pending, it is not likely now that she will interfere, in any way, in our present difficulties. Assuming it to be true that, notwithstanding the surrender of Mason and Slidell, in compliance with her demand, her attitude towards us continued hostile, there is no reason to doubt that her intentions, if not her feelings, have undergone a considerable change within the last month. Apart from the altered tone of the English press, this is sufficiently evident from her Majesty's recent Speech to her Parliament. Without pausing to inquire whether we owe the change to an improvement in the temper, or sense of justice, of the British government, or to that wholesome respect which an

army of 700,000 men is so well calculated to inspire, we proceed to make a few observations on the importance of being prepared for any contingency that may arise. Neither England nor any other nation can blame us for putting our harbors in a state of efficient defence—especially those of our principal seaboard cities. Louis Philippe commenced the fortifications of Paris, Havre, Cherbourg, St. Malo and Bordeaux, almost simultaneously, in the midst of profound peace, and no one believes now that he had any hostile intention in doing so. A similar remark would apply to the strongest fortresses of Russia, Austria and Prussia.

But scarcely two years have elapsed since England herself spent millions on her national defences; while her leading organs were openly discussing the probability and possible results of a French invasion. Until she had expended immense sums in strengthening her forts, and building new war vessels, it was in vain that Louis Napoleon assured her that she had nothing to fear from him. France took no offence, however; and why should England take offence now against us? At all events, it is not against the well-prepared and strong, that any nation, however belligerent, is most disposed to take offence. The experience of the world proves the reverse of this—and certainly, the conduct of England forms no exception to the rule. While we were all united, and consequently powerful, she treated us with the greatest respect as a nation; when she was led to believe that we were weak, because we did not suppress a formidable rebellion in two or three months, she soon altered her tone. First, she believed that but little resistance would, or could, be made against secession. The promptness and enthusiasm with which the people of all the loyal states rushed to arms, in defence of the Union, convinced her that this was a mistake; and, for a time, she ceased to insist that our downfall was at hand. But the result of the battle of Bull Run changed her mind again. Now, she was sure that the Secessionists were braver than the Federalists—that, in short, the latter could never conquer the former—nay, that it was more probable that they would be conquered themselves; and that, in time, we should all have to submit to the Southern yoke. In this view of the case she continued to indulge, until the taking of Hatteras and Port Royal by our navy, when she began to regard us once more with some marks of esteem. Without



entering into further particulars on this point, we may safely conclude, that when she has been made acquainted with our recent splendid victories in the taking of Roanoke Island, Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, &c., she will have little disposition to pick a quarrel with us on any such absurd grounds as our undertaking, in obedience to the instinct of self-preservation, to strengthen our harbor fortifications. But were it otherwise, should we leave our large and wealthy cities at the mercy of any great European power, that might seek a pretext to attack them? Have we not already been taught how humiliating, as well as dangerous, it is to be unprepared for war when it is forced upon us?

It is needless to discuss this point at any length. We believe that ninety-nine out of every hundred of our loyal citizens are in favor of constructing such works at the entrance of our harbors, let them cost what they may, as would be deemed sufficient by competent engineers to secure the safety of our principal cities. We believe that for no other purpose would money be contributed more readily. Certainly no intelligent business man would grudge to be taxed for such a purpose; if he did, his loyalty might well be questioned. The reason is obvious enough. Supposing, for example, that a large hostile fleet appeared before New York, having forced its way down the Narrows, who is so credulous as to believe that it would return without doing ten times more harm, within range of the heart of the city, than the amount it would have cost, in the form of taxes or voluntary contributions, to effectually prevent its entrance? Perhaps it would not bombard the city; if not, its forbearance would be dearly bought; it would undoubtedly levy large contributions on all who have property that could be seized upon. This would be in strict accordance with the laws of war. Unfortunately, there are but too many examples of this mode of warfare. Athens, Lisbon, Madrid and Naples have in turn had to pay large sums, in order to save themselves from bombardment. And that it is still worse to refuse to pay or to surrender, when the harbor defences are not sufficiently strong, we have a startling example in the case of Copenhagen. Be it remembered that there was no declaration of war against Denmark. This would have given the Danes time to make some adequate preparation; though they had done nothing to excite hostility. Their only crime was, to have a large fleet which might possi-



bly fall into the hands of Napoleon. Lest any such event as this may happen, they are called upon to surrender it. As a matter of course, they refuse so unreasonable a demand. The result was, that the whole Danish fleet was destroyed or captured—seventeen sail sunk, burned, or seized; six thousand Danes killed and taken prisoners. Six years after, the same nation is found guilty of the new crime of having built another fleet, and it is resolved to destroy this too. We might also cite the case of Genoa, which, if possible, is a still more fearful warning than that of Copenhagen. It was precisely to guard against attacks like these that Louis Philippe commenced the fortifications above referred to; indeed, they had the effect of engaging the attention of the best engineers in every maritime nation in Europe. Previous to the first attack on Copenhagen, the fortress of Cronstadt, now considered impregnable, was but an inconsiderable fort, and the fortress of Sebastopol had scarcely been commenced. In view of these facts, we had expected to find some valuable suggestions in the pamphlet which stands first at the head of our article, seeing that it is the "Report of the Engineer-in-Chief of the State of New York;" but never have we been more utterly disappointed. Surely the chief engineer of the Empire State ought to be able to prepare a paper on the subject of our harbor defences, containing something that was not generally known before; but nothing of this character do we find, on a careful perusal, except that the author of the *Report* has lately purchased \$80,000 worth of square timber, by order of his Excellency Governor Morgan, for the purpose of "obstructing the channel at the Narrows, upon a sudden emergency." It is evident, however, that he regards himself as having performed a great feat, in having laid out so much money on "a little less than half a million cubic feet of square timber," "being an average cost of  $16\frac{1}{4}$  cents per cubic foot." But what seems strange to us, in our way of looking at the matter, is, that the engineer-in-chief should think that the timber should not be used until it is wanting. This is just what the Danish engineers thought when they were consulted by the crown prince on the subject of defending the harbor of Copenhagen. There is some interesting if not valuable information, however, in the *Report*; we mean that contained in the long extracts taken from Major Barnard's paper entitled "The Dangers and Defences of New York," and

another paper, by one whose name is not given; but the former was written nearly three years ago (1859), and the latter eight years; and all know that important improvements have since been made, especially in cannon. If any observations, that can be called new, have been added to these extracts by Gen. McArthur, it is such as the following:

"A landing in the face of a *dense population*, attacked upon their own ground, daring and determined in the defence of their homes, and their forces constantly augmented by overwhelming numbers *from other quarters*, would be a most dangerous experiment for *any enemy to attempt, however strong and well prepared and equipped*."—p. 14.

It requires but a small amount of scientific skill—nay, of ordinary intelligence—to see that our engineer-in-chief is by no means a safe authority as to the means necessary for the defence of our large cities. Were it otherwise, then, there would be no use in our undertaking to capture any of the large cities of the South. But it is well known that a dense population can offer but feeble resistance to a well-disciplined army. To refer again to Copenhagen—had not that city a "dense population" when it was captured by Nelson? What people in the world are braver or more patriotic than the French? yet did not the allies take possession of their capital in 1815? Even New York has not a denser population than Paris; nor is the population of the whole United States, from Maine to California, so large as that of France was in 1815. It seems to us that, instead of making statements like this, and filling his "Report" with extracts from papers which, although valuable when written, if acted upon, he should rather have devoted his attention to some definite system of defences. But the most important information he gives us is that which relates to the number of guns mounted and unmounted in the different forts, commanding the approaches to the city. It seems that, when he prepared his Report, there were but 222 guns mounted along the Narrows, while nearly as many more were required for the forts already completed. There is no doubt but we require several new forts in New York, in order to enable us to bid defiance to any force which the great maritime powers of Europe might bring against us; at the same time, we have every confidence that, if Fort Columbus, Castle William, Fort Richmond, Battery Hudson, Fort Schuyler, Sandy Hook, &c., were garrisoned by such, for example, of our militia regiments as the Thirty-seventh and Twenty-second, the most formidable

fleet that could be sent against us would find it difficult, if not impossible, to approach the city.

We have statistics enough at hand, altogether independent of the *Report* of the chief engineer; but, for obvious reasons, we do not deem it advisable to publish them just now; we prefer to wait until the different works are in a better position to resist an attack than they are at present, hoping that that will not be long. In the mean time, several new works should be commenced at once. There is no excuse for delaying them; for Congress has already appropriated the sum of \$1,050,000 for the fortifications of New York harbor alone. This, although by no means sufficient, would greatly increase the strength of our defences; and no sooner would Congress see that it had been judiciously expended, than it would appropriate any further sums deemed necessary to complete the works; so that, before the end of two years, we might be in a position to resist the combined attacks of England and France, should any such be made.

On the present occasion we can say no more of the defences of other Northern cities, whether on the Atlantic or the great lakes, than that we hope they will not be neglected. Boston, especially, should be secured from all danger, since, next to New York, it is the most important city in the loyal states. As for Philadelphia, it is easily defended; the largest fleet that even Great Britain could concentrate on any one point would hardly venture to enter the Delaware as far as Delaware city; and, even if it did, it would still be nearly forty miles from Philadelphia. But the best way to make sure of this is, to build two or three strong forts on Delaware Bay—say opposite Smyrna and Melville.

Desultory as these remarks necessarily are, on account of the brief space we have now left, they remind us that it is nothing new for Lieut. Maury to favor the plans of the Secessionists. We have now before us a paper of his, published in the "*Southern Quarterly Review*," nearly twenty years ago, and subsequently copied into the "*Southern Literary Messenger*." Its object is two-fold: first, to arouse the cotton-growing states to a due sense of their superior importance, as compared to the Northern states; secondly, to induce Congress to fortify all the principal cities and harbors of the South. An extract or two will give a more correct idea of the character of this paper than any observations we could now make upon it.

"Here," says Lieut. Maury, "*national defences are most needed, and should be the strongest* ; but here they have been most neglected, and are the weakest. \* \* Consider the commercial resources of the South and West—their kind soil and genial climates—their present wealth and *future destiny*, and say why is it that so little has been done to foster their interests in peace, to protect their merchandise in war?"\*

In reply to those who maintained that the chief, if not the only, resource of the South was its cotton, Lieut. Maury argued as follows, in the paper under consideration :

"We have been accustomed to consider Pennsylvania and New York as great grain growing states, and to look upon the cotton growing states as consumers rather than producers. But the census of 1840 shows the true state of the case to be very far different from this. Including all the cereal grains, New York averages but 21 bushels *to the inhabitant*—Georgia 35, Pennsylvania but 33, and Tennessee 68. Taking away the cotton from the produce of those states which grow it, and viewing them in the light of grain growers only, the census shows that they average a greater yield of bread stuffs than their sister states at the North and East, *who, for the last thirty years, have been wringing from them the sinews of war.*"

According to the reasoning of Lieut. Maury, the man who gives a dowry of \$500 to each of two or three daughters, gives evidence of as much wealth, and as ample resources as his neighbor, who gives an equal amount to each of twelve daughters ; yet it may be regarded as a fair specimen of secession logic. But he gives us a good deal more of the same kind. Everybody has heard of the Chinese who, on visiting France and England, was so much disgusted with the inhabitants, because none of them wore queues, as all respectable people do in China. "The state of New York," says Lieut. Maury, "grows no cotton, no hemp, no tobacco, no rice. Nor does it supply commerce with any of its sugar." It follows from this, that New York is a poor and dependent region, that could not exist if the South should choose to withhold her boundless resources, if only for a single year ! "She" (New York), he says, "may have *lumber and ashes* ; but when we come to reckon in millions, we shall find that these articles are trifling in amount." (p. 655.) When men, having a reputation for being scientific and learned, would argue in this strain, in the leading journals of the South, no wonder that the people should believe that they could withdraw from the Union whenever they thought proper.

\* *Southern Literary Messenger*, article, "Maritime Interests of the South and West," vol. xi., p. 651.

But, what annoyed Lieut. Maury most was, the unwillingness of Congress to fortify the harbors of the South. "To amuse southern members," he says, "vessel after vessel has been sent there, on what has been called the 'Survey of Southern harbors.' But the officers in charge have not been directed to search for harbors of the requisite depth of water; they have been sent to survey those which, it was already known, had not water enough to admit frigates and larger vessels. Since Captain Tatnall's survey, the Tortugas have always received the go-by," &c. Secretary Floyd, in the plenitude of his treasonable zeal, was not more anxious to give every possible aid to the secessionists, than was Lieutenant Maury, so early as 1854. The latter had little idea that Key West and the Tortugas could be held by the Federal government, against the sovereign will of the cotton states.

"Only three millions of dollars," he says—"less than the harbor defences of Norfolk have cost—are required, according to the estimates of the engineer department, to put both Key West and the Tortugas in a complete state of defence. What are three millions in comparison with the interests at stake? *It is not a tithe of what the South and West have paid for the defences of the North.*" In order to justify remarks of this kind, occasional allusions are made to the aggressive spirit of England. But just then South Carolina was nearly as impatient for secession as she was when she commenced the present rebellion; and Lieutenant Maury was anxious to give her all the aid in his power, under the pretence of warning the whole nation against the machinations of Great Britain.

Fortunately, however, his efforts did not avail much against the Union; but still less than those of Floyd. Had he known that when the day of trial came—while treason was doing its worst—the Federal flag would still continue to wave over Key West and the Tortugas, far from being an advocate for fortifying those important positions, his subsequent conduct shows that he would have turned all his influence in the opposite direction. There are many others whose designs against the government it would be interesting to trace back in a similar manner; but we find we must close for the present. For the benefit of the South as well as the North, we hope that before the time comes again to treat the subject in this journal, the good old Union under which all sections enjoyed so

much prosperity and happiness will have been restored in its integrity. Without any disposition to boast or to underrate southern bravery or courage, it may be said that the Federal army has now become completely master of the situation. Our recent victories, brilliant and important as they undoubtedly are, we can only regard as the first efforts of a great army, after it has been brought under proper discipline. They have, indeed, given the Union forces a prestige, which will have its effect in Europe as well as in the revolted states. Other great battles have yet to be fought, however, but we do not hesitate to predict that the result of these will be not only the restoration of the Union in all its integrity; we feel equally confident that henceforth the gallant defenders of the Union will be spoken of throughout the world under the proud title of "*the victorious armies of the Republic.*"

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ART. IX.—1. *Democracy in America.* By ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. Translated by HENRY REEVE. New York: 1848.

2. *Colonial History of the United States.* By JAMES GRAHAME, LL. D. Philadelphia: 1846.

3. *Secret Proceedings of the Federal Convention.* By Chief Justice YATES. Washington: 1838.

4. *Exposition of the Constitution.* By JOSEPH STORY, LL. D. Boston: 1840.

5. *The Constitutional Jurisprudence of the United States.* By W. A. DUER, LL. D. Boston: 1856.

It is a remarkable fact that, while, generally speaking, no writers are more candid or reliable than educated Englishmen, no Englishman has ever given to the public any comprehensive analysis of the American form of government. To a French writer\* is the mother country indebted for the best account ever published of the civilization of her North American colonies. The leading journals, magazines, and reviews of England assume that American democracy is not three quarters of a century old—that scarcely has it attained the full age of man, three score years and ten—before it is

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\* M. De Tocqueville.

seized with the throes of dissolution; and because a gigantic rebellion has sprung up which is not put down in a single year, in a country which is as large as all Europe, therefore it is concluded that American democracy is short-lived, and incapable of standing the strain of adversity, while monarchy alone has permanence and stability. "Every nation," says the London Times of January 17th, "has the right of selecting its own form of government, but that of the United States seems to us to have been suited only for the fairest of weather, and not for the dark tempests which have of late assailed the republic." This judgment is, to say the least, premature. In a few months this country has developed a military strength, unexampled, for so brief a time, in the history of nations; and now, when it has begun to strike, it would seem but decent for our transatlantic cousins to abide the result. England has not dispatched her own civil wars so speedily that she is entitled to lecture other nations on the subject. Her wars with Scotland extended over a period of four or five centuries, and it was only in 1707 that Scotland finally yielded her independence and consented to a permanent union with the dominant power, and it was not till more than a century afterwards that the corrupt parliament of Ireland, after numerous civil wars, surrendered her legislative independence, so that she became incorporated into "the United Kingdom"—a union which is not very firmly cemented after the lapse of three score years. How has it been even in England itself? "The great rebellion" began in 1638, in the reign of Charles I., and the revolution "to restore the former constitution and to counteract the recent encroachments" of the kings\* was not completed till 1688—a period of half a century, during which not only England, but Scotland and Ireland were desolated by fire and sword, and the monarchy itself was suspended for eleven years by the commonwealth.

If a rebellion in the United States, and failure to put it down in a few months, be a valid argument against American democracy, it would prove too much, and, *à fortiori*, demonstrate the weakness of monarchy, proving that it is more suited, than a republic, "for fair weather, and not for dark tempests." The periodical revolutions and insurrections in European monarchies do not argue much for the strength of

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\* Lord Brougham.

their institutions. The republic of Rome endured for 466 years, during which time it ruled the world. How feeble became the sway of the empire that succeeded it, till at last the mighty Roman power ceased to exist! The Dutch confederate republic, consisting of seven United Provinces, successfully resisted the whole power of Spain, then the greatest monarchy of Europe, for a period of eighty years, and established its independence at last. It endured for 227 years, when it became a kingdom, with the father of Louis Napoleon on the throne. Even the power of the Holy Alliance could not keep the country long united, after it was reduced by external violence to monarchy. The dissimilarity of language, religion, and race did not prevent union under the confederation. But, under a monarchy, the discordant elements worked a disintegration, in 1830, and Holland and Belgium have been, ever since, separate kingdoms. Switzerland is a remarkable example of the endurance of confederated republics. It is now 550 years old, and, during five centuries and a half, it has held its own against the encroachments of surrounding monarchies. In recent years, its strength has been tested in a rebellion like our own, which it speedily crushed, and still "the free Switzer bestrides alone his chainless mountains." Yet, neither do the Dutch Republic nor the Swiss Confederacy present, in their forms of government, the unity and consolidation of the United States of America. The United Provinces were more independent, and enjoyed a higher degree of State rights, than the communities of the American confederation; and the Swiss Cantons have reserved to themselves more sovereignty, and given less of it to the federal government, than the American States have done. Our system is undoubtedly an improvement on theirs, and is calculated for greater stability.

Republics are more vigorous in war than in peace. The old Roman Republic is an example. France, when it was a republic, was able to crush internal rebellion, and to battle successfully against all Europe in arms. It was only when it became an empire that it was conquered and passed under the yoke. What would have been the fate of England long since, had she not been an island? Her insular position and her maritime supremacy, the result of her commercial necessities, alone have saved her from being swallowed up by France. It is not, therefore, any inherent strength in her form of government that has enabled England to maintain her independence and the integrity of her kingdom. ■



It is peace and prosperity, not war and adversity, that are most dangerous to a republic. With the exception of the insignificant and inconclusive war with England, from 1812 to 1815, we have had nothing deserving the name of war since the Revolution. Had a war broken out between the United States and some foreign power before the commencement of the present rebellion, it would most probably have saved us from internal strife. It is to faction and disunion a republic is most likely to become a prey, in a period of peace and prosperity, and foreign war hushes the voice of faction and unites the people. Even this civil war will have a salutary effect upon the country, by giving a mortal blow to the corruption which has grown so strong from impunity, owing to the facility which the institutions and resources of the country present for making money, and to the general eagerness of competitors in the race. If the struggle with rebellion should be crowned with success, as the developments of the campaign now indicate, the Union will be cemented more firmly than ever, and a new and a long lease of national life will be guaranteed to the republic. But if a dissolution should be the result of the war, and that two confederacies should be established instead of one, American democracy would not thereby be ended, but only the territorial extent of the United States diminished. The free States and the territories, which lie west of them, comprise an area measuring half of Europe. Democracy is not overthrown, but a particular form of it called in question. Our present Federal system differs in some important respects from every other which preceded it in the history of the world. It was regarded at the time it was adopted, by some of the ablest and wisest men of the period, as "an experiment," an experiment not merely to determine whether universal suffrage and the largest liberty are compatible with order and a strong central government, but to ascertain whether two systems of civilization could exist in harmony in the same republic. Had the population been entirely homogeneous, and had no conflicting interests existed, depending upon climate and geographical lines, the task of forming a constitution would have been easy to men, who so thoroughly understood and so devotedly championed the principles of human liberty. But this was not the case, and a different constitution was adopted from that which otherwise would have emanated from the signers of the Declaration of Independ-

ence. It was founded on *compromise*. Its authors did not assume that it was perfect. Far from it, they knew its defects, but it was the best they could have made under all the circumstances, and it cost not a single drop of human blood. George Washington, the president of the convention that adopted the Constitution, thus writes of it immediately after the completion of the work :\*

"The various and opposite interests which were to be conciliated, the local prejudices which were to be subdued, the diversity of opinions and sentiments which were to be reconciled, and, in fine, the sacrifices which were necessary to be made, on all sides, for the general welfare, combined to make it a work of so intricate and difficult a nature, that I think it is much to be wondered at, that anything could have been produced with such unanimity, as the Constitution proposed." "I do most firmly believe that, in the aggregate, it is the best constitution that can be obtained at this epoch; and that *this, or a dissolution of the Union,† awaits our choice*, and is the only alternative before us."

Again in 1790, after all the States had ratified the Constitution, and he had become first President of the United States: "The establishment of our new government seemed to be the last great *experiment* for promoting human happiness by a reasonable compact in civil society. It was to be, in the first instance, in a considerable degree, a *government of accommodation*, as well as a government of laws."

The Constitution of which the "Father of his Country" thus speaks is not like the laws of the Medes and Persians, which altered not. It makes provision for its own amendment, and, since its adoption, twelve amendments have been actually made, and a thirteenth was proposed at the Second Session of the Eleventh Congress, but, not having been ratified by a sufficient number of the States, it did not become a part of the fundamental law. Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses deem it necessary, is enjoined to propose further amendments, or, on application of the Legislatures of two thirds of the several States, to call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, shall be valid, to all intents and purposes, as part of the Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three fourths thereof, as the

\* See Sparks' Life of Washington.

† This expression shows that "the Union" existed before the present Constitution, under another, which did not work well. It may be found necessary to introduce new changes, to preserve the Union.

one or other mode of ratification may be proposed by Congress. Had Congress, two years, or even fourteen months, ago, in the spirit of Washington's letter, proposed such amendments as would have loosed the Gordian knot of the vexed question which has agitated the country for the last few years, the Union might now be intact, and civil war still unknown to this once happy land. It is now too late to solve the difficulty in this peaceful manner. But when the contest of the sword is terminated, there is no reason why the Constitution should not be amended so as to harmonize with the altered circumstances of the country. There is only one limitation to amendments, and that is, that "no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate."

It was not in a day that the English Constitution was formed. It is the growth of centuries—now a little and then a little, and most of it at the expense of sanguinary wars. The American Constitution is also of slow growth; for, though it was put together by the labors of a single Convention, in less than four months, its principles and provisions were the fruits of the experience of many generations, and in good part it already existed in the constitutions and laws of the Colonies. Indeed, the Constitution of 1787 contains only two or three improvements upon the "Articles of Confederation," adopted ten years before—improvements which time pointed out as necessary. The American system is, like the oak, of slow growth, but of great strength. It does not date from the war of the Revolution, nor from the Declaration of Independence, nor from the adoption of the present Constitution. It is coeval with the foundation of the Colonies. It is the democratic element of Anglo-Saxon institutions, segregated and transplanted in the New World, without being choked by an overmastering growth of aristocracy. The English acorn has found here a more congenial soil and climate than its own, and has become indigenous, producing a tree of goodly stature and of wide-spreading branches. It is the growth of nearly two hundred and fifty years. No sooner had the Pilgrims landed, in 1620, than they adopted a brief Constitution, which was a basis of liberty, or *Magna Charta*, upon which the lofty superstructure was afterwards raised. In the year 1641, the General Assembly of Rhode Island unanimously declared that the government of the Colony was a democracy, and that the

power was vested in the body of free citizens, who alone had the right to make the laws and watch their execution.\* "In the laws of Connecticut, as well as in all those of New England," says M. De Tocqueville, "we find the germ and gradual development of that township independence, which is the life and mainspring of American liberty at the present day."†

At the period of the first migrations, the parish system—that fruitful root of free institutions—was deeply embedded in the habits of the English, and with it the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people had been introduced even into the bosom of the monarchy of the House of Tudor.

Thus the English parish became at the North the American township, while at the South it still retains its old name. It is the basis of our whole political system. Here the people are the only source of power, and the popular action is immediate and direct. The county organization is the next story in the edifice; then follows the State, and the Federal Government is the capstone which surmounts and binds the whole.

Even the idea of the confederation of all the colonies, which was realized in the Revolution, and afterwards carried out into "a more perfect Union," originated with the Puritans. As early as 1643, only twenty-three years after the arrival of the Mayflower, a confederation of the colonies of New England was formed for offence and defence, leaving to each its own government, while the common affairs of the league were managed by a congress, consisting of two commissioners from each community. These were the colonies of Plymouth, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Haven. They declared their confederation to be perpetual, and styled it "The United Colonies of New England." Here is, evidently, the germ of the "Articles of Confederation" of all the Colonies in 1777, also declared to be "perpetual," and of the Constitution of the United States in 1787.

It will be perceived that the confederacy which existed for about half a century was not a government, but a league, and as such was a good model. But the defects in the system, for the purposes of general government, were: 1st. The want of a central executive, to act upon the whole. 2d. The want of a general judiciary, to adjudicate between

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\* Code of 1650, p. 70.

† *Democracy in America*, Part I., chap. 2.

the several members, or between any of the members and the whole confederacy. 3d. The want of a general power to obtain credit or emit money.

It is worthy of remark, that the last provision in this league shows that it never entered into the heads of people then, that it was competent for one party to a compact to make itself a judge of its own breaches of it; on the contrary, it was provided that such breaches should be judged of by the other members of the confederacy. It was reserved for a much later period of history, and for an effort of political ingenuity, to devise a mode by which a party to a contract can at once make itself judge of its own violations of it and nullify at pleasure its provisions.

This league of the United Colonies, though inefficient for the purposes of an independent general government, was, nevertheless, the first step to it; and it was only overlooked by the mother country in consequence of her civil wars at home. But James II. subsequently annulled both it and the charters together, and this led to a more extensive combination, in which the other colonies participated. A convention to form a general league took place at Albany, in 1722. But a more general and memorable convention was held at the same place in 1754, consisting of commissioners from all the New England colonies, and from the provinces of New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland. It was called at the instance of the government of England, and although the object of the ministry in proposing it was, to facilitate the negotiation of treaties with the Indians, the colonial legislatures who promptly acceded to the proposal entertained more extensive views. Two of the colonies expressly instructed their delegates to enter into articles of confederation with the other colonies, for their general security in time of peace as well as in war; and one of the first acts of the commissioners was a *unanimous* resolution that "a *union* of the colonies was absolutely necessary for their preservation." After rejecting several proposals for the division of the colonies into separate confederacies, they agreed to a plan of federal government for the whole, consisting of a president-general, to be appointed by the crown, and a general legislative council, to meet once in every year, and to be composed of delegates chosen triennially by the provincial assemblies. This celebrated plan of union was drawn up by Doctor Franklin, who attended as a delegate from Pennsylvania, and is to be found in

the more recent editions of his works, with an explanation of the motives which guided him in forming it. The Confederacy was to embrace all the colonies, and the right of peace and war with the Indian nations was to be vested in the general council of the confederates, subject to the negative of the President-General, and the ultimate approval of the crown. It was to possess the further power "to raise troops, and build forts, for the defence of the colonies, and to equip vessels of war, to guard the coast and protect commerce;" and for these purposes the general council was to have power to levy such general imposts and taxes as should seem just and equal. This plan, it is worthy of remark, was adopted on the 4th of July, and Lieutenant-Governor De Lancey, who presided, was the only person who opposed it. It was rejected by the British Government, because it would give too much power to the people of the colonies, and unfolded the secret of their strength; it was rejected by the colonial legislatures, as giving too much power to the crown. Some Americans have thought that Franklin's name would have been handed down to posterity as an enemy to the liberties of his country, instead of an active friend, if this project had succeeded; but it is probable that the sagacious Franklin saw, in this union of American power and interests, the germ of future independence. De Lancey may have seen it in the same light, and, therefore, opposed it.\* The country was not yet ripe for so great a change. It is evidently not the plan of a league, but of a *general government*, and is a great stride in advance of the New England league. It provided for a strong *executive*, but made no provision for a general judiciary, nor any for regulating the currency. It was, however, the prelude to a complete independent government. In 1765, in consequence of the obnoxious Stamp Act, the colony of Rhode Island proposed to the provincial assemblies to collect the sense of the colonies, and to unite in a common petition to the king and Parliament. A congress of deputies from nine of the colonies met in New York in October. The Stamp Act was to come into operation in November. Lieutenant-Governor Colden pronounced the congress "unconstitutional, unprecedented, and unlawful," and would give it no countenance. The congress, however, drew up a bill of rights on the subject of tax-

\* Dunlap's *History of New York*, vol. i., ch. 23.

ation, and adopted an address to the king. After various remonstrances and constitutional acts of resistance on the part of the colonies, and retaliatory acts of violence on the part of the crown, the committees of correspondence, appointed in the several colonies, fixed the 10th of September, 1774, for the first meeting of the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, and an association of eleven States was then and there formed. This is the date of the American *Union*. The Congress applauded the course of Massachusetts, in offering resistance to the "wicked ministers," issued a declaration of rights, recommended a suspension of commercial intercourse with Great Britain, voted an address to the king, and to the people of Great Britain, and another to the inhabitants of Canada. This union was continued by successive elections of delegates to the general Congress, and maintained through every period of the Revolution which immediately ensued, and every change in our Federal and State governments, and is revered and cherished, by every true American, as the source of our national prosperity, and the only solid foundation of our national independence.\*

In the month of May, 1775, a new congress, consisting of delegates from twelve colonies, and clothed with ample discretionary powers, met at Philadelphia, and, soon after it assembled, the accession of Georgia completed the confederation of the Thirteen Colonies of North America. They issued, on the 4th of July, the celebrated Declaration of Independence, the rough draft of which was made by Jefferson. This was the consummation of the Revolution, and the congress gradually assumed all the powers of national sovereignty. But, as the independence of the colonies was not yet achieved by arms, it was still only a revolutionary congress, as far as the mother country was concerned. To the colonies, it was a provisional government. Previous to the Declaration of Independence, congress recommended the different colonies to adopt new constitutions, and thereby declare themselves independent States. Henceforth, they were not the United Colonies, but United States. In order to secure and perpetuate these State institutions, it was deemed expedient to explain, by a formal instrument, the nature of the federative compact, and to define both the powers vested in the General Government and those retained by the

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\* Duer's *Constitutional Jurisprudence*.

States. But the accomplishment of this in a satisfactory manner, owing to local prejudices and discordant interests, was attended with so much difficulty, that it was not till the following autumn they could be induced to agree to it. In November, 1777, Congress adopted the "Articles of Confederation," under which the United States successfully terminated the Revolution. Some of the States had withheld their assent, the principal objection being in respect to the wild lands, which were claimed by several States, while others urged they should go to bear the common burthen; but on the 1st of March, 1781, by the accession of Maryland, the articles of union received the unanimous approbation of the States. This was the first formation of a regular general government of all the States, and continued till the Constitution came into operation, in 1788. The articles provided that the style of the confederacy should be "The United States of America;" that each State should retain its sovereignty and independence; that the object of the league was, the general welfare and the common defence against foreign aggression; that, for the management of the general interests, delegates shall be annually appointed by the State legislatures to meet in congress, each State having not less than two, nor more than seven; and that, in determining questions in congress, each State shall have one vote; that no State shall engage in war, nor make treaties, without the consent of congress, nor lay any imposts or duties interfering with the treaties made by congress; that the "United States, in congress assembled," shall have the exclusive right of making peace and war; entering into treaties and alliances; establishing courts for the trial of piracies and felonies, and courts of admiralty; that congress shall have the power to determine all questions and differences between two or more States, which authority shall be exercised by instituting a court, whose judgment shall be final and decisive; that they shall have the power to regulate the standard of weights, measures, and coin; establish post-offices; borrow money and emit bills of credit; that they may appoint a committee of the States and civil officers to manage the general affairs of the United States, under the direction of congress; and that said Committee, in the recess of congress, may exercise such powers as congress shall vest them with; that all charges for the general welfare be paid out of a common treasury, and levied in



proportion to the value of the land within each State; and lastly, that every State shall abide by the determination of congress upon the questions submitted to it, and *the Union shall be perpetual*.

It will be observed that the States, notwithstanding their jealousy of the Federal government, and their declaration that they retained their sovereignty and independence, yet granted away many attributes of sovereignty greater than those proposed to be vested in the President and Council by the plan of 1754. The new plan of government had many deficiencies, though more in the mode than in the principle. There was still wanting an *executive* head; there was the danger of having executive and legislative powers combined in the same body; there was no general judiciary provided, and the greatest deficiency of all was, that the Articles of Confederation did not act upon individuals, but upon the States, and that the States only in their corporate capacity, and not the people of the States, were represented in congress; that to raise men and money, it was necessary to act through the medium of many distinct governments, and, if a State refused or neglected to comply, there was no remedy but war. Yet by a comparison of the Articles of Confederation with the first league of 1643, and the plan of 1754, it will be seen that the tendency was from the notion of separate sovereignties to that of general and united government, and that each change, founded on experience, had given additional strength to the Confederacy. The association of 1643 was only held together by an alliance. The plan of 1754, though not adopted, was that of a general government and had a strong executive. The Articles of Confederation, though returning to the form of a confederacy, still established a general government, with greatly increased powers in theory, though defective in practice. To the powers of the former congresses was superadded the right to emit bills of credit, establish marine courts and judge between the States. It is worthy of note, as bearing upon the secession heresy, that the doctrine of that day was that "the Union shall be perpetual,"\* and that every State shall abide by the determinations of the representatives of the other States in all controversies. Thus the idea of a union of the Colonies originated in the earliest stage of their existence,

\* Article XIII. The very title of the instrument is, "The Articles of Confederation and perpetual Union between the States," &c.

the object being the general welfare; and, for this purpose, from time to time leagues and confederacies were formed, and these associations were always made closer and stronger in the progress of time and experience. But "a more perfect Union was yet to come."

The Articles of the Confederation were drawn up in haste, amidst the excitement and exigencies of war, the rights of political supremacy were conferred in an insufficient manner, and under an imperfect organization. In imitation of all former confederacies of independent sovereignties, the decrees of the federal council affected the States only in their corporate capacity; and this was considered by the ablest statesmen of the time as the radical defect.\* Even during the war, the States began to fail in fulfilling the provisions of the federal compact; and "by the time peace was concluded, the *disease* of the government had displayed itself with alarming rapidity."† The inequality of the principle, by which the contributions of the States were made to the common treasury, caused delinquencies in several of the States, and the delinquencies of one were the pretext for those of another, till the idea of supplying the ways and means, by requisitions upon the individual States, was found to be delusive. The want of power, in congress, to regulate commerce, was another defect, and each State established its separate system on narrow and selfish principles. The mutual harmony was impaired, if not destroyed. "Each State," says Hamilton, "yielding to the voice of immediate interest or convenience, successively withdrew its support from the confederation, until the frail and tottering edifice was ready to fall on the heads of the people, and crush them beneath its ruins."‡ The ablest heads and the purest hearts in the nation now exercised their faculties in devising a new and better form of government. General Washington, in June, 1783, addressed a letter to the governors of the several States, in which he says:

"There are four things which I humbly conceive are essential to the well-being, I may even venture to say, to the existence of the United States as an independent power: 1. *An indissoluble union of the States under one federal head.* 2. A regard to public justice. 3. The adoption of a proper peace establishment. 4. The prevalence of that pacific and friendly disposition among the people of the United States, which will induce them to forget their local politics and prejudices."

\* Duer's *Constitutional Jurisprudence*.

† Chancellor Kent.

‡ *Federalist*, No. 15.

Under the first head he remarked :

"It is only in our united character that we are known as an empire, that our independence is acknowledged, that our power can be regarded, or our credit supported among foreign nations. The treaties of European powers with the United States will have no validity, on a dissolution of the Union. We may find, by our own unhappy experience, that there is a natural and necessary progression from the extreme of *anarchy* to the extreme of tyranny; and that arbitrary power is most easily established on the ruins of liberty abused to licentiousness."<sup>6</sup>

How prophetic this warning, and how appropriate to the present time! The good and great man, to whom human liberty and his country are so much indebted, proclaims that "*an indissoluble union* of the States under one federal head is essential to the existence of the United States as an independent power," and utters his solemn monition of the consequences of disruption. Yet, it seems, but little heed was given to his counsels, and accident brought about what the wisest and best men failed to accomplish by appeals to patriotism, or even to interest. The congress, in 1785, issued an address to the States, in which they earnestly urged upon them the necessity of adopting a new provision, that "the United States, in congress assembled, should have the sole and exclusive right of regulating the trade of the States, as well with foreign nations as with each other."

This was the first step in that series of proceedings so full of great events to us, and to the world. Every attempt to bring the State legislatures into harmony of action had failed. The meeting proposed by Virginia was fixed to take place at Annapolis in May. In the mean time New Jersey, in agreeing to the proposition, had the sagacity to enlarge the objects of the meeting, by suggesting that other important matters should be taken into consideration.

The meeting at Annapolis was so thinly attended that its members adjourned without taking any action, but adopted the idea of New Jersey, and addressed a letter to the States, recommending a general convention, "to take into consideration *the whole situation of the United States*, and to devise such further provisions as should appear necessary to *render the Constitution of the Federal Government adequate to the exigencies of the Union*." On the report of the Commissioners, the Virginia legislature called a convention of delegates from all the States, to meet in Philadelphia in May, to take into consid-

<sup>6</sup> Marshall's *Life of Washington*.

eration the whole state of the Union, at the same time appointing George Washington as a delegate from the Old Dominion. Washington declined to act, but the Virginia legislature would not appoint a delegate in his place. These proceedings resulted in the convention which adopted the present Constitution; and, as Webster remarks, "the Commonwealth of Virginia is entitled to the honor of commencing the work of establishing it." Thus the Constitution was the child of pressing commercial necessity. Unity and identity of commerce among all the States was its seminal principle. It had been found absolutely impossible to excite or foster enterprise in trade under the influence of discordant and jarring State regulations. The country was losing all the advantages of its position. The revolution itself was beginning to be regarded as a doubtful blessing.\* The Federal Government, condemned to impotence by its Constitution, and no longer sustained by the presence of a common danger, saw the outrages offered to its flag by the great nations of Europe, while it was scarcely able to maintain its ground against the Indian tribes, and to pay the interest of the debt which had been contracted during the war of Independence. It was already on the verge of destruction, when it officially proclaimed its inability to conduct the government, and appealed to the constituent authority of the nation.† And here is a picture of what the government would again become, if the South Carolina doctrine of nullification and secession were permitted to prevail. This abdication of congress, the ruling power of the nation, is the most sublime and solemn moment in American history. It is a novelty in the history of society, to see a great people turn a calm and scrutinizing eye upon itself, when apprised by the national legislature that the wheels of Government had stopped, to see it carefully examine the extent of the evil, and patiently wait for two whole years until a remedy was discovered, which it voluntarily adopted without having wrung a tear or a drop of blood from mankind.‡

The greatest apprehension existed, among the friends of union and strong government, for the success of the cause, especially when they found that Washington was unwilling

\* Daniel Webster.

† Congress made this declaration on the 21st February, 1787.

‡ De Tocqueville.

to attend. Many discountenanced it, because the mode of calling it was deemed irregular, and some objected to it, because it was not so constituted as to give authority to the plan which should be devised. But the great mass of opposition originated in a devotion to State sovereignty and in hostility to any considerable augmentation of the federal power.

At this time, alarming commotions agitated Massachusetts and all New England, which had a potent influence not only in constraining the various States to send delegates to the convention, but in controlling the decisions at which they arrived. An insurrection broke out in the old Bay State, called Shay's rebellion, from its leader. It revealed the dangers to which the Republic was exposed, and, at the same time, suggested the necessity of a guarantee to the States against domestic insurrection—a provision which was not to be found in the old Constitution. Those causes of discontent, which existed after the restoration of peace, were particularly operative in New England. The great exertions which had been made by the states of that section, in the course of the war, had accumulated a mass of debt, the payment of which was burdensome. The restlessness produced by the uneasy situation of individuals, combined with lax notions concerning public and private faith, and erroneous opinions, which confound liberty with an exemption from legal control, produced a state of things which startled all reflecting men, and demonstrated to many the indispensable necessity of clothing Government with powers sufficiently ample for the protection of the rights of the peaceable and quiet, from the invasions of the licentious and turbulent part of the community. Against lawyers and courts the strongest resentments were exhibited, and tumultuous assemblages arrested the course of the law. In the mind of Washington, these tumults excited profound emotion. General Knox, who had just returned from New England, estimated the force of the insurgents at twelve or fifteen thousand, and found that a majority of the people of Massachusetts were in opposition to the Government. Some of the leaders avowed its subversion to be their object, together with the abolition of debts, the division of property, and a reunion with Great Britain. The malcontents were in close connection with Vermont, and that district was in negotiation with the Government of Canada.

Washington advised that, "if the insurgents had real grievances, they ought to be redressed immediately, but, if not, that the force of the Government should be employed against them at once, and, if that was inadequate, *all* would be convinced that the superstructure was bad or wanted support." Ostensibly on account of the danger which threatened the frontier, but really with a view to the situation of affairs in Massachusetts, Congress had agreed to augment the military establishment to a corps of 2,000 men, and had sent the Secretary of War, General Knox, to secure the arsenal at Springfield.

This recommendation removed all objection to the regularity of the convention, and had its effect on Washington himself, who was now persuaded to give his consent to attend. At the time and place appointed, the representatives of twelve states met. They were not delegated by the people, but by the State legislatures. In Rhode Island alone a spirit sufficiently hostile was found, to prevent the election of deputies on an occasion so generally deemed momentous. Having unanimously chosen Washington for their President, the convention proceeded, with closed doors, to discuss the important questions submitted to its consideration. Warm and animated were the debates upon the new form of government, and it was found that there would be no agreement. Opposing interests and clashing opinions must be harmonized and compromised, or all would be lost. The great difficulty was, to induce the states to part with enough of their sovereign powers to form a strong central government. The small states insisted that there should be only one vote for each State, as in the confederations of Switzerland and the Dutch Republic, and, like those republics, also, that there should be only one house in Congress, in fact, only a Senate. The large states, on the contrary, maintained that the representation ought to be in proportion to numbers. A compromise was at length effected, by arranging that there should be two houses, but that one of them should represent the State legislatures, and have equal votes, but the other, the whole mass of the people, in proportion to numbers. Thus the government was rendered both federal and national at the same time.\* Taxation was to be in the ratio of

\* *Secret Debates on the Constitution*, and John Quincy Adams' *Life of Madison*.

representation, and, for slaves, every five were to be counted as three free men. The other compromises on the institution of slavery are familiar to our readers. Religion, which in other governments has proved so great a source of disquietude, was not debated in the convention, but afterwards an important amendment was made to the Constitution, providing against that danger. The powers of regulating commerce, taxation and currency, of making war and peace, the suppression of rebellion against the general government, and the right to protect a State from the insurrection of its citizens, and its republican form of government from being subverted, were among the most important conferred on the general government. In England, notwithstanding its constitution, Parliament is omnipotent, and, no matter how subversive of liberty its enactments may be, the judges have no right to question them and must administer the law as they find it. Here, the supreme court is the arbiter to determine whether congress makes a law in conformity with the Constitution or not, and to pronounce it null and void, or otherwise, accordingly. Not only by the new Constitution are the people for the first time directly represented in congress, but they elect the executive head of the nation. The Government is thus democratic to the utmost extent; the majority rule, while at the same time its will is concentrated in a strong executive.

The best way to judge of the spirit and intention of a legislative act is by its preamble, and the preamble of the Constitution, in a few comprehensive and expressive words, tells the whole story of its meaning. It runs:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States."

It will be observed, that now, for the first time, the whole people acted in the formation of the Union of the States. The ratification of the Constitution was, not by the legislatures, as heretofore, but by conventions of the people. The convention which drew up the Constitution was composed of delegates chosen by the State legislatures. The conventions which ratified it were chosen directly by the people themselves. The States, therefore, in their corporate capacity, proposed the Constitution, and the people adopted it,

and gave it authority. It is evident, therefore, that it is not competent to any single State to annul the solemn act of the whole "people of the United States." It is also to be observed that, in the Constitution itself, the federal power is called "the Government," which conveys a very different idea from that of a league or treaty, which might be dissolved by any of the parties thereto. As Mr. Morris well observed, in one of the debates in the convention, "A government by compact is no government at all,"\*

Having concluded its labors, the convention adopted the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the preceding Constitution be laid before the United States, in Congress assembled, and that it is the opinion of this convention that it should afterwards be submitted to a convention of delegates, *chosen in each State by the people thereof*, under the recommendation of its legislature, for their assent and ratification; and that each convention, assenting to and ratifying the same, shall give notice thereof to the United States, in Congress assembled."

The Constitution was signed by a quorum of the delegates of eleven states, and the only member from a twelfth. In transmitting it to Congress, George Washington, as President of the convention, accompanied it with an important letter, indicating the spirit and design of the instrument.

Thus, in due form, and by the most solemn proceedings of all legal authority, was the Constitution submitted to *the whole people*, and it evidently constitutes a government of the whole people, and is not the instrument of a mere league of States in their corporate capacity, as has been so strenuously contended by the organizers of the rebellion.

We cannot better conclude this article than in the words of Washington, in his Farewell Address:

"This Government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and respect."

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\* *Secret Proceedings and Debates*, p. 220.



## ART. X.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

## EDUCATION.

*Exercises for Dictation and Pronunciation.* By CHARLES NORTHEND, A. M. 16mo, pp. 250. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr. 1862.

None of our publishers manufacture more curious school books than Messrs. Barnes & Burr. Sometimes, indeed, we find their imprint on a good work, but very rarely. Generally their compilers set to work as if the art of teaching children to spell and read was one of the occult sciences of the ancients, but one never thoroughly understood until the present treatise was published. Nor does Mr. Northend form an exception to the rule. Like most of his brethren, he is evidently of opinion that he is capable of teaching others what he has but a very vague idea of himself. There is nothing in the present volume, so far as we can see, that a child six years old might not learn, in the usual way, without any cabalistic signs or mysterious rules, although it is intended, not for children just beginning to read, but for the most advanced grade of students. "In making this volume," says Mr. Northend, "it has not been the aim of the author to furnish a substitute for the spelling-book, but, rather, to prepare an *accompaniment* to it for the use of the *higher classes in our schools*."—p. 3.

There is not an original sentence in the whole work—not a single instructive or judicious remark which is not borrowed, or which is not to be found in a more attractive form in a dozen of "spellers;" but the author takes occasion to point out the source of his inspiration, as follows: "For most of the reading and spelling exercises in the middle of the book, under the head of 'Miscellaneous Words,' the author would acknowledge his indebtedness to a work (mentioned at the bottom of the page), formerly published by A. S. Barnes & Co., and *which he has been allowed to use freely.*" (*ib.*) It must, of course, follow from this, that the work referred to is of great value, second only to the new production. After the author has duly accounted, in this modest way, for what he has taken from other *savans*, he informs the world that, "The various miscellaneous exercises in the book will, it is believed, readily commend themselves to teachers, and open a *wide field for much general instruction* in every-day matters, and thus make the work a desirable one as a *basis of many useful object-lessons.*"—(p. 4.) Need we say that a child of ordinary intelligence, who has furnished a "composition" at a country school half a dozen times, could hardly use more superfluous words in one sentence; yet it is not alone children, or

the higher classes in our schools, that Mr. Northend undertakes to instruct ; he is equally ready to give lessons to their teachers, to whose enlightenment he has devoted eight pages, besides several notes scattered throughout the work. Some idea may be formed of the value of the instructions given to the professors from a brief specimen or two. Lest any pedagogue might be so stupid as to allow his pupil even to correct a mistake, he is cautioned thus by Mr. Northend: "Allow the pupil to try once only *on a word*, as *all beyond* will be merely guessing."—(p. 7.) "After a little practice in this method, *scholars* will be able to go *through* with quite long sentences," &c.—(*ib.*) "It will be well, *often*, to make all the members of a class *feel responsible* for the accurate spelling of each *and every word*,"—(p. 10.) Wise observations like these form the staple of the "Hints to Teachers." "It will sometimes *be the case*," says Prof. Northend, "that *scholars* will prove themselves quite expert in spelling long or difficult words, and yet make sad mistakes in spelling words that are shorter *and apparently much easier*."—(p. 11.) How very remarkable! But our author furnishes a remedy at once—a veritable specific—one never known to fail in the worst cases. "Again," says our author, "it is frequently the case that *scholars* are exceedingly *deficient, in ability* to spell the names of countries, states, counties, towns, mountains, rivers, individuals," &c.—(*ib.*) As a matter of course, a remedy is provided, even against so strange a state of things—so that the like may never happen again, at least where Northend's *Dictation* is at hand. It is sometimes spoken of as a great wonder that, in the time of our grandfathers, the shepherd and the pedagogue, or the "school ma'am" and the henwife, were often one and the same person; but it seems to us that, if such were the case to-day, that neither the shepherd nor the henwife could give more silly "instructions" than we find in works of this kind. True, "Northend's *Dictation*" is intended for the West, and we see that several "out-west" editors have already inserted notices, pronouncing it superior to anything else of the kind that has yet appeared in that region. If the good people of the West are satisfied with such books, we have, perhaps, no reason to find fault; still, we confess we cannot help thinking that it is a shabby sort of business to persist in manufacturing a class of text-books the ignorance and foolishness of which could hardly be burlesqued.

*The Manual of Agriculture for the School, the Farm, and the Fireside.*

By GEORGE B. EMERSON and CHARLES L. FLINT. 12mo, pp. 306.  
Boston: Swan, Brewer & Tileston. 1862.

We do not pretend to speak *ex cathedra* on the science of agriculture. If we possess any knowledge of farming, it is derived chiefly from the Georgics of Virgil, and founded on our faith in the orthodoxy of such

passages as that in which the poet speaks of those eternal laws imposed by nature on particular localities and soils—

“Continuò has leges æternæque fœdera certis  
Imposuit natura, locis,” &c.

But there is much more in the present volume than those who are most sanguine would expect in a treatise on agriculture. And were it of a different character, the Board of Agriculture of the State of Massachusetts would hardly have caused it to be prepared as a text-book for schools. In our opinion, no better work of its kind could have been recommended for that purpose. That it exhibits not a little variety, and is interesting as well as instructive, might be inferred from the titles of the chapters; such, for example, as the following: The Air and the Gases in it; the Atmosphere and the Forces acting on it; of Plants; the Soil; culture of the Cereals; Diseases and enemies of growing Plants, &c., &c. Thus, in studying the *Manual*, the pupil soon becomes interested in chemistry, geology, botany, &c., and is gradually impressed with the practical utility of each, so that, were he destined never to have a farm, or to take any part in farming, it would nevertheless amply repay the time and attention bestowed on it. It is written in a lucid, graphic style. The authors use as few technicalities as possible; yet they do not sacrifice dignity of language to simplicity. The questions for examination on each chapter, given at the end, together with a copious alphabetical index, considerably enhance the value of the *Manual*.

*Method of Classical Study; illustrated by Questions on a few Selections from Latin and Greek authors.* By SAMUEL H. TAYLOR, LL. D., Principal of Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts. 12mo, pp. 154. Boston: Brown & Taggard. 1862.

We have examined this little volume with a good deal of interest and attention, and we feel convinced that it is calculated to afford much aid both to student and teacher. We think, however, that if there were less questions and more notes, the work would be still better. There are many who are very clever in proposing questions, which they themselves might sometimes find it difficult to answer. More than once we have met those who could take up a passage in Horace, Lucretius, or Aristophanes, and talk very fluently about the different forms of every declinable word, and yet could not for the life of them give a decent rendering of the following sentence.

It needs no unusual acumen to know that it discourages children to give them the impression that every word, nay, every syllable, has to be analyzed in this way. Nor can we blame them if they think that at this rate it would occupy their whole life to learn Latin alone. The best Latinists we know—those capable of conversing fluently in the language—

would be puzzled at half the questions proposed by Professor Taylor; and it may be doubted whether Cicero or Virgil could have answered the other half without wincing. The declensions of the learned languages are very good *per se*, as means of mental exercise; but a language must be learned before its grammar, just as much as the hare must be caught before it is cooked.

If we take up the best edition of any classic author, in which the notes, &c., are in the same language with the text, it is not roots, derivations, or endings that are taken into account, but the most faithful rendering of any particular passage. The classic commentator would no more undertake to analyze every word in a passage of Virgil or Æschylus, than the English commentator would in a passage in Shakespeare. Should we not smile at the critic who, when he came to the noble soliloquy of Hamlet, would proceed to elucidate the same, by telling us that "To be or not to be," &c., has *am* in the first person singular, indicative mood, present tense; *are* in the plural, &c., &c.?

If Professor Taylor is not familiarly acquainted with the Latin and other languages, it is evident that he has availed himself of the labors of those that are. At all events, his "Method" is really very good; but, as already intimated, we think he could have made it much better, had he omitted about fifty per cent. of the questions, and filled their place, if not with answers, at least, with explanations. As it is, we would confidently recommend the book to advanced students, as the best of its kind we remember to have been published in this country.

*Introductory French Course, in accordance with the Robertsonian System of Teaching Modern Languages.* By LOUIS ERNST. 16mo, pp. 264. New York: Roe Lockwood & Son. 1862.

In our last number, we gave our views at length of Prof. Ernst's "Method," in reviewing his *Complete Spanish Course*. As the volume now before us is on the same plan, we need only say that it is inferior in nothing to that which preceded it. Before examining these two books, it was but rarely, if ever, we had the good fortune to meet with a text book of a foreign language, or indeed any French, Italian, or Spanish book, bearing the imprint of the Messrs. Lockwood, which was not marred throughout with typographical errors. As an instance, we might mention their "expurgated edition" of Molière's works, which is a veritable curiosity in its way. Wishing to do justice to all, we are glad to note the improvement in the present case; for the benefit of education, we should be glad to learn that all the foreign books published by the same gentlemen had passed through the hands of the proof reader, whoever he may be, that had charge of Prof. Ernst's Spanish and French "Courses." In the present, as well as in the former volume, the index forms a valuable feature. In

short, as an introductory work, it is one of the best we have seen, for the purpose for which it is designed. It is particularly adapted for children commencing the study of French, and we take pleasure in recommending it accordingly.

## BELLES-LETTRES.

1. *The Maid of Saxony, or Who is the Traitor*, an Opera in three acts, founded on historical events, in the Life of Frederick the Second of Prussia, related by Miss Edgeworth, Zimmerman, Latrobe, and other writers. By GEORGE P. MORRIS.
2. *Poems* by GEORGE P. MORRIS, with a memoir of the author. Seventeenth edition.  
New York: Charles Scribner.

Popularity discovers itself in a thousand forms; or, perhaps, it would be more correct, in this case, to call it admiration. Thus, many choose their daily song from Morris; others quote him, or recite his longer pieces; while a third class write to editors to wonder why they have not noticed his new edition. The last is the only feature in the case we have to do with at present. We cannot deny that we have been tardy, but we had no intention of denying ourselves the pleasure of having a chat about the additions made in the "blue and gold" edition. We have long been intending, also, to review the author's "*Maid of Saxony*," feeling that it contains many a veritable gem; but there is nothing one is more cautious in giving his impressions of, than what he admires most. The fear of not doing justice to it makes him hesitate—procrastinate—wait till he can bestow more thought upon it, and meantime the years, as well the months and *quarters*, pass by. This might be regarded as a satisfactory apology, if, in the end, due amends could be made; but how often does it happen that it is those very tasks, deferred so often, until all the circumstances are favorable to give them suitable consideration, that have to be disposed of most unsatisfactorily, when further delay becomes tiresome—nay, subjects us to feelings akin to remorse! This we must admit to be our position in the present instance. We know that we should have complied earlier with the wishes of our readers—especially those of the ladies. We cannot give them a deaf ear any longer; and yet the amount of time we can bestow on the task, most agreeable as it is, bears but a slight proportion, indeed, to the importance it possesses in our estimation.

For the latter reason, we might have waited a little longer; but, knowing that the author has recently been suffering much from ill health, we should warmly congratulate ourselves, if anything we said could have the effect of cheering him in the least in his struggle against age and its infirmities. Our readers are aware that we never shrink from passing censure where we feel it is deserved. There is no author, ancient or

modern, for whom our admiration, however great, is such as to render us blind to his faults; nor do we hold that even Homer himself is faultless. But we deem it by no means an essential part of our duty to say all we might, that is disagreeable, of faults which, if such they may be called at all, are as the chaff is to the wheat, when compared to the beauties and excellencies from which they are inseparable, as the thorn is from the rose. We do not envy the feelings of the critic who would give pain to one that has cheered the hearts of hundreds of thousands, as Morris certainly has done by his songs, by reminding him, with needless asperity, that there are occasional defects in his poems. If we ought to respect the gray hairs, even of those whose ideas do not extend beyond their daily task, how much greater should be our respect for those of the gifted—especially of the song-writer—him who is said to beguile the moon from her orbit, nay, to delight the gods themselves!

*"Carmina vel eculi possunt deducere lunam,  
Carminibus superi placantur, carmine manes,  
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim!"*

It must not, however, be inferred from all this, that we are about to consider Morris as a great poet. We have no intention of comparing him to Byron, Wordsworth, Cowper, Longfellow, Tennyson, or Bryant—much less to Dryden, Pope, Butler, or Gay. But it is not on the score of genius, or merit that we refrain from doing so; this would be unjust; we avoid the comparison simply because the mission of our author is entirely different from that of any of those mentioned. In short, it is as a song-writer we have to regard Morris; and in this character there are only three to whom he can be compared, namely, Burns, Moore, and Beranger. And, in instituting a comparison between him and any of the tuneful trio, we must remember that each of them had great advantages over the American bard. It has been well said that a country, whose history is brief, has but little resources for lyrical poetry. In time, as well as in space, "distance lends enchantment to the view."

That tradition forms a valuable element in the ballad poetry of all nations possessed of such a treasure, is too well known to need any proof. And this is more particularly the case, when the tradition is associated with the wrongs of a people; for the sweetest songs are those most deeply tinged with melancholy. Burns and Moore had abundant materials of this kind to work upon; and need we say that the minstrel of France had no lack of those sentiments which tyranny and oppression are sure to awaken in the most thoughtless minds. The French, indeed, are a gay and cheerful people—probably the happiest in the world. But they, too, have their moments of seriousness; perhaps of none others may it be more truly said, that they grieve while they laugh. At all events, their story has much in it that is gloomy and sad. That they have felt this themselves, is sufficiently evident from the terrible retribution which, more than once,

they have wreaked on the heads of their oppressors. It is not necessary to read Sismondi, Michelet, Guizot, or Thiers, in order to prove it.

The story is told by Beranger, in his *chansons*, more truly and pathetically than in all their histories. It would be superfluous to remind our readers of the griefs which Moore and Burns had only to give suitable expression to, in order to secure the sympathies of all generous minds. Still more superfluous would it be, to trace those griefs in their songs; or to show how much they are everywhere pervaded by a feeling of sadness; for who is not acquainted with the "tuneful tears" of Burns and Moore? It is otherwise, however, with Beranger. Generally as the French language is understood by the educated of our countrymen, and much as the French minstrel is admired by the privileged few, we fear that there are many, even of our own readers, who have never read the most soul-stirring of his effusions. And, in turning to any of these, it is ten to one but we find that they have derived most of their pathos from oppression in some form. Nor do the songs of Petrarch form an exception to the rule. His best, too, are plaintive and sad. It is but of secondary consideration in what form the sadness finds expression, or what is its immediate cause. Thus, for example, in Gay's "Black-eyed Susan," love is the burden of the song, though the cause of the heroine's grief is the impressment of her lover. Several of the love songs of Beranger derive their chief interest from a similar state of things; and the finest odes addressed by Petrarch to his beloved Laura breathe an exalted patriotism. Nowhere is he more tender or pathetic than he is in lamenting that political condition of his country which makes the poor little better than the slaves of the rich. Nay, even in his address to her summer haunt, the prevailing sentiment is affectionate sorrow—a sorrow that alternates between his beloved mistress and his beloved country. Although there is almost the anguish of hopeless despair in this famous ode, its melody is such, that we do not hesitate to transcribe a stanza or two, placing beside them the best translation within our reach.

*Alla Fontana di Valchiusa: Canzone di Francesco Petrarca.*

Chiare, fresche, et dolci acque,  
Ove le belle membra  
Pose colei che sola a me par donna,  
Gentil ramo ove placque.  
(Con sospir m'rimembra),  
A lei di far al bel bianco colonna,  
Herba e fior che la gonna  
Leggiadra ricoverse,  
Con l'angelico seno,  
Aer sacro areno,  
Ove amor co' belli occhi il cor m'aperse,  
Date udientia insieme  
A le dolente mie parole estreme.

*Petrarch's Address to the Summer Haunt of Donna Laura.*

Sweet fountain of Vaucluse!  
The virgin freshness of whose crystal bed  
The ladye, idol of my soul! hath led  
Within thy wave her fairy bath to choose!  
And thou, O favorite tree!  
Whose branches she loved best  
To shade her hour of rest—  
Her own dear native land's green mulberry!  
Roses whose earliest bud  
To her sweet bosom lent  
Fragrance and ornament—  
Zephyrs who fan the murmuring flood!  
Cool grove! sequestered grot!  
Here in this lovely spot—  
I pour my last sad lay, where first her love I wooed.

S' egli e pur mio destino  
 Il cielo in ciò s' adopra  
 Ch' amor quest' occhi lagrimando chiuda;  
 Quic'he gratia il meschino  
 Corpo fra voi ricopra,  
 E torni l' alma al proprio albergo ignuda.  
 La morte sia men cruda  
 Su questa speme porto,  
 A quel dubbioso passo,  
 Che lo spirito lasso  
 Non porria mai in più riposo porto,  
 Né in più tranquilla fossa,  
 Fuggir la carne travagliata e l' ossa.

If soon my earthly woes  
 Must slumber in the tomb,  
 And if my life's sad doom  
 Must soon in sorrow close;  
 Where yonder willow grows  
 Close by the margin lay  
 My cold and lifeless clay,  
 That unrequited love may find repose!  
 Seek thou thy native realm,  
 My soul! And when the fear  
 Of dissolution near,  
 And doubts shall overwhelm,  
 A ray of comfort round  
 My dying couch shall hover,  
 If some kind hand will cover  
 My miserable bones in yonder hallowed ground

The American bard, on the contrary, can hardly be said to have any tradition from which to draw inspiration. The romance in American history, if there is any in it except in connection with the red man, is of too modern growth; and the story of the red man, although sufficiently interesting in prose, has failed to satisfy the European mind in the form of poetry. Not, indeed, but incidents in Indian life have formed the groundwork of many a fine poem; and we need not go farther for an instance, than the volume now before us. All are acquainted with the heroic generosity of Pocahontas, in saving the life of Captain Smith at the peril of her own; but perhaps it is not equally known that no poet has turned that memorable event to more happy account than has Morris, in the four brief stanzas which we here transcribe, as our first extract from his Poems:

*"The Chieftain's Daughter."*

" Upon the barren sand  
 A single captive stood;  
 Around him came, with bow and brand,  
 The red-men of the wood.  
 Like him of old, his doom he hears,  
 Rock-bound on ocean's rim:  
 The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,  
 And breathed a prayer for him.

" Above his head in air  
 The savage war-club swung;  
 The frantic girl, in wild despair,  
 Her arms about him flung.

Then shook the warriors of the shade,  
 Like leaves on aspen limb—  
 Subdued by that heroic maid  
 Who breathed a prayer for him.

" Unbind him!" gasped the chief—  
 "Obey our king's decree!"  
 He kissed away her tears of grief,  
 And set the captive free.  
 'Tis ever thus, when, in life's storm,  
 Hope's star to man grows dim,  
 An angel kneels in woman's form,  
 And breathes a prayer for him."

—pp. 78-9.

But we must return to "The Maid of Saxony; or, Who is the Traitor," if only to make a few brief observations, which may give those who have not read it, or seen it performed, an idea of its character. To analyze the plot, and note the historical incidents on which it is founded, would lead us too far, and leave us no room for extracts; and our design, on the present occasion, is much more to allow the author's lyrics to speak for themselves, and vindicate their popularity, than to offer any criticisms upon them.

While examining the opera which bears the above title, we were not surprised to learn that, when it was first performed at the Park Theatre in this city, it had a run of many nights. Nor was it forgotten, after



this. It was often played in public and private, until the rage for Italian opera became such, that the best English operas became a drug in the market—not excepting the famous pieces of Sheridan and Gay. The music of *The Maid of Saxony* was by the well known Charles E. Horn, who composed a number of popular airs to Moore's Melodies, and who furnished the music for many other favorite operas. The principal *dramatis personæ* are Frederick II., King of Prussia; Count Laniska, a Pole, his aid-de-camp; Baron Altenberg, Attorney-General; the Judge of the Court; the Burgomaster; Wedgewood, an English traveller; and Sophia Mansfield, the Maid of Saxony, &c. But it is to the songs much more than to the characters, or the structure of the piece, we would direct the attention of our readers. True, they are not so well finished, nor are they by any means so popular, as the author's detached songs; but several of them are characterized by great beauty, vivacity, and sweetness. This is particularly true of the soldier's song at the opening of the second scene of the first act, which we quote.

“ Song.

“ The life for me is a soldier's life !  
With that what glories come !  
The notes of the spirit-stirring life,  
The roll of the battle drum ;  
The brilliant array, the bearing high,  
The plumed warriors' tramp ;  
The streaming banners that float the sky,  
The gleaming pomp of the camp.

CHORUS.

“ A soldier's life is the life for me !  
With that what glories come !  
The notes of the spirit-stirring life,  
The roll of the battle-drum !”

—pp. 259-60.

This may remind the admirers of French minstrelsy of a very popular song, descriptive of Gallic chivalry and heroism, the first two stanzas of which run thus :

“ *La Carrière Militaire.*

“ Ah ! le bel état !  
Que l'état de soldat !  
Battre, aimer, chanter, et boire—  
Voilà tout notre histoire !  
Et ma foi  
Moi je crois  
Que cet état là vaut bien  
Ceint de tant de gens qui ne font rien !

“ Vainqueurs entrons-nous dans une ville ?  
Les autorités et les habitants  
Nous viennent, d'une façon fort civile,

Ouvrir les portes à deux battans ;  
C'est tout au plus s'ils sont contents ;  
Mais c'est tout de même—  
Il faut qu'on nous aime—  
Ran, tan, plan !  
Ou bien qu'on fasse semblant.  
Puis quand vient le clair de lune  
Chacun chuchote sa chanson,  
En qualité de conspirant.

Ran, tan, plan !  
Ah, le bel état, &c.

Another song in the *Maid of Saxony*, of a similar character, which is well worth quoting, is the duet by Count and Karl, especially as it is very applicable to the present time :

“ Duet—Count and Karl.

“ 'Tis a soldier's rigid duty  
Orders strictly to obey ;  
Let not, then, the smile of beauty  
Lure us from the camp away.  
In our country's cause united,  
Gaily we'll brave the field ;  
But the victory won, delighted  
Sing to the fair we yield !

“ Soldiers who have ne'er retreated,  
Beauty's tear will sure beguile ;  
Hearts that armies ne'er dejected,  
Love can conquer with a smile.  
Who would strive to live in story,  
Did not woman's hand prepare  
Amaranthine wreaths of glory  
Which the valiant proudly wear !”

—p. 269.

We can only mention the duet by Laniska and Frederica (p. 278), the Chorus of Peasants (pp. 279-80), the song of Sophia (p. 311), and the duet by Sophia and Frederica (p. 313), though each is in the genuine lyrical vein. There is, however, one other song in the *Maid of Szony*, which we think we need no apology for transcribing; but with it we must take leave, for the present, of a piece which, if it had been written in Italian, or German, would continue to maintain a high rank in the repertoire of the lyric stage.

*" Song—Wedgewood.*

" That law's the perfection of reason,  
No one in his senses denies ;  
Yet here is a trial for treason  
Will puzzle the wigs of the wise.  
The lawyers who bring on the action  
On no single point will agree,  
Though proved to their own satisfaction  
That tweedle-dum's not tweedle-dee !

" To settle disputes, in a fury  
The sword from the scabbard we draw ;  
But reason appeals to a jury,  
And settles—according to law.  
Then hey for the woolpack !—for never  
Without it can nations be free ;  
But trial by jury for ever !  
And for tyranny—fiddle-de-deo !" —p. 330.

It is not our intention to give any opinion of our author's oldest songs; the following lyrics are too well known in Europe, as well as America, to render it necessary that we should do aught more here than to name them: "We were Boys together;" "My Mother's Bible;" "Near the Lake, where drooped the Willow;" "Love me, Dearest;" "Flag of our Union;" "Cottager's Welcome;" "Land of Washington;" "When other friends are round thee;" "The Miniature," &c., &c. As for "Woodman, spare that Tree," it would be superfluous even to mention it. But there are some of our author's recent pieces which, with two or three exceptions, are among the best he has written. Of this character is

*" The Romance of History.*

I.  
" In regal halls young beauty dwelt  
Whom Mammon sought to gain,  
When at her altar Merit knelt,  
Who never knelt in vain.  
The lady loved the gallant youth,  
The bravest of the land,  
And in her maiden pride and truth,  
She gave to him her hand.

II.  
" Soon to the wars his country called  
Her bosom's lord away ;  
The women, by his deeds appalled,  
Were routed in dismay !

From rank to rank the hero rose !—  
When peace resumed her seat  
He furled the banner of his foes  
At his fond lady's feet.

III.  
" That valor love prefers to gold,  
Well did the lady prove,  
For he who is in battle bold  
Is never false in love.  
The crimson plume of victory  
The warrior would not prize,  
Unless it nodded gracefully  
In his true lady's eyes."

"Down by the River Side" is but brief, but it is such as finds an echo in every heart that is not a stranger to "the witchery of love":

*" Down by the River Side.*

I.  
" Down by the river side I stray  
As twilight shadows close,  
And the soft music of the spray  
Lulls nature to repose :  
Beside the stream a maiden dwells—  
My star of evening !—  
Pure as the water-lily bells  
Down by the river side.

II.  
" Down by the river side I own  
A treasure worth the sea,  
In one, to all the world unknown,  
Who's all the world to me.  
Soon, in her early bloom and glow,  
She is to be my bride,  
Where the sweet water-lilies grow  
Down by the river side."

Of a kindred character is the beautiful effusion, "To the Evening Star." Certainly, Beranger has nothing, of its kind, more sweet, tender, or graceful. The closing stanza is particularly melodious and pathetic:

*"To the Evening Star."*

I.  
"The woods waved welcome in the breeze",  
When, many years ago,  
Lured by the songs of birds and bees,  
I sought the dell below;  
And there, in that secluded spot,  
Where silver streamlets roved,  
Twined the green ivy round the cot  
Of her I fondly loved.

II.  
"In dreams still near that porch I stand  
To listen to her vow!  
Still feel the pressure of her hand  
Upon my burning brow!

And here, as in the days gone by,  
With joy I meet her yet,  
And mark the love-light of her eye,  
Fringed with its lash of jet.

III.  
"Oh, fleeting vision of the past!  
From memory glide away!  
Ye were too beautiful to last,  
Too good to longer stay!  
But why, attesting evening star,  
This sermon sad recall:  
"Than love and lose 'tis better far  
To never lose at all!"

Speaking of the French minstrel, reminds us of that beautiful ode of his in praise of water; and which bears no slight resemblance, in its general tone and spirit, as well as in the charming harmony of its versification, to Morris's "Croton Ode"—written, we perceive, at the request of the Corporation of New York, and sung, near the Park fountain, by the members of the New York Sacred Music Society, in October, 1842. The whole of either would be too long for our space; but we quote the three first stanzas from each, giving the French lyric at the bottom of the page,\* with Prout's translation:

*Croton Ode.*

Gushing from this living fountain,  
Music pours a falling strain,  
As the goddess of the mountain  
Comes with all her sparkling train.  
From her grotto-springs advancing,  
Glittering in her feathery spray,  
Woodland fays beside her dancing,  
She pursues her winding way.  
Gently o'er the rippling water,  
In her coral-shallop bright,  
Glides the rock-king's dove-eyed daughter,  
Decked in robes of virgin white.

Nymphs and naiads, sweetly smiling,  
Urge her bark with pearly hand,  
Merrily the sylph beguiling  
From the nooks of fairy-land.

Swimming on the snow-curved billow,  
See the river-spirits fair  
Lay their cheeks, as on a pillow,  
With the foam-beads in their hair.  
Thus attended, hither wending,  
Floats the lovely oread now,  
Eden's arch of promise bending  
Over her translucent brow.

\* *Les Eloges de l'Eau.*

Il pleut ! il pleut enfin !  
Et la vigne altérée  
Va se voir restaurée  
Par un bienfait divin.  
De l'eau chautons la gloire,  
On la méprise en vain,  
C'est l'eau qui nous fait boire  
Du vin ! du vin ! du vin !

C'est par l'eau, j'en conviens,  
Que Dieu fit le déluge ;  
Mais ce souverain juge  
Mit le mal près du bien !  
Du déluge l'histoire  
Fait naître le raisin ;  
C'est l'eau qui nous fait boire—  
Du vin ! du vin ! du vin !

*Wine Debtor to Water.*

Rain best doth nourish  
Earth's pride, the budding vine !  
Grapes best will flourish  
On which the dewdrops shine.  
Then, why should water meet with scorn,  
Or why its claim to praise resign ?  
When from that bounteous source is born  
The vine ! the vine ! the vine !

Rain best disposes  
Earth for each blossom and each bud ;  
True, we are told by Moses,  
Once it brought on "a flood :"  
But while that flood did all immerse,  
All save old Noah's holy line,  
Pray, read the chapter and the verse—  
The vine is there ! the vine !

The amount of space now left us is very little, while we have much that claims a place in it. At all events, we will make sure of not omitting the

*"Canzonet.*

I.  
 "In the clear mirror of her eyes,  
 As floats a bird in air,  
 Young Love, reflected from the skies,  
 Sails the blue ocean there!  
 And, as he weaves his web of wiles,  
 Around her mouth of pearls,  
 He gayly gambols in her smiles,  
 And nestles in her curls.

II.  
 "The maid inherits every grace  
 That nature can bestow;  
 The beauty of her form and face  
 All hail with hearts a glow!  
 Yet in her eyes, her mouth, her curls,  
 The secret art I see  
 By which this peerless queen of girls  
 Sways all the world—*but me!*"

We must make room for one more tribute to female beauty—one which Petrarch himself might have addressed to his Laura. It is Spanish in its form, and adapted to a Spanish melody; and it may be doubted whether the muse of either Calderon or Camoens can boast a happier effort:

*"Words adapted to a Spanish Melody.*

I.  
 "My lady hath as soft a hand  
 As any queen in fairy land;  
 And, hidden in her tiny boot,  
 As dainty and as light a foot.  
 Her foot!  
 Her little hand and foot!

So fair a form, so sweet a face!  
 Her face!  
 Her gentle form and face!

III.  
 "My lady hath a golden heart,  
 Free from the dross of worldly art;  
 Which, in the sight of Heaven above,  
 Is mine, with all its hoarded love!  
 Her love!  
 Her boundless wealth of love!"

II.  
 "No star that kindles in the sky  
 Burns brighter than my lady's eye;  
 And never before did beauty grace

Even woman scarcely affords Morris more genuine inspiration than his country. Many of his patriotic songs are as familiar to the whole American people as household words. Some of these we have already alluded to, remarking that it would be superfluous to quote them, especially at the present crisis, when they are in the hands—nay, sunk deep in the hearts—of every true defender of the Union. But there are two, not so widely known, which are more suitable now than any others, and which yield to none in patriotic fervor and melody. These we place side by side, leaving it to the reader to select his choice as a matin song, until the Union is restored, and Northerners and Southerners are once more linked together as brethren, and able to set the combined armies of the world at defiance:

Ah ! combien je jouis  
 Quand la civree apporte  
 Des vins de toute sorte  
 Et de tous les pays !  
 Ma cave est mon armoire—  
 A l'instant tout est plein ;  
 C'est Peau qui nous fait boire  
 Du vin ! du vin ! du vin !

Wine by water carriage  
 Round the globe is best conveyed ;  
 Then why disparage  
 A path for old Bacchus made ?  
 When in our docks the cargo lands  
 Which foreign merchants here consign,  
 The vine's red empire wide expands—  
 The vine ! the vine ! the vine !

## "Union.

"This the word beyond all others,  
Makes us love our country most,  
Makes us feel that we are brothers,  
And a heart united host!—  
With *hexxa* let our banner  
From the house-tops be unfurled,  
While the nation holds her station  
With the mightiest of the world!

CHORUS

Take your harps from southern willows,  
Shout the choros of the free;  
States are all distinct as billows,  
Union one—as is the sea!"

II.

"From the land of groves that bore us  
He's a traitor who would swerve!  
By the flag now waving o'er us  
We the Union will preserve!  
Those who gained it and sustained it  
Were unto each other true.  
And the fable well is able  
To instruct us what to do!

CHORUS.

Take your harps from southern willows,  
Shout the choros of the free;  
States are all distinct as billows,  
Union one—as is the sea!"

## "The American Standard.

"WASHINGTON bequeathed the flag of the Republic  
to us in trust for our children's children to the latest  
posterity. \* \* \* "Never forget," exclaimed the  
Father of his Country, "the memorable words of War-  
ren: let them go with the flag!"—DUNLAP.

"Our nation's banner streams upon the wind,  
The harbinger of hope to all mankind!  
The welkin's hues were blended in its dyes,  
And all its stars were kindled in the skies.  
It waves in triumph over land and sea:  
*Our Father's beam*—the symbol of the free!—  
Vain is the strife that would its glory dim  
While it reminds his countrymen of him.

"He who was first in war and first in peace,  
First in our hearts will be till time shall cease,  
With the death-dews of his devoted hand,  
Baptized the banner of his ransomed land!  
Preserve it, freemen, to your latest breath,  
And keep the watchword, 'Liberty or  
death!'  
Our FATHER spake: 'In trust that flag is  
given:'  
*Its stars are the forget-me-nots of hexxa!*"

\* Bunker HILL.

We have quoted these pieces and expressed our admiration of them in the full consciousness that none of our poets have been subjected to more adverse criticism than Morris. No edition of his works—scarcely a single one of his more recent pieces—has been published, without his being assailed; and those who commend either are attacked with equal asperity. But this is not peculiar to Morris. Moore, too, had his assailants; so had Burns and Beranger. Burns excited least jealousy, because none who could hope to rival him attempted to write, as he did, in the popular dialect of Scotland. But it was different with Moore and Beranger; and accordingly, although there were few more genial or amiable men than either, all that has been published against them would fill volumes. Need we say that this is not the fate of song-writers alone; that all successful poets, nay, all successful authors, have to suffer similar annoyance? Every student of English literature is aware of the virulence with which Pope and Dryden were assailed in turn, by those of their cotemporaries who either aspired to be poets themselves, or were the tools of such as did. Even Goldsmith had to pay the penalty of being famous, as would be sufficiently proved, in the absence of all other evidence—without mentioning the name of his tormentor, Dr. Kendrick—by his cudgelling of the publisher of the *St. James's Chronicle* behind his own counter. But neither Johnston nor Burke was anything the less ready to bestow the highest praise on the author of "The Deserted Village," because he was abused by Kendrick and others like him.

Morris, too, has elicited the approbation of the best critics among his cotemporaries at home and abroad, including Everett, Webster, Washing-

ton Irving, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Poe, Bryant, &c., &c. But had it been otherwise—had his poems elicited nothing but censure—we should not hesitate, on a careful examination of the volume before us, to place its author at the head of the lyrical poets of his country.

There are those who associate with the name of a song-writer a mean idea, as compared to the author of a long poem; but the best critics of all countries are of opinion that lyrical poetry requires the highest degree of inspiration and intellectual development. The merest tyro in Greek literature is aware that *Æschylus*, *Euripides*, or *Aristophanes*, is nowhere more happy and delightful than in those passages intended to be sung. *Longinus* tells us, that not only did *Homer* sing his own pieces from door to door, but that in time they became the songs of all Greece. This, indeed, is disputed by other critics; but they are the same who are of opinion that, after all, the odes of *Anacreon* have afforded more delight than even the *Iliad* of *Homer*; and that the odes of *Horace* have exercised a more powerful and salutary influence on modern civilization than the *Æneid* of *Virgil*. If it be true that song-writers cannot write great poems, it is equally true that even epic poets seldom write great songs. It is only with indifferent success that even *Milton* has attempted the poetry of song. Scattered through the dramas of *Shakespeare*, there are charming effusions in the ballad style; but not one of them has laid permanent hold on the popular mind. If the best of them are remembered at all, it is much more on account of the startling scenes and thrilling incidents with which they are associated than any intrinsic merit of their own. Another fact, too apt to be lost sight of, is, that, for every dozen of poets, so called, there is not one song-writer worthy of the name; although there is no poet who has not attempted songs. Thus, modern Italy has many poets; but *Petrarch* is her only song-writer. Of him, alone, can it be said, in the language of *Delille*, that, after the lapse of five centuries, the echo of the valley still remembers the sweet name of his mistress.

" Je redemandais Laure à l'écho du vallon,  
Et l'écho n'avait point oublié ce doux nom."

Several poets have, indeed, written a good song or two. This is true of *Dryden*, *Gay*, *Scott*, *Campbell*, *Molière*, *Victor Hugo*, *Longfellow*, *Halleck*, and *Bryant*; but the same is true of as many who did not pretend to be poets at all. Thus, we see how easy it is to give a long list of poets; but, if we search all the nations of Europe as well as America, how many song-writers, recognized as such at home or abroad, do we find? Are there not more who have written epics? The best reply is, that the only song-writers, properly so called, that can be selected from all the poets of modern times, are *Petrarch*, *Beranger*, *Burns*, *Moore*, and *Morris*—each the national bard—the unpaid laureate of his country.

In a brief notice in a former number of this journal, we have spoken of the general characteristics of *Morris's* poetry. It is needless to repeat the

same remarks here. We may observe, however, that, if our opinion has undergone any change in the lapse of two years, it is in favor of our author's poetry. The more we study his lyrics, especially such as "The Prairie on Fire," "Where Hudson's Wave," "Stag Hunt," "Thou hast woven the Spell," "I love thee still," "The Missing Ship," "Oh, Boatman, Haste," "The Star of Love," "The Seasons of Love," "The Main-truck," "Pull away Merrily," &c., &c., the more we admire their purity and chasteness, and the more we are charmed with their tenderness and melody. Their all-pervading spirit is love—love of woman, love of country, love of virtue. In the whole volume before us, there is not a single line that excites a prurient idea, not a single stanza which the author need wish omitted, or altered; in short, not a word "which angels might not hear, and virgins tell."

*Life and Adventure in the South Pacific.* By a Roving Printer. 12mo, pp. 361. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1861.

The author of this volume commences his preface by telling us that it "lays no claim to literary merit." We are never discouraged from attempting the perusal of a book by an announcement of this kind, but rather the contrary. At the same time there have been so many works published lately, bearing a similar title, several of which we had tried in vain to read, that it was not without considerable misgiving we began to turn over the pages of that before us. In the first place, the "Roving Printer" rather prepossesses us, for we have a good deal of faith in printers, who, after sowing their wild oats, undertake to relate their experience. The illustrations, as one after another opened to us, presented another inducement; then we turned to the table of contents, and soon concluded that where the bill of fare is so extensive and varied it must be worth while to taste the viands. We proceeded to read accordingly, and, while we entirely agree with the author that the book has little claim to literary merit, we are equally willing to admit that the task of perusal has been an agreeable one. Indeed, we should rather read a dozen such than one "sensation novel."

The author's descriptions are, in general, remarkably vivid and graphic. Almost every page has its incident, or adventure; more frequently both come in groups; and, without any apparent exaggeration, each is made to do its appropriate work; that is to say, one awakens our curiosity; another attracts us by its novelty; a third startles us by the danger in which it places those who take part in it; and a fourth pleases us by the air of romance, with which it is invested. We should like well to illustrate our remarks by extracts; but we have to remember that other works, too, claim our attention—though, certainly, none more full

of vivacity and life than this. At all events, we will try to make room for a passage or two. It is difficult to choose, where there is so much variety. Probably, there are few of our readers who have not read descriptions of what may be called a whale hunt. We have done so often ourselves; but we have seen no better account of such a scene than that of the Roving Printer, if, indeed, we have seen as good; and, presuming that it may be equally acceptable to our readers, we transcribe it here:

"The morning of the twenty-second commences with light breezes from the north-east; pleasant weather. Suddenly, about 9 A.M., the monotony is broken by the welcome cry from masthead—

"T-h-e-r-e she b-l-o-w-s! T-h-e-r-e she b-l-o-w-s!"

"Where away?"

"Four points off the lee bow, sir."

"How far off?"

"About two miles, sir."

"What does it look like?"

"Sperm whales, sir."

"Ay, ay; sing out every time you holler."

"By this time the captain was aloft, and, on taking a view with his spy-glass at the 'spouts,' sings out, 'Sperm whales! Call all hands; bear a hand there, and get your boats ready.'"

"Ay, ay, sir," is the reply. All hands are called, and the different crews stand by their respective boats, 'all eager for the fray,' and expressing their determination to capture a whale before returning to the ship, taking for their motto, 'A dead whale or a stove boat.'"

"Lower away the boats!" shouts the captain, as he descends to the deck. They are instantly lowered, followed by the crews, and now comes the tug of war. Each boat sets her sail, and the men pull in good earnest. While they are skimming the waves, the whale is still spouting, and all are anxious to reach him before his 'spoutings are out.' It frequently happens, when in pursuit, that, just at the moment the boat-steerer 'stands up' to strike the whale, he suddenly descends; but experienced whalemen can generally tell the direction they take while down, by the position of the 'flukes' when going down. The boats are then pulled in the direction the whale is supposed to have taken. They also judge of the distance the whale will go under water, by the velocity of the animal when last seen. After the boats have pulled what is judged to be the proper distance, they 'heave up,' or cease pulling. A large whale, when not 'gallied,' or frightened, generally spouts from sixty to seventy times before going down, and remains down from fifty to seventy minutes.

"The boats have now got close on. Those left on board the ship are watching with breathless anxiety, occasionally exclaiming, 'Oh, pull boys! do pull!' Meantime the men in the boats are bending back to it, but the bow boat has the advantage; she is the head boat. Mr. K. is jumping up and down in the stern, crying, 'Once more, my hearties! give it to her! a few more strokes, and we have him; pull, my children! why don't you break your backbones, you rascals! so there you are now; that's the stroke for a thousand pounds; start her, but keep cool; encumbers is the word; easy, easy; only start her! why don't you snap your oars, you rascals! bite something, you dogs! easy now, but pull; oh, you're all asleep! stop snoring, and pull; pull, will ye? pull, can't ye? pull, won't ye? pull, and start your eyes out! that's it; now you start her.' Thus, one moment coaxing, and the next scolding; but no one heeds him, as all are bent on taking the whale. 'Stand up!' shouted he; and the boat-steerer rose to his feet, grasped his iron, and, as the boat neared the monster, 'Give it to him!' is the next cry, and 'chock to the socket' went the first iron, followed as quick as thought by the second. ONE DEAFENING CHEER, and the cry resounded over the waters,



'We are fast! we are fast!' The sea, which but a moment before lay still and quiet, with scarcely a ripple to break its even surface, is now lashed into foam by the writhings of the whale. 'Stern all!' shouts the officer. The boat is immediately backed, and removed from present danger; the officer takes the head of the boat, and the boat-steerer takes the steering oar to manage the boat; the whale is sounding, and the line is running through the 'chocks,' or groove in the head of the boat, with the rapidity of lightning, and as it passes round the loggerhead, it ignites from the heat produced by friction, but the tub-oarsman is continually dashing water upon it in the line-tub. The whale sounds deep, and the line is almost out; a signal is made to the other boats, which are coming down. They come near enough, and bend on their lines; but presently it ceases running out and slackens; the whale is coming to the surface again. All hands now commence to 'haul in line' as fast as he rises, and the boat-steerer coils it away, as fast as hauled in, in the stern sheets. He soon breaks water, and the boat is gradually hauled up to him. Another boat now fastens, and he again attempts to sound; but, being weakened by loss of blood, he is soon at the surface again. The boats now draw alongside, and the officer of the first boat fast prepares his lance. He darts it for his vitals (just behind the fin), and the first one proves fatal, for in a moment more he shows the 'red flag': the blood flows freely from the spout-hole in a thick, dark stream; the sea is stained for some distance, and the men in the boats are covered with the bloody spray, but glory in it."—pp. 43-7.

Nor does our author confine himself to "whaling incidents," or life on ship-board. He frequently gives us sketches illustrative of manners and customs, which are all the more agreeable because they are not expected. Examples of this are to be found throughout the book; but generally they are made to follow exciting scenes, as if intended to serve as a contrast. We can, however, only make room for one passage more:

"A Chinese school is a great curiosity to an American. They all study aloud, and it appears to cause no confusion with either teachers or scholars, though it would in a Yankee school. But their appearance is the greatest curiosity. Such a set of bald heads with young bodies, their only hair a braided queue hanging down the back—such young faces in the dress of old men, in frocks, leggins, and large shoes, with boys' motions and actions, and the medley of voices—such a variety of grotesque sounds and tones, is a very novel sight, and would make a laughable picture; but it would be necessary to produce the sounds to give a correct idea of a Chinese school.

"Of all the objects of the care of the Chinese, there are none to which they so religiously attend as the *tombs of their ancestors*, for they believe, that any neglect is sure to be followed by worldly misfortune. It is here that they manifest a religious zeal which is hardly shown toward their gods. Their ceremonies connected with the treatment of the dead are of a striking character. Aside from the burial service, of which we have already spoken, there are others commanded by their ritual to be performed. The original and strict period of mourning is for a parent three years, but this is commonly reduced in practice to twenty-seven months. Full three years must elapse from the death of a parent before a child can marry.

"A pleasing anecdote in relation to filial piety is related of a youth named Onang-Onci-Yuen. Having lost his mother, who was all that was dear to him, he passed the three years of mourning in a hut, employing himself in his retirement composing verses in honor of his parent. These are quoted by the Chinese as models of sentiment and tenderness. The period of his mourning having elapsed, he returned to his former residence, but did not forget his filial affection. His mother had always expressed great fears of thunder, and, when it was stormy, would request her son not to leave her. Therefore, as soon as

he heard a storm coming on, he would hasten to his mother's grave, saying softly to her, '*I am here, mother.*'"

The author's adventures in Payta, the Marquesas Islands, the Knox and Charlotte Islands, &c., &c., are particularly worthy of perusal. In short, if we were asked to recommend a lively, rollicking, entertaining book to one who is not very fastidious as to niceties of style, we do not remember any recent publication we would name, for that purpose, before *Life and Adventure in the South Pacific*.

*Poems.* By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. First American Edition. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

The author of this little volume, though hitherto little known in America, has attained considerable popularity throughout Great Britain and Ireland. He has now an opportunity of becoming an equal favorite in this country, thanks to the liberality as well as the taste of the gentlemen who may well be called the guardians of the American Parnassus. "By the good-will of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields," says the author, "this little book, written in Ireland, is reproduced in America. An Irishman can hardly look westward, without thinking of the great country to which his island is the nearest European land, and without remembering, though the magnetic link is broken, that by many infrangible ties they remain connected. Amongst the rest are literary ties; and some of these songs even, made for Irish peasants, have already migrated with them across the Atlantic." Thus it is that Mr. Allingham is introduced to the American people. In those who introduce him, the public have full confidence, founded on experience; he is, therefore, sure of a fair hearing, though no effort is made to trumpet his merits. He lacks, indeed, the melodious sweetness of Moore, the elegant simplicity and pathos of Goldsmith, and the earnestness and patriotic fervor of Davis; at the same time, many of his poems are essentially Irish, in thought, imagination, and feeling.

The contents of the volume before us are of very unequal merit. Here and there we find a piece which is below mediocrity, one that we would certainly have excluded, as unworthy of a place; but, we admit, that there is this argument in favor of retaining it—it is in good company. We need not say how many a shabby, stupid fellow is allowed a seat, even in the most select drawing-room, in compliment to his more elegant and brilliant friends. But we have not room for any extended observations in addition to the pieces which we have marked for extract; and it is impossible to do justice to any poet, whose reputation is not established, without giving more or less specimens of his efforts.

All, who have resided for any time in Ireland, are acquainted with the Robin Redbreast. It is entirely different in all its characteristics from the American robin. No other bird is so familiar and friendly

to man as the former. Let the field laborer toil where he may, on the mountain, or in the valley, Robin Redbreast is sure to find him out, to take up his position almost under his spade, and cheer him with his sweet song. When the ground is covered with snow, so that no one works any longer in the field, the robin is to be seen at the peasants' doors, picking up the crumbs that fall from the children, and not unfrequently flying into the house. And the most vicious would not molest a robin, believing that in doing so they would incur the displeasure of "the good people" (the fairies), to which fraternity they consider the little songster to belong. The superstitious regard in which the robin is thus held is happily illustrated in the following "Child's Song:"

*"Robin Redbreast.*

" Good-bye, good-bye to Summer !  
For Summer's nearly done ;  
The garden smiling faintly,  
Cool breezes in the sun ;  
Our thrushes now are silent,  
Our swallows flown away,—  
But Robin's here in coat of brown,  
And scarlet breast-knot gay.  
Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
O Robin dear !  
Robin sings so sweetly  
In the falling of the year.

" Bright yellow, red, and orange,  
The leaves come down in hosts ;  
The trees are Indian Princes,  
But soon they'll turn to Ghosts ;  
The leathery pears and apples  
Hang russet on the bough ;

It's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,  
'Twill soon be Winter now.  
Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
O Robin dear !  
And what will this poor Robin do ?  
For pinching days are near.

" The fireside for the cricket,  
The wheatstack for the mouse,  
When trembling night-winds whistle  
And moan all round the house ;  
The frosty ways like iron,  
The branches plumed with snow,—  
Alas ! in Winter dead and dark  
Where can poor Robin go ?  
Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
O Robin dear !  
And a crumb of bread for Robin,  
His little heart to cheer."—pp. 242-3.

No poet of the present day has produced more agreeable specimens of ballad poetry than Mr. Allingham. There is a good deal of the simple pathos of "Edwin and Angelina" in more than one of his ballads.

*"Nanny's Sailor Lad.*

" Now fare-you-well ! my bonny ship,  
For I am for the shore,  
The wave may flow, the breeze may blow,  
They'll carry me no more.

" And all as I came walking  
And singing up the sand,  
I met a pretty maiden,  
I took her by the hand.

" But still she would not raise her head,  
A word she would not speak,  
And tears were on her eyelids,  
Dripping down her cheek.

" Now grieve you for your father ?  
Or husband might it be ?  
Or is it for a sweetheart  
That's roving on the sea ?

" It is not for my father,  
I have no husband dear,

But oh ! I had a sailor lad  
And he is lost, I fear.

" Three long years  
I am grieving for his sake,  
And when the stormy wind blows loud,  
I lie all night awake.

" I caught her in my arms,  
And she lifted up her eyes,  
I kissed her ten times over  
In the midst of her surprise.

" Cheer up, cheer up, my Nanny,  
And speak again to me ;  
O dry your tears, my darling,  
For I'll go no more to sea.

" I have a love, a true love,  
And I have golden store,  
The wave may flow, the breeze may blow,  
They'll carry me no more !" —pp. 205-6.

Sometimes our poet forgets that the age of fastidiousness has succeeded

the age of chivalry, and that what might have been very chaste and proper in the times of Shakespeare, Butler, Addison and Gay, becomes unpardonably vulgar in our day. For example, he speaks of apron-strings as growing shorter, and, what is worse, without their having any *legitimate* right to do so! True, it is only a Biddy that mourns the phenomenon in question. She does it so feelingly, however, that we will quote a stanza or two, omitting those in which she is, perhaps, a little too idiomatic:

“*The Girl's Lamentation.*”

“With grief and mourning I sit to spin;  
My Love passed by, and he didn't come in;  
He passes by me, both day and night,  
And carries off my poor heart's delight.

“There is a tavern in yonder town,  
My Love goes there and he spends a crown,

He takes a strange girl upon his knee  
And never more gives a thought to me.

“Says he, ‘We'll wed without loss of time,  
And sure our love's but a little crime!’  
*My apron-string now it's wearing short.*  
And my love he seeks other girls to court.”  
—p. 169.

The song entitled “*Lovely Mary Donnelly*” is thoroughly Irish. It abounds in those bold similes characteristic of the Irish peasantry, but which are not always well managed by the poet. Indeed, on the contrary, they are sometimes forced very violently in order to make rhyme. A stanza or two will illustrate our meaning, and, at the same time, be not unacceptable as “wood notes wild”:

“*Lovely Mary Donnelly.*”

“Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing  
on a rock,  
How clear they are, how dark they are! and  
they give me many a shock.  
Red rowans warm in sunshine and wetted with  
a shower,  
Could ne'er express the charming lip that has  
me in its power.

“Her nose is straight and handsome, her eye-  
brows lifted up,  
Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth  
like a china cup,  
Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and  
so fine;  
It's rolling down upon her neck, and gather'd  
in a twine.”  
—p. 43, 44.

One of the first songs we remember to have heard with the little ones, in their sports, is that entitled “*The Fairies*,” and it is still one of the most popular of “*Child's Songs*,” in Ireland. Who has observed, if only for an hour, a group of little girls amusing themselves of a fine autumn evening, in any part of the country, without hearing the following stanza sung in unison?

“*The Fairies.*”

“Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men;

Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather!”—p. 39.

We find little or no patriotism, however, in Allingham's *Poems*. He has songs on almost every subject, save on the condition of his country, past or present. If there is a single stanza on this subject, it has escaped our observation. In this respect, Campbell, the author of the *Exile of Erin* and *O'Connor's Child*, is much more Irish than he; so is Byron, author of the *Irish Avatar*, *Monody on Richard Brinsley Sheridan*, &c. If our author has omitted to speak of the wrongs of Ireland merely to avoid ren-

dering himself unpopular in England, he is greatly mistaken. It is not among the faults of the English nation to proscribe those who lament in "harmonious numbers" the woes of their country. Nowhere is there a more eloquent and scathing protest against the oppressor than in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," yet no poem is more admired to this day in England. Nearly one half of Moore's Melodies have for their chief burden the wrongs of Ireland; but what sensible Englishman has ever admired "Tommy" anything the less on this account? His fiercest denunciations against the Saxon did not prevent the British Premier from giving him a pension in his old age. The same remarks would apply to Smollett and Burns, each of whom has left on record his deep sense of the wrongs of his country, as all know from "The Tears of Scotland," and "Bruce's Address." Probably it is not for any want of courage, or patriotic feeling, or through any prudential motive, that Mr. Allingham has failed in this respect; but that the canticles of freedom are not in his vein. At all events, we must admit that we have no good reason to blame him. He has given us too many charming *morceaux* for that. His happiest efforts are devoted to the fair—generally to girls. With him youth and beauty seem inseparable, as if he forgot that the oldest were once young, and that woman has charms which death alone can destroy. Yet who will not forgive him on reading so charming a ditty as the following? with which we must take leave for the present of one of the most attractive volumes even of the "blue and gold" series, which it has long been our privilege to examine:

"The Bright Little Girl."

"Her blue eyes they beam and they twinkle,  
Her lips have made smiling more fair;  
On cheek and on brow there's no wrinkle,  
But thousands of curls in her hair.

"She's little,—you don't wish her taller;  
Just half through the teens is her age;  
And baby or lady to call her,  
Were something to puzzle a sage!

"Her walk is far better than dancing;  
She speaks as another might sing;  
And all by an innocent chancing,  
Like lambskins and birds in the spring.

"Unskill'd in the airs of the city,  
She's perfect in natural grace;  
She's gentle, and truthful, and witty,  
And ne'er spends a thought on her face.

"Her face with the fine glow that's in it,  
As fresh as an apple-tree bloom—  
And O! when she comes, in a minute,  
Like sunbeams she brightens the room.

"As taking in mind as in feature,  
How many will sigh for her sake!  
—I wonder, the sweet little creature,  
What sort of a wife she would make."

—pp. 55, 56.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

*Cyclopædia Bibliographica; a Literary Manual of Theological and General Literature and Guide to Books, for Authors, Preachers, Students, and Literary Men, analytical, bibliographical, and biographical.*  
By JAMES DARLING. Subjects Holy Scriptures. Super-royal 8vo, pp. 1207. London: James Darling; New York: J. W. Bouton & Co.

The bibliographical labors of Mr. Darling have elicited the approba-

tion of all who have anything to do, directly or indirectly, with literature, sacred or profane. His catalogue of *Authors* is universally acknowledged to be at once the most extensive and most reliable that has yet issued from the press. It has afforded the chief materials for more than one German work of a similar character. The same may be said of bibliographical works recently published in this country—especially Alibone's *Dictionary of Authors*. There is, however, this important difference between the compilation of Mr. Darling and that of Mr. Alibone: the former does not accept as an author everybody that has written an article for the paper of his native village; or who has delivered, to all who would listen to him, what is, by courtesy, called an "oration." Much less has he praised them, giving their own estimate of their merits. His compilation of *Authors* is what it professes to be—a faithful, legitimate record—not a vehicle of puffery for all who are willing to pay for that sort of thing.

Still more impartial, conscientious, and reliable is the volume now before us. Although chiefly relating to the Bible, such is its character that there are none who read to any extent, not to mention writing, to whom it will not prove a valuable acquisition. Certainly there is no literary man, who has any pretensions to thoroughness, in the treatment of his subjects, and who wishes to economize his time, while not content without research, to whom it would not prove a boon of inestimable value. No matter what biblical subject one requires to write upon, he has only to turn to the index, or table of contents, as the case may be, in order to be able to see, at a glance, the titles and authors of all publications, on the same subject, worth mentioning, whether they are written in English, French, Spanish, German, Welsh, Irish, Greek, or Latin. Supposing, for example, that we desire to know what commentaries have been written on Joshua, we have only to turn to page 271, where we shall find the beginning of nearly five closely printed pages, double column, filled with the titles of works in Latin, French, German, &c., &c., though chiefly in English, each shedding more or less light on the subject in question. Thus, a clergyman, wearied with his week's labor, or, perhaps, so much indisposed as to be incapable, for the time being, of original composition, is required to preach a sermon on the Trinity; he turns to the alphabetical index and finds the word Trinity, whence he is shown, at a glance, the titles of numerous works on the Trinity, and the best sermons extant on the subject. The same may be said of faith, sanctification, good works, justification, rewards and punishments, &c. Feeling certain that there are many of our readers who would gladly avail themselves of such a work, as a means of lightening their labors, and, at the same time, enriching their discourses with the best thoughts of those who had gone before them in the same field, we give a specimen at random, merely premising that it includes but a small portion of what relates to the mission of Christ:

“Mission and Character of Christ.

*For a list of the most important treatises on our Lord's character, see Alp. Newcome on our Lord's conduct.*

- Eusebius Pamphilus. De Abgaro fragmentum. De Christo narratio. *Grynaei Monum. Gr. I. I.*
- Constantine VII. Narratio de divina Christi imagine. Edessena ad Augurum Missa. Gr. et Lat. *Bibl. Patr. Gallandii*, 14, 120; *Combesii, Originum*, &c., 75.
- Fraser, John. The Saviour's Beauty. *Sermons and Essays*, 330.
- Danbury, Charles. Pro Testimonio Flavii Josephi de Jesu Christo, libri duo. Cum prefatione J. E. Grabe. 8vo. *London*, 1706; *Josephi Opera*, 2, 187.
- Whiston, W. The testimonies of Josephus concerning Jesus Christ, John the Baptist, and James the Just vindicated. *Josephus, by Whiston*, I.
- Bradly, John. An account of the testimony of Josephus concerning Christ. *An Impartial View*, &c.
- Martin, David. A second dissertation in defence of the testimony given to our Saviour by Josephus; wherein the paragraph in the 4th chapter of the 18th book of the Jewish Antiquities, concerning Christ Jesus, is proved to be authentick. Translated from the French original. *London*, 1719.
- Richardson, John. Josephi de Christo Testimonium. *Praelectiones*, I., 195.
- Foster, N. A., dissertation upon the account supposed to have been given of Jesus Christ by Josephus, being an attempt to shew that this celebrated work, some slight corruptions only excepted, may reasonably be esteemed genuine. (Anonym.) Pp. 65, 8vo. *Oxf.*, 1749.
- This dissertation is highly commended by Warburton and Bryant.
- Bryant, Jacob, Vindicie Flaviane; or, a vindication of the testimony given by Josephus concerning our Saviour Jesus Christ. Pp. 83, 8vo. *London*, 1779.
- Klaeden, Joach. Dissertatio de lingua D. N. Christi vernacula. 4to. *Wet.*, 1739.
- Weisius, F. Programma de Jesu Christi educatione. 4to. *Helmst.*, 1698.
- Vavassor, T. De form Christi dum viveret in terris. 8vo. *Rostoch.*, 1696. p. 1840.
- Lewis, T. Inquiry into the shape, the beauty and stature of the person of Christ, and of the Virgin Mary, offered to the consideration of the late converts to Popery. Pp. 1848, 8vo. *London*, 1735."

No one, who has not had experience in the treatment of subjects which require thought and research, can form any adequate idea of the amount of labor and time saved by a work of this kind. For our own part, although we have had the use of it only for a few days, we have derived no slight benefit from it, and, wishing that our readers may possess the same advantages as ourselves, we take pleasure in recommending the work, not doubting but all, capable of appreciating its intrinsic worth, will thank us for calling their attention to it.

*The American Statesman; A Political History, exhibiting the Nature, Origin, and Practical Operation of the Constitutional Government of the United States, &c., &c.* By ANDREW W. YOUNG, author of "Science of Government," &c., &c. 8vo, pp. 1066. New York: N. C. Miller.

Of the many works recently published, whose object is the diffusion of political knowledge among the people, so far as we have seen, this is undoubtedly the most comprehensive and complete. Such is its character, that we should be glad that thousands of copies of it could be dis-

tributed throughout the revolted States. It would be worth a dozen iron-clad gun-boats, in convincing the secessionists of their errors, and we do not say this from any want of appreciation of the boats, whose more than trumpet-tongued arguments have already accomplished so much.

We do not mean that Mr. Young is a great author—that he is eloquent in expression or classical in his style. In these respects we have, indeed, little praise to bestow; at the same time, it is but fair to admit that we cannot find much fault. It is not for the beauty of its composition that works of this kind are sought after or read, but for the facts and suggestions which they contain. All we have a right to expect is, that these be so arranged that they will be readily accessible. Mr. Young seems to have understood this fully; at least, he has anticipated our requirements.

His sketch of the rise and progress of parties possesses a peculiar interest at the present moment; and its impartiality will recommend it to readers of all shades of politics. We are also presented with an epitome of the views of our leading statesmen and public men on all important questions, whether they relate to foreign or domestic policy. In the form of an appendix, we have a variety of valuable political essays, with explanatory notes, and a considerable amount of statistical information, which will be useful to many and interesting to all. The table of contents occupies sixteen pages, embracing the topics of eighty chapters, exclusive of the appendix; and the work is furnished, besides, with an index, which extends over ten pages. The last seven or eight chapters give us the most satisfactory narrative we have yet seen relative to the organization of the Kansas and Nebraska territories, the Topeka government, the reports of committees on the troubles in Kansas, the Leocompton constitution, the Cuba, Oregon, and Homestead bills, &c., &c. In short, the work, as a whole, is all that its title implies—a comprehensive manual of statesmanship and political history; and, as such, we do not hesitate to recommend it to all who take any interest in the workings of our free institutions, and the prosperity of our country.

*Hebrew Men and Times, from the Patriarchs to the Messiah.* By JOSEPH HENRY ALLEN. 12mo, pp. 435. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1862.

We confess that we had not expected much, from the title of this volume, though we knew nothing about the author; but bearing in mind that the gentlemen, whose imprint it bears, seldom, if ever, publish an indifferent book, we were induced to glance through its pages. A brief passage, here and there, was sufficient to awaken an interest which we confess we do not often feel in the perusal of similar works; and the more we have read, the better we have been pleased with Mr. Allen. He does not pretend to give us much that is new; on the contrary, he freely acknowledges his indebtedness to the writings of Newman, Bunsen, and Ewald. He has



skilfully blended the materials taken from these various sources—the richest he could have chosen—adding not a little of his own, which is valuable by itself. His remarks on the “Prophets” are among the most satisfactory we have seen; certainly they are among the most lucid and readable; but whether they are orthodox or heterodox, we will not pretend to say, for it is none of our business.

Speaking of the mission of Christ, Mr. Allen says: “Historically regarded, Jesus is uplifted on the great wave formed by the confluence of three main courses of ancient life and thought—the Hebrew, Oriental and Greek—all embraced in the imperial sway of Rome” (p. 412). This is Bunsen’s idea, in another form; but, need we say, that it is not the less worthy of attention on this account? If Mr. Allen is guilty of no further transgression than to cast in a new mould the views of a mind like Bunsen’s—one of the most profound scholars of modern times—a man capable of analyzing the nicest shades of meaning in the Hebrew text—he will be entitled to approbation rather than censure. Although the work before us exhibits much learning and research, it is eminently popular in its style; at least, sufficiently so to place it within the reach of any family possessed of ordinary intelligence.

*The Life of Nelson.* By ROBERT SOUTHEY. 12mo, pp. 400. London: Henry G. Bohn. New York: Charles Welford. 1861.

Probably no book the author of “Thalaba” has written is more popular than this, not excepting his “Table Talk.” This, however, is owing less to its style, undoubtedly well written as it is, than to the impartial spirit that everywhere pervades it. Ample justice is done to the British hero; but no effort is made to cast unmerited odium on a brave enemy. All the incidents of Nelson’s life are graphically related. While nothing has been omitted that would have done him the least credit, his faults are not denied, though they receive gentle treatment.

Southey was too familiar with the noblest productions of the human mind—those of the wisest of mankind—not to be aware that perfection is not the lot of humanity, even in its most exalted state. He knew that the greatest men have often the gravest faults, and that the most insignificant have least. This is particularly true of the world’s heroes, from Achilles, Alexander, and Cæsar, to Napoleon. Perhaps the only exceptions in all history are Washington and Wellington, each of whom was as mild and upright in peace as he was brave and terrible in war.

It is because biographers of the present day forget this, that they write so much in the epitaph style that their productions are worth nothing. There is many a “Life” of Nelson. We have read, or, rather, tried to read, at least a dozen; but Southey’s is the only one we would venture to quote. The present edition is finely illustrated with engravings from designs by eminent artists, including Duncan, Foster and Westall; and has the additional advantage of a copious alphabetical index.

*Philosophie de l'Histoire de l'Humanité.* Par J. G. HERDER. Traduction de l'Allemand, par EMILE TANDEL. Tome I. London: D. Nutt. 1861.

The most eminent historians of the nineteenth century have availed themselves, to a large extent, of the thoughts of Herder. Some of the best passages in "Buckle's History of Civilization" may be traced to the work now being translated by M. Tandel. Our own Prescott has drawn not a little of his philosophic inspiration from the same source. Nor will the fact seem strange to those unacquainted with the writings of Herder, when they bear in mind that Goethe, Schiller, and Wieland, the three greatest and most dissimilar minds of their time, acknowledged their indebtedness to the author of the "Philosophy of History." As a critic, he has had no superior among his cotemporaries. No other writer has done so much to cultivate the æsthetic taste of Germany. He regarded poetry as an art; and he was equally familiar with the poetry of the Hindoos, the Hebrews, the Greeks, and the Romans; and in comparing the poetry of one nation, ancient or modern, with that of another, he made it a point to deduce conclusions which he renders available, in another form, in the work before us. In short, his writings form a wonderful compound of philology, metaphysics, mythology, æsthetics, criticism, and pantheism.

## SCIENCE.

1. *Commentaries on the Surgery of War in Portugal, Spain, France, and the Netherlands, from the Battle of Rolicca, in 1808, to that of Waterloo, in 1815, with Additions relating to those in the Crimea, in 1854-55, &c.* By G. J. GUTHRIE, F. R. S. Sixth Edition. 12mo, pp. 614.
2. *Notes on the Surgery of the War in the Crimea, with Remarks on the Treatment of Gun-shot Wounds.* By GEORGE MACLEOD, M. D., F. R. C. S. 12mo, pp. 402.
3. *A Treatise on Gun-shot Wounds.* By F. LONGMORE, Esq. 12mo, pp. 132. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1862.

Although these works are designed mainly for the medical profession and for military officers, they are so free from technicalities, and contain so much, in which all have more or less interest, that they will have more readers among the general public than many of our modern novels. The *Commentaries* is particularly attractive; which is sufficiently proved by the fact, that that now before us is the sixth edition. It consists of thirty lectures, fifteen of which have appeared in the *London Lancet*; the remaining fifteen having been published separately. It has the advantages of a copious table of contents, an alphabetical index, an index of cases, pictorial illustrations, statistics, &c. The "Reports from the Crimea," in the addenda, form a valuable feature of the work.

The other two works are less elaborate, and less valuable; but there is a good deal that is new, even to the professional man, in each. Dr. Macleod observes in his preface, that the war in the Crimea did not last sufficiently long to add much to the stock of medical knowledge; "yet," he says, "it has shown us wounds, of a severity, perhaps, never before equalled; it has enabled us to observe the effects of missiles introduced for the first time into warfare," &c. Many of the cases of gun-shot wounds, given by Longmore, may be said, literally, to possess a painful interest. His is a slender volume; but it is because it contains nothing superfluous. As Inspector-General of Hospitals, and Professor of Military Surgery at Fort Pitt, Chatham, he has had ample opportunities for observation and experiments, and he has turned them to judicious account. The three volumes are got up in tasteful style, showing that, although the Messrs. Lippincott & Co. may be said to possess a monopoly in all works relating to the war, they are not the less willing to incur the necessary expense to render them suitable for the library or the family bookcase, as well as for the camp.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Works of Thomas Hood*, edited by EPES SARGENT. Vols. I., II. 12mo. New York: George P. Putnam. 1862.

We have no intention of reviewing the works of Hood. No one having any acquaintance with English literature needs any criticism of them; for who has not read them?—who is not aware of their characteristics? Certainly, we do not suppose that there are a half dozen of our readers with whom the author of the *Song of the Shirt* is not a favorite. Little more is necessary, therefore, on our part, at least in this department of our journal, than to announce that the volumes now before us are of the Aldine edition of his works, which is to be the most complete ever issued. This we are told by the editor in his preface; and, judging from the two volumes on our table, we have every reason to accept his statement as correct. They are printed in large, clear type, on fine, tinted paper, tastefully illustrated, and elegantly and substantially bound.

No thoughtful person can read Hood without feeling the better for it; one is the more content with himself, with his neighbor, with all the world. No other writer of modern times has done more to show the absurdity of envy, superstition, vanity and prejudice. Without long sermons, or violent denunciations, he has exhibited vice as the loathsome thing it really is. The first impression we receive of the author from his works is one of levity. But, on a closer examination, we soon discover a deep undercurrent of feeling. We find that there is often sadness even in his smile. At the same time, his humor is essentially genial—his wit never hurts, though always keen. Indeed, he seems to have a horror of

giving pain, even to his enemies. Yet his could hardly be called a happy disposition; at all events, certain it is that he enjoyed but little happiness himself. During most of his life he suffered in turn from poverty and disease; for it was not until his race was nearly run that the public began to appreciate him; but ever since his reputation has been gaining. He has by no means been as successful in his prose as in his poetry; but there are few finer satires, in any language, than his *Up the Rhine*, in which he exposes the absurdities of the travelling part of his own countrymen. This is given in full in the second volume of the new edition, together with his *Romances and Extravaganzas*, including "Mrs. Peck's Pudding," "The Schoolmistress Abroad," &c.

*L'Église et la Société Chrétienne en 1861.* Par M. GUIZOT. London: Williams & Norgate. 1861.

Let the veteran author of this work take up what subject he may, he is sure to be read from one end of Europe to the other—a distinction to which his contributions to the history of modern civilization would eminently entitle him, had he no other claim on public attention. Besides, he is the oldest living statesman in Europe; and he has always been distinguished for his liberality of thought and sentiment. While the prime minister of Louis Phillipppe, his being a Protestant himself did not lessen his solicitude for the Catholics of Denmark and Sweden, who were just then suffering persecution at the hands of the governments of those countries; and he took equal pains to secure liberty of conscience for the Protestants of Spain, Austria and Tuscany.

Before it was known that he intended to take any part in the controversy relative to the temporal power of the Pope, it was agreed, upon all hands, that his views on the subject would have great influence. Few thought, that he would be in favor of upholding His Holiness in the exercise of his territorial sovereignty. But this is what he undertakes to do in the volume before us; and, it must be admitted, that he adduces pretty cogent arguments in support of his view of the case. He feels sure that whatever those say who call themselves liberal Catholics, that Catholic Christendom would not tamely submit to the humiliation of the Pope. Another remarkable feature in his book is, his want of faith in Piedmont, on the ground that no nation can continue to prosper without acknowledging the temporal influence of some branch of the Christian religion. Had the book fallen into our hands in time, we would have discussed the question, with which it grapples, at some length; as it is, we can only indicate, to those interested in the controversy, the position which it takes, reserving our comments for a future occasion.

*Die Inseln des grossen Oceans im Natur und Völkerleben*, dargestellt. Von GEO. HARTWIG. Wiesbaden: C. W. Kreidel. 1861.

Dr. Hartwig of Heidelberg, the author of this work on the islands of

the Pacific, has a reputation as a scholar—especially in ethnology—second only to that of Professor Adelung, of the same celebrated university. Our German readers will be particularly pleased with the present publication, creditably characteristic, as it is, of the fatherland. In general, the amount of knowledge contained in a German work is rather widely diffused for our taste; the fruit, good as it is, is too often so overloaded with the leaves, that it requires no ordinary resolution and patience to gather it without leaving the best part still hidden. With the work now before us, the fact is the reverse. The author has carefully collected the reports of the most reliable navigators, geographers, naturalists and ethnologists, and blended the essences of all together—refuting what seems exaggeration, or mere conjecture, and so arranging the rest that “he who runs may read.” Indeed, it is but rarely we find so large an amount of valuable and interesting multifarious information compressed within equal bounds; and still more rarely do we find any work of the kind so excellently illustrated.

1. *What a Little Child should Know.* By JENNY MARSH PARKER.
2. *The True Hero.*
3. *Around the Manger; or, Christmas, Past and Present, with Chrysostom's Sermon.*
4. *Seed for Springtime; or, Common Names and Common Things in the Church and Liturgy.* Explained for young learners.
5. *The Island of Life, an Allegory.* By a Clergyman.
6. *Frank Earnest; or, Going into the Master's Vineyard.*
7. *The Light of the World; or, Footprints of Christ our Lord.* New York: Gen. Prot. Epis. S. S. U. 1861.

We pretend to no gravity that would exclude the consideration of books for the young in a literary and educational journal—especially those that are religious without being sectarian, as in the present case. We think it rather our duty to bear in mind that the oldest and wisest of ourselves were once young, and “pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.” It is well to remember, also, that it is the earliest impressions that have the most enduring influence in the formation of character. A bad book, put into the hands of a child, does more harm in a year than a good book can remedy in two years. This is true as applied even to the style alone; not to mention religious or moral tendencies.

For these reasons, we think we could not occupy the brief amount of space now at our disposal with anything better than a few remarks, warmly commendatory of the tiny volumes before us. Five of them are by Jenny Marsh Parker. We have not the pleasure of any personal knowledge of the lady; we are not aware that we have ever seen her; but her religious stories are undoubtedly the best that we have taken the pains to examine. Her “Seed for Springtime,” “Frank Earnest,”

and "Light of the World," are books which we should be glad to see in the hands of every child. They are written in a chaste and simple style; and are imbued with good sense—the best philosophy for children. Each teaches an excellent lesson, in a manner that affords pleasure to the youthful mind, while it makes an impression not likely to be soon effaced. That whose imprint they bear is the most liberal of all our religious societies; it is proverbially so much so, that it is but rarely, if ever, that it issues a book to which any denomination of Christians could object on sectarian grounds.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS,

NOT NOTICED IN THE REVIEW, WHICH MAY BE RECOMMENDED FOR  
PERUSAL AND STUDY.

- The Life and Military Services of Lieut.-General Winfield Scott; including his brilliant achievements in the War of 1812, in the Mexican War, and the pending War for the Union. By Edward D. Mansfield, author of "The History of the Mexican War." With Maps and Engravings. pp. 560. New York: N. C. Miller, Publishing Agent.
- Grundzüge der Neutestamentlichen Gräcilat nach den besten Quellen für Studierende der Theologie und Philologie. Von Prof. D. S. Ch. Schirlitz, Ritter des Königlich Preussischen Rothen Adlerordens iv. Classe. London: D. Nutt. 1861.
- Celebrated Friendships. By Mrs. Thomson. Author of the Memoirs of the Duchess of Marlborough. In 2 vols. London: James Hogg & Sons. 1861.
- The Art of War. By Baron de Jomini, General and Aid-de-camp of the Emperor of Russia. A New Edition, with Appendices and Maps. Translated from the French, by Capt. G. H. Mendell, Corps of Topographical Engineers, U. S. Army, and Lieut. W. P. Craighill, Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army. pp. 410. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.
- Goethe und die Erzählungskunst Von Berthold. Auerbach Stuttgart: J. G. Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate. 1861.
- Lives of Lord Castlereagh and Sir Charles Stewart, the second and third Marquesses of Londonderry, with Annals of Contemporary Events in which they bore a part. From the Original Papers of the Family. By Sir Archibald Alison, Bart. In 3 vols. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1861.
- Kirche und Kirchen, Papstthum und Kirchenstaat, Historisch-politische Betrachtungen. Von Joh. Ign. v. Dollinger. London: D. Nutt. 1861.
- Pilgrims of Fashion. By Kinahan Cornwallis. 12mo, pp. 337. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Examination of the Principles of the Scoto-Oxonian Philosophy. By Timologus. Part I. London: Chapman & Hall. 1861.

- Civilization considered as a Science in Relation to its Elements, its Essence, and its Ends. By G. Harris, F. S. A., author of the "Life of Lord Chancellor Hardwick," &c. London: Bell & Daldy. 1861.
- Border Lines of Knowledge, in some Provinces of Medical Science, an Introductory Lecture delivered before the Medical Class of Harvard University, November 6th, 1861. By Oliver Wendell Holmes, M. D., Parkman Prof. of Anatomy and Physiology. 12mo, pp. 80. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.
- Französische Geschichte vornehmlich im sechzehnten und siebzehnten Jahrhundert. Von Leopold Ranke. Fünfter Band. London: Williams & Norgate. 1861.
- Practical Christianity. By John S. C. Abbott. 18mo, pp. 308. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Les Campagnes de Jules César dans les Gaules, &c. Par F. de Sauley, de l'Institut. Première Partie. London: Williams & Norgate. 1861.
- Jenkins' Vest Pocket Lexicon. An English Dictionary of all except Familiar Words; including the Principal Scientific and Technical Terms and Foreign Moneys, Weights and Measures. Omitting what everybody knows, and containing what everybody wants to know, and cannot easily find. By Jabez Jenkins. 64mo, pp. 563. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.
- History of the Four Conquests of England. By James Augustus St. John. In 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1862.
- Streaks of Light; or Fifty-two Facts from the Bible for the Fifty-two Sundays of the Year. By the author of "More About Jesus," "Reading without Tears," "Peep of Day," &c., &c. 16mo, pp. 344. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Englische Geschichte vornehmlich im sechzehnten und siebzehnten Jahrhundert. Von Leopold Ranke. Dritter Band. London: Williams & Norgate. 1861.
- Historical Lectures on the Life of our Lord Jesus Christ; being the Hulsean Lectures for the year 1859, with Notes, Critical, Historical, and Explanatory. By C. J. Ellicott, B. D., Professor of Divinity, King's College, London; late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; author of Critical and Grammatical Commentaries on St. Paul's Epistles. 12mo., pp. 382. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.
- A Concise Grammar of the Arabic Language. Revised by Sheikh Ali Nady El Barramy. 12mo, London.
- Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada. From the MSS. of Fray Antonio Agapida. By Washington Irving. Author's revised edition. 12mo, pp. 548. G. P. Putnam.
- Egypt, Nubia, and Ethiopia; illustrated by one hundred stereoscopic Photographs, taken by Frances Frith, for Messrs. Negretti and Zambra; with descriptions and numerous wood engravings by Joseph Bonomi, and Notes by Samuel Sharpe. 4to. London.
- Spare Hours. By John Brown, M. D., author of "Rab and his Friends," "Hora Subseciva," &c. 12mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.
- Spiritual Conceits extracted from the Writings of the Fathers, the Old English Poets, &c.; with one hundred entirely New Designs, forming Symbolical Illustrations to the Passages. By W. Harry Rogers. Square 8vo. London.
- Rambles in Western Cornwall by the Footsteps of the Giants, with Notes on the Celtic Remains of the Land's End District and the Islands of Scilly. Square 8vo, pp. 242. London.

- Domestic and Rural Affairs. The Family, Farm and Gardens, and the Domestic Animals. In three parts, illustrated. Part I. The Family. Part II. The Farm and Gardens. Part III. Domestic Animals. From the latest and best authorities. Edited by E. G. Storke. pp. 310. Auburn, N. Y. The Auburn Publishing Company, E. G. Storke, Publishing Agent.
- French Women of Letters: Biographical Sketches. 2 vols., post 8vo, pp. 630. London.
- Notice to Quit. By W. G. Wills, author of "Life's Foreshadowings." 8vo, pp. 156. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Love the Greatest Enchantment; the Sorceries of Sin; the Devotion of the Cross. From the Spanish of Calderon, by D. F. McCarthy. 4to. London.
- Spoon and Sparrow *σπενδειν* and *ψαρ*, Fondere and Passer; or, English Roots in the Greek, Latin and Hebrew; being a Consideration of the Affinities of the Old English Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic Portion of our Tongue to the Latin and Greek; with a few Pages on the Relation of the Hebrew to the European Languages. 8vo, pp. 360. London.
- The Footsteps of Shakspeare; or, a Ramble with the early Dramatists, containing much new and interesting information respecting Shakspeare, Lazley, Marlowe, Greene, and others. Post 8vo, pp. 190. London.
- Favorite English Poets of Modern Times; Thomson to Tennyson. Illustrated with upwards of 200 engravings, by the first artists. 8vo. London.



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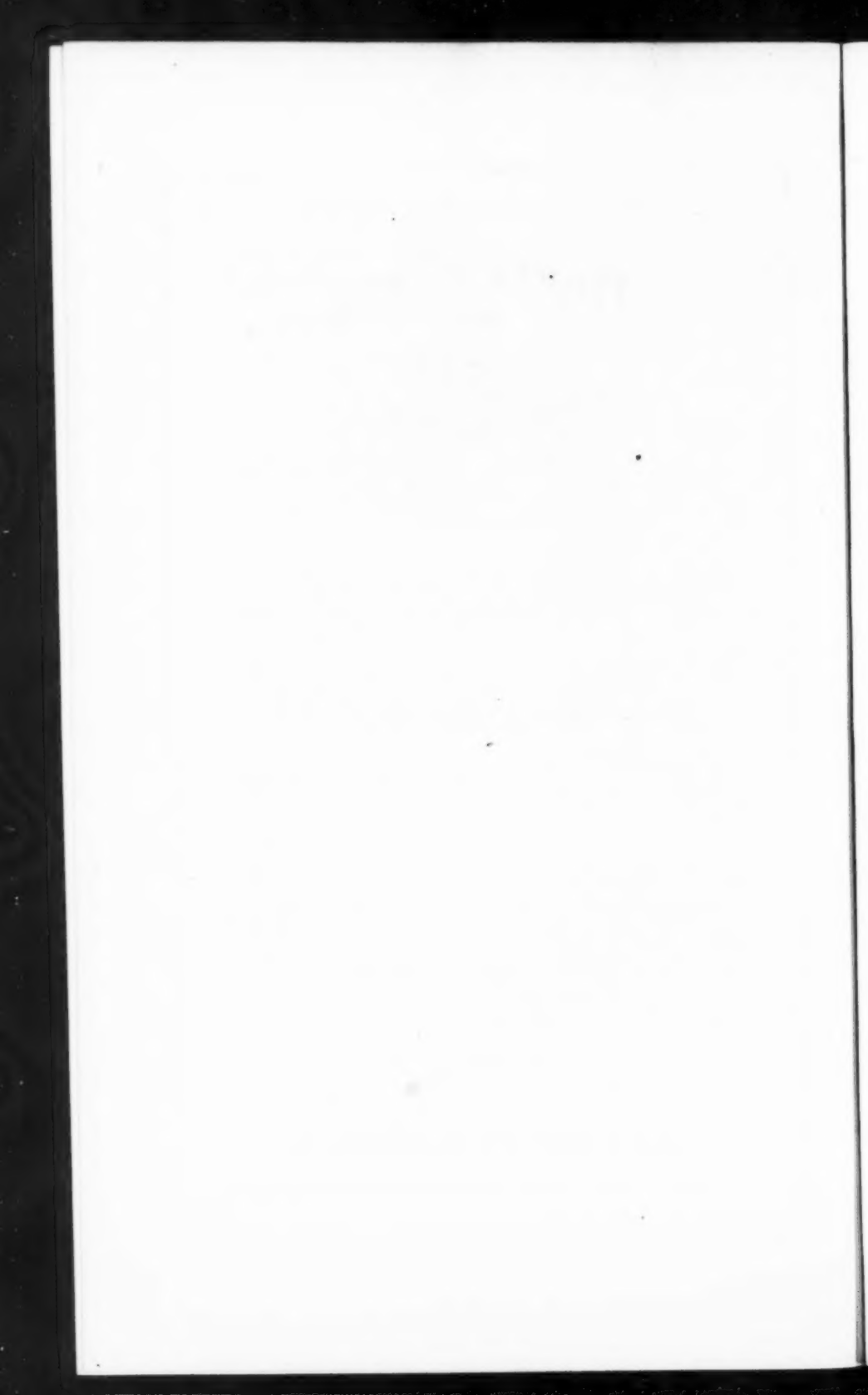
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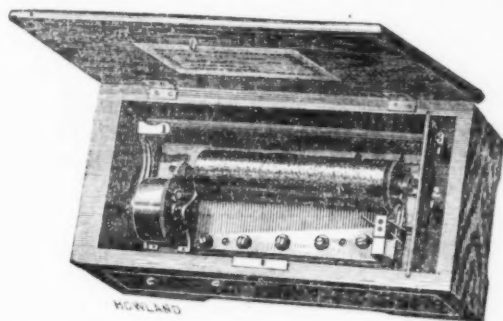
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# PROSPECTUS

OF THE

## NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW

FOR 1862.

The Editor begs leave to renew his sincere thanks to the Public and the Press for the substantial encouragement, which no longer leaves any doubt of his success in establishing an independent literary journal of the first class.

The December number begins the fourth volume. It is now almost superfluous to say that the "National" is not the organ of any clique or party. The well known freedom with which the Editor criticises new publications has subjected him to the abuse and threats of a certain class of authors and publishers; but he is not one to be intimidated from exposing literary (or, rather, illiterate) imposture and charlatanism. While it affords no one more pleasure to do justice to the merits of a good book, he will fearlessly continue to strip the tinsel from brass sought to be palmed on the public as gold.

The liberal support he has obtained has enabled him to secure several new contributors—writers and scholars of the first class. Talent and culture will always be welcome to his pages, and, as much as possible, encouraged.

While aiming at being liberal and cosmopolitan in spirit, the "National" is decidedly American; unalterably attached to the Union; and in favor of maintaining it, in its integrity, at all hazards.

All subjects of public interest will be discussed in the Review; but without interfering with anybody's creed, whether religious or political. Education in every form will receive prominent and friendly attention; and whatever seems calculated to retard, or vitiate it, whether under the name of a Text-Book, a Seminary, or a College, will be subjected to fearless, but fair and temperate, criticism. In short, no pains or expense will be spared to render the work worthy of the character assigned to it by the leading organs of public opinion, at home and abroad—namely, "the best of American Quarterlies."

### EXTRACTS FROM NOTICES AND REVIEWS BY LEADING JOURNALS.

This list is sufficient to show the great variety, no less than the intellectual interest, of the subjects discussed; and we feel bound to acknowledge that not one of these papers is of a second-rate order. They are all of the style and standard with which we have long been familiar in the best Quarterlies of London and Edinburgh. In this respect the *National Quarterly* now unquestionably stands at the head of the Periodical Literature of America.—*Boston Post*.

That gentleman (the Editor) is already widely and favorably known through his very able contributions to the *Westminster Review*, the *Dublin University Magazine*, *North American Review*, *Harvard's American Journal of Education*, and other similar works. His papers on various important subjects clearly indicate the possession of a genial disposition, a generous heart, and enlightened and comprehensive views of men and things.—*Boston Banner of Light*.

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We have before spoken commendingly of this critical journal, and we feel well assured that its elevated literary character will commend it to public favor. In the present number there is scarcely an article which does not possess more than ordinary interest to the generality of readers, and we think the wide dissemination of a literary work of so much ability will prove of great public advantage.—*Baltimore American*.

Indeed, on the whole, the *Quarterly* is far superior to anything of the kind on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Sears, the Editor, is a gentleman of much talent and finished scholarship. He has chosen a difficult task; but, so long as he continues to perform his work after the sample before us, he will have our best wishes for his success.—*Canadian Post*.



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Besides the articles mentioned, there are others equally worthy of attention, and the periodical cannot fail of recognition as one of the very best American publications.—*Portland Daily Advertiser*.

This would account for the little favor shown by us hitherto to the highest class of periodical literature, and the reason is so derogatory to us that we hail the success of the "*National*" with some thing akin to the pride and pleasure we would feel in the refutation of a disgraceful calumny.—*Metropolitan Record*.

"The *National Quarterly Review*" is edited and published by Edward I. Sears, of New York, a frequent contributor to the "*Westminster Review*" in times past, and now the successful conductor of this periodical of his own. The "*National*" is in its fourth volume. Having received nearly every number, we are prepared to commend it as an able, candid, and conservative—not retrogressive—organ. It is bold without being abusive, courteous without timidity, and the great majority of its articles have given evidence of thorough investigation, elevated taste, and, best of all, rigid honesty.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

It is altogether a valuable journal, breathing a cosmopolitan spirit, and should receive encouragement in this province.—*Toronto Leader*.

This array of topics indicates the same excellent judgment as does the treatment, the varied scholarship and familiarized learning which have characterized all of the previous issues and made the "*National*" the great popular Quarterly of the world.—*New Yorker*.

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"C'est un vigoureux exposé des griefs des populations indoues contre leurs oppresseurs, une vehemente revendication des droits les plus élémentaires et les plus sacrés de l'humanité cruellement et hypocritement foulés aux pieds par le vainqueur; c'est, en un mot, la justification très catégorique du soulèvement des Cypriotes. . . . Le *reviewer* Américain a eu grand soin de appuyer à chaque page sur des documents anglais. Quand il en vient à parler de la repression de la révolte et des flots de sang froidement versés par la soldatesque anglaise tous ses sentiments d'homme civilisé se soulèvent, et il stigmatise ces crimes avec une énergie que nous pourrions difficilement à reproduire. L'ironie vient par fois se mêler à la véhémence et les triomphants bulletins des innombrables victoires remportées par les forces britanniques ne trouvent pas de grâce devant l'inflexible critique."—*Revue Contemporaine*. 2e série, Tome 4e., p. 42.

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